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SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

January

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25
Cents



Charm
Health
Ads and Fashions
Careers
Personality

The
INTIMATE DIARY
of
PEGGY JOYCE

Eight Splendid Fiction Stories

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a

matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



*Wonderful
New Color
for Lips*

Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

**Get This
Week End Set
—SPECIAL**

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.



PRINCESS PAT LTD.,

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-531, Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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Street.....

City and State.....

Have Fun Making Money through the Arts!

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A business of your own. \$10 to \$50 a week. Your own gifts for friends at wholesale prices. Furnishings for your home. Beautiful imported art wares. The admiration and envy of all your friends. All this can quickly be yours. Whether man or woman, you can learn the fascinating new profession of Art-crafter right in your own home.

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Write or send coupon at once for your copy of this valuable book. It is free. It tells you how to become Fireside Member and get all advantages and privileges outlined here; how to get artist's outfit and this assortment of giftwares with membership and how you

can start making money without leaving your home. Don't miss this opportunity. It costs nothing to find out. You are not obligated in any way by sending for the book. Mail the coupon today.

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for
PLAN**

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Tell me how to get (1) Big Assortment of giftwares (2) Complete artist's outfit of materials (3) Privileges of Fireside Membership (4) Plan for profit-making on easy basis. I am not obligated in any way and this information is Free.

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COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan. All details are given you free. Send coupon at once for beautifully illustrated idea book telling all about wonderful plan that has made so many women independent. Learn how easy it is to make from \$10 to \$50 a week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Learn how to get the assortment of giftwares shown on this page without extra charge as part of easy and dignified plan for making money at home. Don't miss this opportunity. Send coupon now. Book and Plan are Free.



JANUARY,
1929

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

VOLUME 83,
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MONTH



THE DAY OF DREAMS

By MAY EDGINTON

The Story of a Girl Who Wanted Everything

Published by MAGUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC. at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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“Reach for a Lucky and
not for a sweet.”

Fannie Ward
Fannie Ward
Famous for Her Ever-
Youthful Appearance.



Reach for a Lucky
instead of a sweet.



Fannie Ward
Famous for Her Ever-
Youthful Appearance.

“‘Reach for a Lucky and not for a sweet.’
That’s been my policy ever since Luckies
started—my way of retaining the figure I need
to be known as the ever youthful Fannie Ward.
So I say to you women who want to cheat
time as I have done, ‘Reach for a Lucky and
not for a sweet.’”

You’ve read how 20,679 physicians agree
that the famous toasting process frees Lucky
Strikes from irritation to the throat. The
finest tobacco, “It’s Toasted,” which means
impurities are removed and flavor im-
proved. Now read the testimony of those
men and women to whom slenderness and
health are important factors in earning their
livelihoods. They are agreed that the toasted
flavor makes Luckies a delightful alterna-
tive for things that make you fat. This is
great news to some three million women
now reducing.

It is a fact already known to men. In keep-
ing fit thousands practice it religiously. They
know that Luckies do not affect the wind
or impair their physical condition—many
prominent athletes have testified to this fact.

Watch your weight! Avoid sweets and rich
desserts. Stop eating between meals. When
you are tempted, reach for a Lucky.

“It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



This Girl Demanded Romance!

WHEN a girl of 21 expects, demands, implores a great deal from life—something is bound to happen! Esta Gerald was that girl—flaming! burning! with life and beauty. And something *did* happen. Much!

It started on the day Esta came home early from the office in one of her "white storms." That was the day the mystery man in the high-priced car came dashing into a street where he had no business to be. And as a result, the stormy little secretary set out upon the high seas of glamorous romance.

Youth! Love! High adventure! Thrills! Suspense! You'll wing away to romance-land with a rush in this new, exciting serial by May Edginton, who wrote "The No Girl." Don't fail to read

A DAY OF DREAMS

Beginning in the

February

SMART SET

On Sale January Second

Another Famous Woman Who Knew How to Win Men

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS gives another example out of history of women who knew how to win and hold men. Times may change but the fundamentals of human nature do not. The means by which these famous women achieved and retained happiness are just as applicable in this day and age as in their own day.

Read and profit by "WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW."

The Greatest Magazine
"Scoop" of the Year!

THE INTIMATE DIARY of PEGGY JOYCE

WHY do rich men, famous men, plead for the hand of Peggy Joyce? What is it that she has which other women seem not to have? What does she do that such adulation comes unbidden? You have often wondered what the *real* Peggy Joyce was really like. Now you may know, for Peggy has written the story of her life and her loves frankly and openly. It's the biggest magazine "scoop" of the day. And the second big instalment appears in the February SMART SET. Don't fail to read this fascinating diary.

And All These in The Same Issue

YOU have been told of only three of the interesting features in the February SMART SET. In addition, there are fascinating stories and absorbing articles by Charles G. Shaw; Helen Rowland; Gertrude Atherton; Vivien Bretherton; Nunnally Johnson; Hagar Wilde; and Frederick Arnold Kummer—all favorites with SMART SET readers.

And: The Four Great Departments.

CAREER: CHARM: PROBLEMS:
FADS & FASHIONS



JANET GAYNOR

Tells Her Life Story in

PHOTOPLAY

SUDDENLY, out of utter obscurity, this little lady entered the seventh heaven of stardom. Quite appropriately, it was "Seventh Heaven" that opened the gates to her.

Janet Gaynor's favorite reading since childhood has been fairy tales. And all those years while she browsed ecstatically in the realms of fancy, Fate was weaving a story with Janet as a more

glamorous heroine than Cinderella; a story more enthralling than any page out of Hans Andersen.

Simple and naive as herself is the fascinating story she tells about herself, beginning in the December PHOTOPLAY. A story of dreams come true—of golden heights attained. Read it. It will more than interest you—it will inspire you. You will recapture your own forgotten dreams.

December

PHOTOPLAY

On Sale Now

What About My Career?

Helen Woodward Answers Some Women
Who Are Perplexed About Business Problems

ONE of these letters may prove to be the answer to your problem. Here are only a few of the many received by Mrs. Woodward from young women—and older ones, as well—who are in search of a successful career. SMART SET feels that these queries are most representative of problems that women from all walks of life are struggling with. Is your problem among these? If not write to Mrs. Woodward in care of SMART SET and she will give you the benefit of her invaluable advice.

She Writes a Bookkeeping Hand

DEAR Miss Woodward: In reading over your article in the SMART SET, I found it very interesting. Just last night I was telling mother how I would like to go to some evening school to take up a business course as I just feel as if I wanted to accomplish something.

I never have had a very good education as we had a large family and I had to go out to work as soon as I could. I am eighteen years old now and I think it's about time I decided what to do. I work in a shop and when I come home I just feel as if I hadn't done what I really want to do.

Mother is anxious for me to get on, too. I have five brothers, whom I don't want to think that I can't do anything. They're always telling me, "If I was smart enough I could have some position in an office like other girls have." Well, I suppose I could if I had had the chance and education like some have had. But I really want to do something worth while. Do you suppose you could give me a little advice for my benefit please? L. H., Springfield, Mass.

DEAR Miss H.: You write such a fine bookkeeping hand that I suggest you take a thorough course in bookkeeping, accounting and also operating calculating machines.

I am sure you would do well at it because your letter is so very accurately written, and I think your whole turn of mind is suited for that kind of work.

I wish all problems of business vocations could be as definitely answered as yours.

Is a Cook a Business Woman?

DEAR Miss Woodward: As a rule I don't rush for the ink bottle when I read articles telling how some one else succeeded. But because you had a struggle to find your own place in the spotlight, I think you can help me.

My problem is not the job but the place in which to do it. I am a cook. And a good one. But I am not a servant. Was not born of a family of servants and have too independent a spirit to be one successfully.

I am not an executive like your friend and do not want to cook wholesale.

Rather the intimate thing is what I can do best.

I can plan, cook and serve a dinner. Make the rolls, dessert, soup, everything.

This is artistic if done right. I love it. Now do you think my chances of doing this for a small group of business women, say, is good? Would these women recognize that what I did was a business just as much as stocks and bonds?

Helen Woodward, this is a hard nut to

crack. The servant problem is one of the most difficult of delicate things to solve.

Can you suggest a remedy? I am bringing this case to you merely as a case.

I am not writing you suggesting that you are an agency. No. But I do know you must have heard this discussed and can't you give me your honest opinion?

I have been spending the summer nursing children and cooking for a wonderful woman. But I am "the cook."

In closing I will say I am thirty-four, have been all over the United States, have a fair education and a love of nice things. L. B., Bay View, Mich.

MY DEAR Miss B.: Your idea is so sensible. That is the way cooking ought to be done. I think that if you were in a big city women would recognize you as a business woman and consider your work that way. In fact, there is an organization in New York City right now that specializes in providing services similar to the one you have to give. I think it is called "Modern Housekeeping, Inc."

I am sorry that way off here in the country I cannot look it up and advise you definitely, but there are two people who can help you more than I could and give you the name of the company. I suggest that you write a letter to Sarah Field Splint, 50 E. 41st Street, New York, and state your problem. Also ask her the name of the concern of which I spoke. At the same time I suggest that you write a letter to Miss Lettie Gay, care of the Herald Tribune, New York. Miss Gay is head of the Housekeeping Institute of the Herald Tribune.

Court Reporting as a Career

DEAR Miss Woodward: I have been reading your articles in SMART SET magazine and have enjoyed them very much. I have some questions I would like to ask you and would be very grateful if you would answer them for me.

I graduated from high school in June and have been working about two months. I intend working only until February as then I'm going to school to take up court reporting.

I love shorthand and want to do more with it than only taking a little dictation occasionally and I think court reporting is about the best thing I can take up, don't you? I can take about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-five words per minute on solid matter.

This position I have now is only a typing position so I have to keep up with my shorthand by taking speeches over the radio every night when I get home.

How could I get a good job? The employers don't want to hire beginners because they are too nervous and flustered. How can they be convinced differently?

Do you think court reporting the correct thing for me to take up as my career? Does it take long for a beginner to get into a court? Which is better, court reporting or convention work? Will learning dictaphone help in this career? What would be the best way to go about getting into a court when the course is finished? Do they have reporters in all courts, small and large?

Thanking you in advance I remain, Yours in debt, G. E. T.

MY DEAR Miss T.: It does take quite a long time for a beginner to get into court work. You will not merely have to take a course in this line of work but you will have to become an expert for court reporting. The skill required for court reporting and convention work is about the same but if you could study for a dictaphone that might possibly help you.

You might have some one dictate to the dictaphone and then you take it down in shorthand and then transcribe your notes. Don't forget that learning to be able to transcribe your notes is just as important as being able to write shorthand. Many people are able to write shorthand beautifully but when it comes to transcribing their notes they are completely lost.

Many others have to transcribe their notes "before they get cold," that is, as soon as leaving the person who is dictating they have to go directly to their machine and get out the work or else they have forgotten all about what was said. Their notes are not much use to them for they can't read them.

YOU speak of writing about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-five words a minute at present. That is fairly good for a beginner but do remember that in either court or convention work you must be able to take dictation at more than three hundred words a minute. That only comes with hard, patient practice.

I suggest that it might be well for you to get a position where you would have a good deal of dictation and hold this position for a number of months before you even think of taking the court reporting course which you mention. It would be of great assistance to you even in studying this course. After you finish your course of court reporting you must plan to get at least five or six years' experience and that can best be obtained in a busy law office.

Get into a lawyer's office as soon as you can and get some legal experience there. But don't go into a small law office where you will not be kept busy. You would have to have this experience before you could even attempt court work if you want to make a success of the court reporting.

On the other hand if you were to take the course of court reporting it might make you an excellent stenographer even if you never saw the inside of a court. If you reach the point of being an excellent stenographer you can always be sure of obtaining good positions.

HOWEVER, the finest way and the only way to become a court reporter is everlasting practice, not only in taking notes but in transcribing them. Nothing else but constant practice will bring the desired results.

Positions in court reporting are usually part political in most of the states. Chicago used to, and probably does yet, offer exceptionally fine advantages for the expert because there were no official positions.

I suggest that you get in touch with some good court reporters in either Chicago or Indianapolis and make inquiries of them as to what they think of the work. Possibly in either of those cities you might find exactly the position you were hoping for.

Please don't take what I say as discouraging. I think your handwriting is the kind that usually belongs to a good stenographer.

The Man You Like Will Like This Magazine



THE New McClure's is a magazine for alert, ambitious men, published by the publishers of SMART SET.

The New McClure's is entertaining; informative; inspiring. It encourages clean sportsmanship, clean business, clean living. It is a magazine for young men of all ages.

Here are three great features in the December New McClure's that the man you like should not miss reading—tell him about them:

Getting the Most Out of Life

Henry Ford has amazing ideas on living—and dying! This greatest industrial genius of all times gives free vent to his thoughts on life and life after death in the startling interview with Ralph Waldo Trine in the December New McClure's. It is something no man should miss reading!

Color Harmony in Your Clothes

Dear, dear! A man certainly needs to be told *how* to dress to be well-dressed. And Thomas Webb, one of the foremost authorities on men's wear, tells men in the December New McClure's how to make tie, shirt, suit, hat, shoes, socks and all else harmonize instead of clash.

It's Easy to Make a Fortune

Edgar B. Davis has made and lost or given away several fortunes. He jumped from flat broke to twelve million over night. And the amazing part is that he *breaks all the accustomed rules* set down for success. Here's *real* inspiration for the ambitious man. Davis gives his secrets frankly.

These are only *three* of 22 great features in the December New McClure's, including 8 stirring fiction stories full of punch and pep.

Be sure to tell father, husband, fiancé, brother or friend to get the December New McClure's—on sale now. He'll thank you for the tip! And you'll be glad to see how it fires his ambition.

THE NEW
MCCLURE'S

A Magazine for Young Men of All Ages!

Tooth paste buys a muffler for Dad

It sounds mysterious—but isn't. Do a little arithmetic with us and find out. The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use about a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please. The muffler is merely a suggestion. You have a thousand alternatives. Hosiery, for instance, or gloves, or handkerchiefs.



Not by
price alone
did this dentifrice seize popularity

WHAT accounts for the immediate success of this speedy new dentifrice? Certainly not the price alone.

While it is true that at 25c, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, over dentifrices costing double that amount, this would not carry it so quickly to a position among the leaders.

It is the combination of outstanding quality, unquestioned results, and a reasonable price, that has done the trick.

Naturally, such a price for such a paste is made possible only by

ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

Note how white it makes your teeth. How gently it polishes them—yet how speedily. Note, too, how cool, sweet and refreshed your mouth feels long after the brushing is over—that cleanly taste you associate with Listerine.

We are proud of this product, and we ask you to compare it with any paste, at any price, and judge by results alone. At all druggists. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Large Tube
25c

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Beauty + Brains



THE MODEL

Meet the Lucky girl, Rosalie Adele Nelson. You've seen her before, of course. She smiles regularly from Lucky Strike posters on every billboard in this broad land. Rosalie at twenty-two is one of the world's highest paid models. Four years ago she emigrated from Virginia to study art. But artists saw her first and made her pose for them. Now she studies sketching between poses. Some day, her instructors proclaim, she'll be a famous illustrator, this Lucky Girl who is smart as well as beautiful



Hal Phyle

THE BUSINESS MANAGER

*K*athryn Dougherty, Business Manager, Secretary and Treasurer of four national magazines, including our own SMART SET, with a larger income than most bank presidents. She is known in the publishing world as Kay Dee, the initials of Kathryn Dougherty. How did she do it? She started at fourteen at six dollars a week. Later, at fifteen dollars weekly she became assistant bookkeeper on PHOTOPLAY in Chicago. Her publisher says, "If Kay Dee ever quit I would have to go to work." That tells the story. Yes, she's married



Hal Phylfe

THE WRITER

Ruth Millard started as Vassar reporter for a Poughkeepsie paper. The salary was ten cents for each inch of news printed. Female smokers and bare knees were red hot copy in those days so her stories found a market with other papers. Once graduated, it wasn't so easy. She suffered for six months in a society department. Finally through the routine of women's club stories, she emerged, at twenty-three, a high-priced feature writer



Hal Photo

THE BROKER

Wall Street calls Sayra Fischer Lebenthal the "best looking broker." She's successful, too. During a dull day in the law office where she worked before her marriage, Sayra thought up the idea of becoming a specialist in municipal bonds for small investors. After marriage she and her husband put the idea into practice. Last year their firm bid on \$25,000,000 worth of securities. To whom it may concern, the prettiest lady broker is just twenty-seven and is the mother of two children



Hal Phylfe

THE REALTOR

Mary Miller Freeman just celebrated her twenty-sixth birthday by closing a million dollar lease—the top record for female realtors. Her career began at eighteen when she joined a road show. After several barnstorming years, Mary felt the urge toward something more dependable. She secured a chance to learn the business at fifteen a week in a real estate office. A year later with a one room apartment as capital she started her own office. In three years she was in the big money class



THE FLORIST

Every one in Kansas City said this lovely blonde, Irene Hayes, was Missouri's gift to the movies. But the hard-hearted directors sent Irene back to home and corset selling. Seven years ago the clumsiness of a florist's assistant inspired the Big Thought. She learned the trade and a year later started her own shop. It was a hard struggle but she has made the Flower Shops of Irene Hayes internationally famous for perfect blossoms and distinguished service

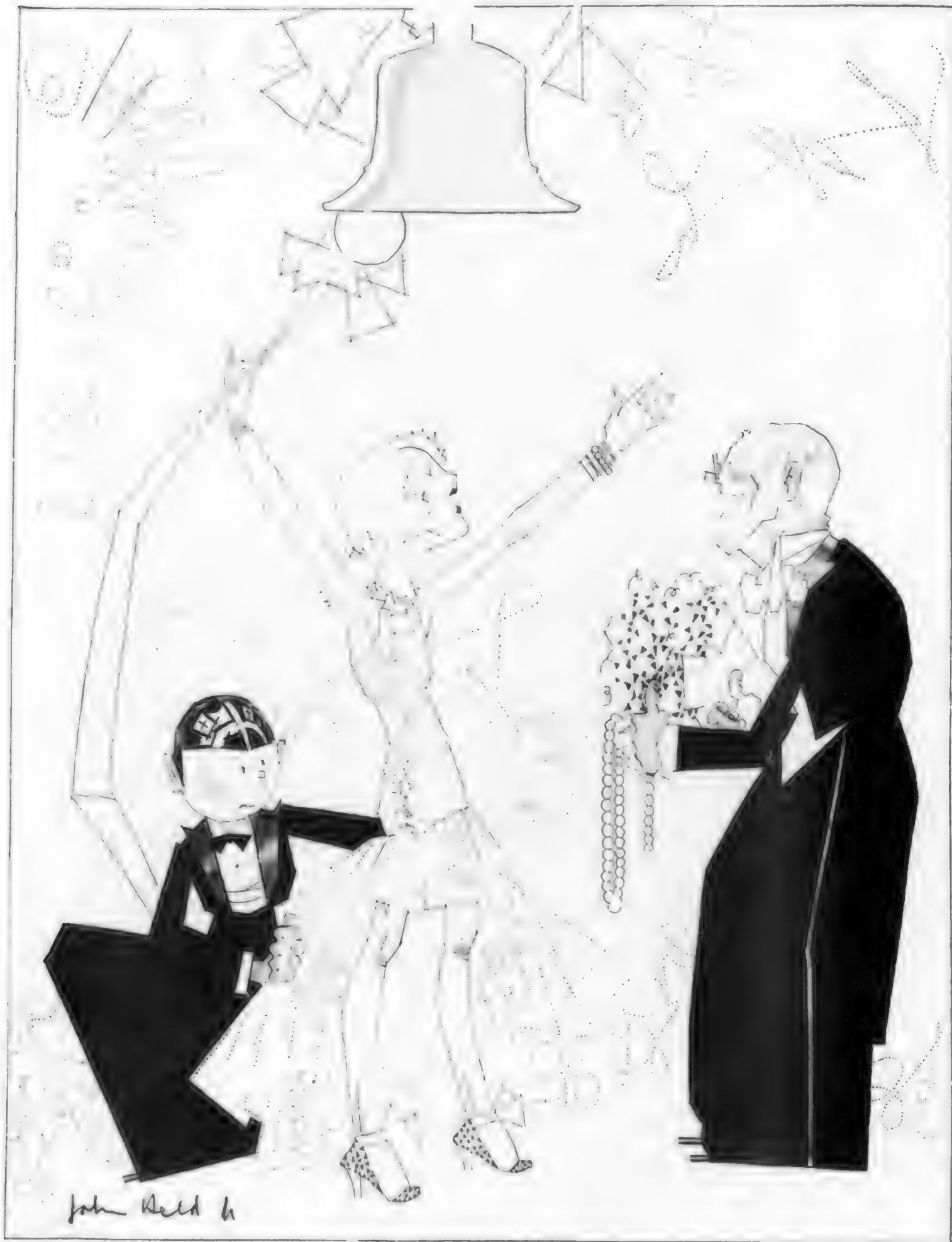


Hal Phylfe

THE INDUSTRIAL STYLIST

Virginia Hamill blazed the style trail to manufacturers. They call her the "Pioneer Decorative Art Consultant of Industry." Not long ago she was selling furniture in a decorator's shop. But in her mind there flourished the idea of Art in manufacturing. She made herself a specialist. Working first with department stores and then independently, she led the crusade for modern art in furnishings and hangings for the home. Now she commands fees worthy of a king's ransom

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



Ring in the Old ~ Ring out the New



From a painting by Michailow

*I Want You To Know Me
As I Am*

*Writes Peggy Joyce
Whose Frank and Fascinating Diary
Begins on the Next Page*

Begin Here
One of the Most Delightful
Human Documents
Ever Given You to Read

The Intimate

With Incidents from Life
Sketched By
C. R. CHICKERING

SATURDAY. It is really Sunday but my life really began Yesterday when I met Mr. Huertin, and when a person Runs Away From Home she really hasn't the time to begin a Diary. So now I am on a train going sixty miles an hour toward my Future. I am curious about my Future but Mr. Huertin says, Let Other People be curious about your Future when you've made it your Past. Mr. Huertin is very clever and he is a Fatilist. He is not very handsome and he is old, at least 35, but he is one of the World's Greatest Cyclists and he is going to be a Father to me.

As this is my Diary and I am going to tell everything in it I guess I should start at the Beginning.

Perhaps if Wally hadn't given me this Diary for a gift on my fifteenth birthday, I would never have thought of keeping one. He was the First Boy I allowed to kiss me but his folks sent him away to college just after he gave me this and I haven't seen him since. That was several months ago but it is because I am just Beginning to live that I have decided to write in it now.

Well, yesterday Nancy and Edie and me were in the lobby of the Lorraine Hotel, which is the best hotel in Norfolk, and in came a man and he kidded us and he said, I am just looking for a girl for my Act, which one of you will come? Nancy and Edie just kidded him along and he told them he was on the bill at the Colonial and said if they would come he would put on an extra-special Act for them, but he Pretended not to see me.

I DIDN'T say anything because I didn't want Nancy or Edie to know what I was thinking, but RIGHT THEN I knew, Here was my chance to be an actress. I have always known my Future was to be on the Stage, but I am determined I will be a Great Star or nothing. So I didn't say anything but I went to see Mr. Huertin before the Theater opened and he said yes, he really was serious about needing a girl, and I was just the type because I was so pretty, but I would have to have a letter from my parents giving me permission to go along.

So I lied and said my parents were Dead but I would ask my Aunt who was keeping me and then I got Nancy to write me a letter pretending she was my Aunt and saying that she would not stand in my Way if I wanted to be Famous and I took it to Mr. Huertin and he said, All Right, go and see the Act from in front and he gave me a ticket, and then he said,

Come and see me afterward and tell me what you think of it.

So I went and the Act was marvelous. Mr. Huertin rides a Bicycle up and down a ladder and turns somersalts with it & takes off his front wheel while he is riding and does a lot of other marvelous tricks. I think he is wonderful and I went back to his dressing-room and told him I thought he was wonderful and he said, Do you Still want to come with me. I will teach you to ride like I do, and I said, Yes, so he said. Well then, meet me at the station tomorrow at 8:30 a. m. and I will have the tickets. You may be a great Actress some of these days and you will remember that it was Jack Huertin who made you.

SO I went home and just put some things, toothpaste & brush, chemise, nightdress into my school satchel, and Mother said, What are you going so early for, this is the first time I have seen you start to school so early, and I said I had some extra work to do and could I have a Dollar to buy some books and she gave me Fifty Cents. So I went to the station and Mr. Huertin was there and now I am on the Train traveling away from my Dull and Dreary Past to my Glorious Future. I know I shall be a great actress one of these days

and Mr. Huertin says he thinks so to because I am so pretty, but he says I must work hard and learn some Tricks.

On second thoughts I don't think I shall write Everything in this Diary because there are so many things a girl wants to forget, but I am going to write nearly Everything and no Living Soul will ever see what I write not even Mr. Huertin because I shall probly say lots of things I only want Myself to know about. But I will tell the truth. O my Diary I wonder what wonderful things are going to be written in your Vergin Pages? Because I am not going to have a Dull & Dreary life, I am going to have a thrilling and exciting life full of Ginger and Glory.

TUESDAY. We are in the State of Kansas

and we have been in Chicago. I think traveling is grand. Mr. Huertin took me Riding on the Elevated and it was Wonderful to me to see this big tremendous city with so many people doing so many things. Lots of the men looked at me and one young man spoke to me while Mr. Huertin was in a Barber Shop and said, 'You are from the South aren't you, I am from the South too. And he was nice but when



I put some things in my satchel and went down to the station at 8:30 A.M. and Mr. Huertin was there. I am going to travel as part of his act

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Diary of Peggy Joyce

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Hal Phyle

Her diary, which begins in this issue, is the story of one woman's search for happiness. In the hand of Fate that search made her one of the most discussed women in America

Mr. Huertin came out and I told him he said, I am not surprised the boys want to talk to you because you are so Pretty but you must be Demure, never forget that you must be Demure. So I have been demure ever since and I only said Thank you to the news butcher when he gave me an orange.

MR. HUERTIN has bought me some chocolates too. He is wonderful to me. He says we are going to Open in Salt Lake City and work Eastward. He is very curious about what I am writing and said, Why don't you write Home,

your aunt must be anxious about you, so I pretended to write a postcard but I did not post it, only pretended that I did.

I told Mr. Huertin this is my Diary and he said, Lets look at it but I refused and said, No man will ever see my Diary except my Husband, and he pretended to be suprised and said I didn't know you had a husband, and I said, I haven't got a husband now but I suppose I will have one some day if he will promise not to make me give up my Career. And Mr. Huertin said, Yes, I suppose when I have got you trained and good in the Act you will go off and marry some Guy, so I said I would not dream of marrying for years and years.

Only to Her Diary Has Peggy Joyce Confided

As a matter of fact I shall never marry because all men do is deceive their wives. It is all write to have a sweetheart who is sweet to you & gives you candy and things but a Husband ties you down. Most husbands I know don't make love to their wives they only boss them. Anyway IF I MARRY he will have to be my Ideal. When Mr. Huertin was in the Smoker the news-butcher said, Gee you are the prettiest kid I seen since I been in the business, you ought to be in the Pullman with some Rich Guy. It was very sweet of him and I told him Mr. Huertin says we will ride in Pullmans soon if the Act goes over big. And the news-butcher who has blue eyes and is really very good-looking said, I knew you was an actress I bet you are a knockout, and I did not tell him I had never really acted on the stage, because why?

The news-butcher got off in Kansas City and I do not think I shall speak to the new one who does not look so nice because I don't think an actress should speak to news-butchers, it is not Dignified.

WEDNESDAY. We are in Colorado now and a fascinating woman with a Diamond Bracelet got on but she went back to the Pullman. I guess she is wealthy. Colorado is nicer than Kansas, there are mountains and Mr. Huertin says soon we are going to cross the Rockies and he will show me Pike's Peak. I asked him if he had seen the woman with the diamond Bracelet and he said, Yes, and I asked what did he think it cost, but Mr. Huertin says I should not think of Diamond Bracelets for a year or too yet but should concentrate on my Career. Well, I think a person can Concentrate on her Career and still think about Diamond Bracelets but I did not tell Mr. Huertin so because he is so wonderful to me. He has bought me some more chocolates and says tomorrow we shall be in Salt Lake City and be able to have a Bath. A bath will be glorious.

I wonder if the woman bought the Bracelet herself? But I suppose some Man gave it to her. I expect it was her Lover. I would not mind my Lover giving me a Diamond Bracelet but he could not buy me, no man will ever Buy me.

Mr. Huertin asked me what I was writing so I told him I was writing in my Diary that no Man will ever Buy me, and he said That's the stuff kid, you're so Pretty lots of men will try it but you just tell them they haven't got money enough, you're too expensive. Which I think was awfully sweet. Mr. Huertin is really an awfully nice man and a wonderful cyclist.

THURSDAY. We are getting near Salt Lake City and I am nervous because they say when the Mormons like a young girl they kidnap her and make her marry them, and they all have hundreds of wives. Mr. Huertin says it is nonsense and that the Mormons aren't poligamists any more but just the same I read it in a book. I don't think I would like to be the wife of a Bearded Mormon, not if he had other wives and refused to shave. I must be All in All to a man or nothing, but I suppose if I was very young and pretty the other wives would do all the work and I would just exist for the Mormon's Pleasure. I suppose one could get used to it if the Mormon was rich and liked you best of his wives. But then if I was the Bride of a Mormon I would not have a Diamond Bracelet, because the other wives would be jealous and he couldn't buy Diamond Bracelets for all of his wives could he?

FRIDAY. I can only write a few Lines now because we are Opening tonight and I am so excited I can hardly think so how can I write? Mr. Huertin says it is only Natural and every Great Actress has been excited and nervous before her first Appearance, but he says he is sure the Act will go good because I am so pretty and the Public will like me.

I am not to ride a bicycle at first not until I have learned some tricks but I am to wear a little costume with Tights, they are the first Tights I have ever worn and they feel funny like long underwear but Mr. Huertin says I look wonderful in them because they show off my Figure. He says, if any of these Johns come back stage or bother you just give them the ice and let me know I'll send them about their business.

Salt Lake City is grand, it is a large City with very wide streets all numbered E. and W. and S. and N. and it is very confusing because our hotel is on West Second Street North and unless a person has a compass she may walk the other way and land at East Second Street South which is what I did. But the main street which they spell Meign is very wide and the

buildings are all made of stone and very handsome. There is a Tempel that the Mormons built, it took them 200 years Mr. Huertin says and it isn't finished yet, gee I bet we could do it faster than that in Virginia. Dear Virginia I think of you often all these Thousands of miles away from You and I will Come Back some day when I am Famous,



I kind of wanted Mr. Archer to talk to me because the scenery made a person breathless and sort of alone and anyway he was like the scenery, big and handsome

This is a picture of Margaret Upton when she was twelve years old. Margaret is the "ugly duckling" who grew up to be pretty Peggy Joyce



International

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Those Innermost Secrets of a Woman's Soul

I have sent a Picture Post Card to Mother and I said I was on my way to San Francisco with a Show so they will never think of looking for me in Denver where we go next Thursday night.

WEDNESDAY. I have not written in my Diary because I have been ill with toothache and I have had Trouble. Mr. Huertin took me to a Bathing Beach called Saltair near here, it is on the Great Salt Lake and you cannot sink in the water because it is so salt. I did not believe this at first but it is quite true. So I jumped in where it said 4 ft., I am 5 ft. 3 in., but my feet would not go down and I kept turning round and round and swallowing water until Mr. Huertin pulled me out. The water was terrible it was so salt and on the funny little train all open-air going back to Salt Lake my tooth began to ache and I was miserable. Mr. Huertin said I must see a dentist and he pulled out a tooth and Mr. Huertin paid him 1 dollar then the dentist said, If it hurts just take a drink of hot salt water and hold it on the tooth, I could have killed him I was so mad.

So that night I said I could not come to the Theater and Mr. Huertin was very annoyed and said, If you are going to be a Great Actress you must never miss a show, not even if your heart is Breaking. But I was so sick and I went to bed and Mr. Huertin went out and did the Act alone. When Mr. Huertin came back he woke me up and said, The Act went great I guess I don't need a Girl who stays away just because she has Toothache, I will send you home. So I said All right I will go home I hate you and I cried all night, but this morning Mr. Huertin was kind and said he didn't mean it he was just mad.

We have had a Success here, the newspapers have written us up, the Deseret News which is the Mormon paper said, Jack Huertin and a winsome little blonde girl thrilled the audience with a combination of Beauty and Talent. So I said, Why don't you put my name on the Program so the Critics will know who I am, and Mr. Huertin laughed and said, Gee, Kid you sure are learning fast, we will put your name down when you know a few Tricks. He is teaching me how to stand still on a Wheel, it is the first thing you learn but it is very difficult.

I saw too men on Meign Street this morning with beards I am sure they were Mormons, but they did not see me because I crossed the street and the street is so Wide.

FRIDAY. I have met a man who is to good-looking for words, he is very tall more than six feet and has thick wavy blond hair and he is awfully well-dressed. He is not a Mormon and anyway we are not in Salt Lake City any more but in the train for Denver. I had a Lower Berth in the Pullman. Pullmans are wonderful and so restful and I saw Mr. Archer on the Observation Platform. The views are wonderful, all mountains and I kind of wanted him to talk to me because the scenery made a person breathless and sort of alone and anyway he was like the scenery, big and handsome. So I said, Colorado is Wonderful isn't it and he looked at me and smiled and he has wonderful teeth and he said, Yes, it's my home state, I live in Denver, my name is Everett Archer what's yours? So I told him and he bought some sarsaparilla and then he told me he would rather look at me than the scenery because I was so pretty and anyway he was used to



We are opening tonight and I am so excited. Mr. Huertin says it is only Natural and every Great Actress has been excited and nervous before her first Appearance, but he says he is sure that the Act will go good because I am so pretty and the public will like me

the scenery because he had been born in it. I think Mr. Archer is grand, he is one of those Big Rugged Strong men and he is very rich because his father is the Borax King of America and owns all the Borax Mines which is the mineral they put in washing soap.

Mr. Huertin has met Mr. Archer and likes him and he makes fun of us and says, Well, how is your Great Big Man from the Wide Open Spaces, has he bought you a diamond bracelet yet? Which of course is silly because they do not sell diamond bracelets on trains and anyway I would not accept such an Expensive gift from a man unless he was my Husband.

I think Mr. Archer would be a wonderful husband but of course I would not marry him even [Continued on page 93]

Vamps Are Not So Wise

By
ROYAL BROWN

THEY had married in haste, a breathless, reason-flung-to-the-winds haste, on a sun-burnished, windy March day, during Sally's lunch hour. The ceremony had been performed at the Municipal Building by a justice of the peace who gave one glance at them, another at the marriage license made out to Sarah Charlotte West, white, twenty-six, advertising manager, and David Schuyler Williams, white, thirty-one, real estate operator and then, clearing his throat professionally, had pronounced them man and wife.

TWO minutes had sufficed for there were others waiting their turns. The justice had been as mechanical as a gum slot machine. And yet as they had taxied back uptown, Sally had glanced up at her brand new husband and whispered, "You darned cave man." There was a tremulous little note running through her voice that gave the shop-worn phrase a pulse accelerating significance.

His hand had pressed hers tightly so that it hurt. Especially the ring of which the third finger on her left hand and the little nerves running up to her heart were absurdly, deliciously conscious. And his eyes had met hers. Blue eyes, deep set. Direct eyes which could be so challengingly cool to others but which were so ardent now.

"You perfect peach," he had retorted and impetuously drawn her to him with obvious intent.

"Oh, Sky," she had protested. "You can't, not here on Fifth Avenue."

"I'd like to know who has a better right," he had announced.

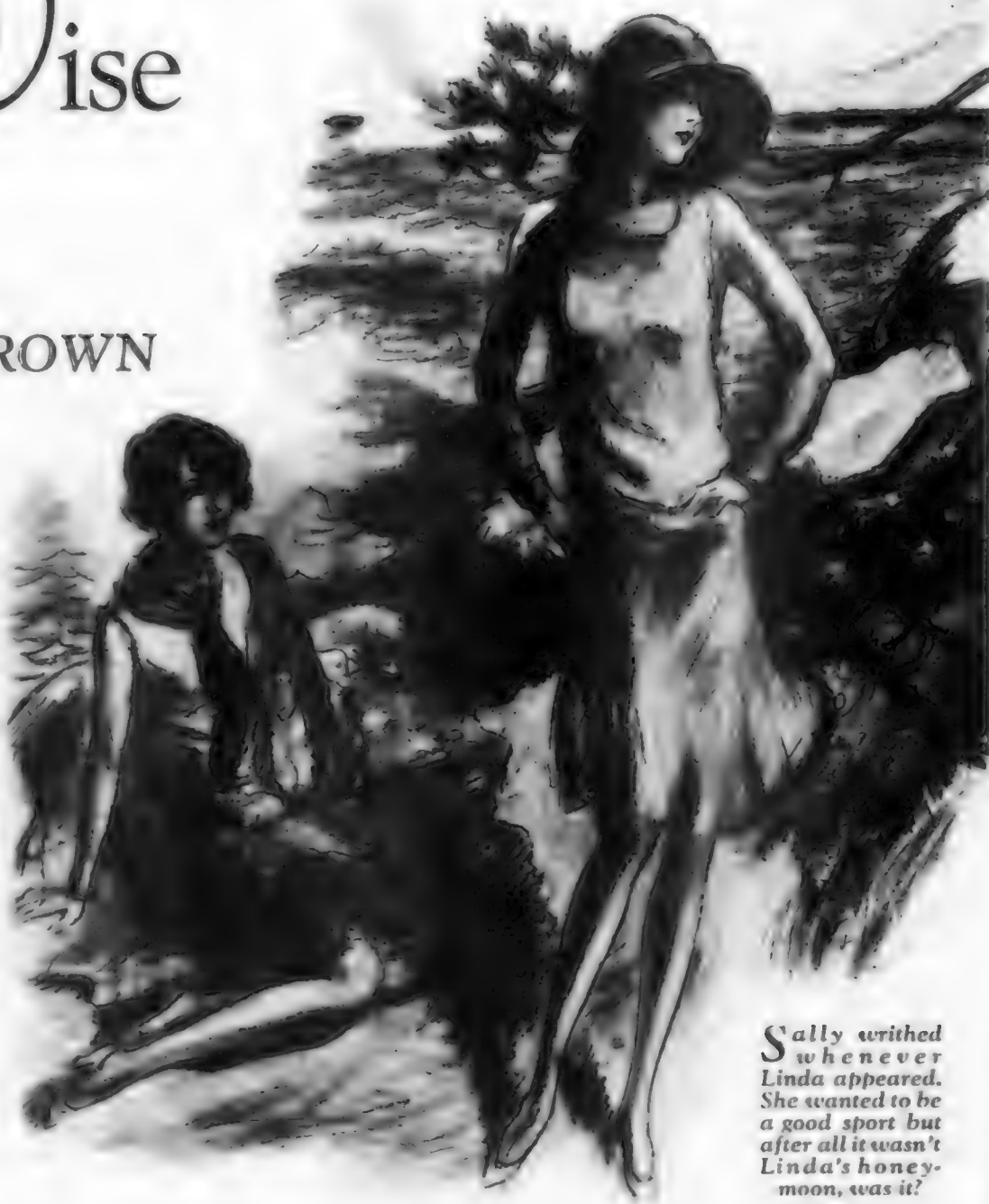
So he had kissed her right there on Fifth Avenue, and she hadn't cared. It was thrilling, incredible and as romantic as Romeo and Juliet.

"Love me?" he had whispered.

"From the very moment I saw you," she had confessed in an impulsive little rush. "Long, long before you did me!"

"Now I'll tell one," he had replied and kissed her again.

And that is the way even very clever people talk when they are as much in love as these two unquestionably were.



Sally writhed whenever Linda appeared. She wanted to be a good sport but after all it wasn't Linda's honeymoon, was it?

Married in haste they had been but with no idea of repenting at leisure.

But that had been in March, in New York, with spring in the air. Now it was June, in Maine, with dandelions rioting in the grass and a sky like blue glass overhead. A day to bask in the sun, to luxuriate in the pure joy of existence. They were on their honeymoon—a delayed honeymoon, which was to have been the brimming over of a golden cup. But Sally didn't care how soon the honeymoon ended. It was a flop. Absolutely. And so was life.

THE honeymoon had had to be a delayed one because Sky couldn't possibly have gotten away from New York in March for a honeymoon. It was true that he had left New York that afternoon, but that had been for something vital, which, of course, means business.

They had met at lunch that March day to discuss that trip. "One of us has to go," Sky had announced, "and you know Sam can't."

Who Ever Heard of a Honeymoon for Three?



With Drawings

By J. E. SODERBERG

Sam was Sky's partner. Sam had already given one hostage to fortune by taking a wife and was hourly expecting the arrival of another and much smaller hostage. Naturally he couldn't go; Sally realized that. Nevertheless she had felt a sickening tightening around her heart; even two weeks seemed forever; she had tried to be a good sport.

"Oh, well, it won't be for so very long," she had consoled.

The result was what any descendant of Eve might have expected from any descendant of Adam.

"THAT shows how little you care," he had flamed with no more sense or dignity than seventeen would have shown. "If you did care you couldn't take it so calmly."

"Oh, Sky!" she had protested. "Please don't be absurd. You know—"

Their luncheon had been quite forgotten. He had reached for her hand, impulsively, blind to those around them.

"Let's get married, now, this noon," he had said.

This was not a proposal. They had been engaged forever, almost a month, and were to be married some day—when the shoe-string on which Sky and Sam were operating ran up to—well, a pair of shoes. For all that Sam had a wife, neither partner could really afford one just yet.

"It's not that we aren't going good because we are," Sky had told Sally. "Going so darn' good that we are up to our necks in debt. The overhead is something terrific and—well, you know how and where I live."

Sally did. No bachelor apartments for Sky. The smallest and most inexpensive of hall bedrooms sufficed for him.

To her that had seemed a bit too Spartan. Yet Sky's purposefulness, his determination to achieve, was part of him. And she loved all of him.

"Well, I've got rather a good job myself," Sally had once ventured, just once. "Perhaps—"

There she had checked herself. Sky was ultramodern in

some ways, yet immutably mid-Victorian in others. Precisely what you might expect of a New Yorker who had been born in Maine and graduated from Dartmouth.

"I shan't marry you until I can support you," he had assured her.

From no other man would Sally have taken that. She had never expected to give up her own career. And yet she had said, "Yes, my lord and master," and adored him the more for making her feel that way.

There the matter had lain up to that March noon. And there Sally, torn and tormented by his voice and his eyes, had desperately felt that it should lie.

"Oh, Sky!" she had protested. "This would be the very worst time to get married. You've got to throw all there is of you into this trip; it means so much. Can't you see?"

"I can't," he had answered, "see anything or anybody in this wide world but you. Let's get married, now, this noon. Please, please, please!"

It had humbled her to have him so abject.

"If—if you want me that much—why—"

His fingers, crushing hers, had told her how much he wanted her. And so they had married in haste.

"CHUCK your job and come west with me," he had pleaded. But there she had proved adamant.

"No, absolutely not. I've had no wedding dress, no presents, nothing, Sky, except you! Oh, that's everything, but I don't want my honeymoon that way. Let's wait until we can take it as we want it. This year, next year, only—"

He had shown signs of becoming absurdly masculine again but she had snuggled up to him beseechingly. And he had murmured, "I love you like the devil."

Not as romantic perhaps as the liquid prose-poetry that Romeo murmured, but for Sally it had sufficed.

They had parted, soon after, for a fortnight and an elevator

had shot the bride up to her own particular cubby-hole where she functioned as advertising manager for a mail order firm which sold "gifts."

Everything from hand-embroidered fly swatters, prettily boxed with appropriate sentiments, to ivory apes made in Hoboken," she had explained to Sky back in the beginning.

Others selected the gifts but it was she who presented them to what, with smiling impudence, she referred to as her "public."

"EVERY catalogue is like a new baby to me," she had told Sky. "I often wonder if anybody realizes how much time and thought go into every bit of printed matter mailed out. All the care and all the conferences and the almost absurd anxiety. If they could only see me—"

"They wouldn't be able to see anything else," he had assured her.

He could be so surprisingly dear and sweet that way! Hard bitten in business, perhaps. But to her—

They had started housekeeping in a single room with bath and what Sally called an almost-kitchenette. But it was a large room with an open fireplace in an old house on upper Madison Avenue. A masculine-feminine room, with Sky's athletic cups, class pictures and purely personal accessories thrillingly commingled with hers.

They were married but still unquestionable lovers. Sally had not missed her job as much as she had feared. Even her catalogue, when it came to her, the one she had been working on, failed to stir her.

"I just don't give a darn whether the pencil pups or the breakfast nook bunnies are selling or not," she assured Sky.

"Atta girl!" he said. "What do you say we eat at home tonight? I've got a steak and mushrooms and—"

They had lived that way. Sketchily. Gay little dinners out, even gayer little dinners in.

"I may as well tell you I'm no born housewife," Sally had warned him. "Dust is a necessary evil as far as I am concerned and—" she borrowed one of his down-east phrases, "I can't cook for sour clams."

"I can," he had assured her. "Watch me!"

Sally loved to. Pipe in mouth, boyishly preoccupied with steak or chops.

Then dinner for two served in front of an open fire, even when the April nights were warm. An occasional movie or a play. But better than either, evenings alone, encompassed by four walls. Companionship compounded of love and tenderness with a leaven of fifty-fifty give and take.

Nor were her days lonesome. At any moment the phone might ring.

Sky's voice, "Busy? Then put on your hat and get ready. I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes."

AND Sally would put on her hat, not knowing whether she was to be taken to the Ghetto or out into Westchester to consider some property or site Sky was looking over. In business Sky and Sam were unorthodox, economic soldiers of fortune. The firm name might have well been D'Artagnan and Athos, Sally had once told him.

"Yeah, we're a pair of snipers," Sky admitted. "But we're going good just the same."

So good, in fact, that their honeymoon was further delayed. They had planned to start the first of June for the month. But it had been the twentieth when Sky had finally gotten clear and he had confessed then that they'd be lucky if they got two weeks.

The honeymoon was to be spent in Maine on the farm where Sky had been born and where his mother still lived.

This was not precisely what Sally would have planned. Yet there is an old proverb, "A good son makes a good

husband." Sky was obviously a good son. The year before he had gone back home in August to help with the haying because the farm was short handed.

"But why not hire an extra hand?" Sally had asked. "Surely your time—"

"Idiot!" he had rejoined. "There was no man to be hired. Not for love nor money. I liked it, anyway. I was brought up on a farm, you know."

The farm was set in sight of the sea which Sky loved too. "I've got an old kicker-boat," he told her. "We'll play around in that a lot. Ever have a bacon bat?"

Sally had admitted she never had.

"Well, you're going to have," he promised. "There's a little island where I once played Crusoe. We'll land there and—"

His lips had pressed against her dusky hair.

They had arrived in Maine on the evening of the twentieth. The farm, a square cornered, uncompromising bit of architecture under lofty elms looked very much like the snaps Sky had shown her of it; his mother was equally like the picture Sky had of her. Even to the black moire and onyx wreath pin she wore when they arrived.

THERE was no noticeable warmth in her greeting to Sally. But neither was there any in her greeting to her son. She merely let him kiss her cheek and asked about the ride up.

Sky was as undemonstrative. Sky who had been and still could be such a mad lover. It had puzzled Sally briefly. Then she had said to herself, "That, of course, is just the perfectest New England of it."

The glimpse of the sea through apple trees was breathtakingly beautiful; even the house was not half bad. Some of the furniture was awful yet the effect was of livableness and a sense of permanence. And there was so much that Sky had told her about to see for herself and he was so linked to it all that she was ready to love it anyway.

"So far not so bad," Sally had thought contentedly, as she lay that first night and listened to the creaking of the weather-vane on the old barn and the many mysterious noises of the night.

Nor was the first day other than happy. Nor was the second, for all that Sky, reverting to down-Maine type, found innumerable things that must be done around the place. It was luxurious to bask in the warm sun like a lazy kitten and watch this long, lithe husband of hers ascending the roof to fix a shingle or preoccupied in the repair of an old harness strap.

"You're so darned good looking, darling," she had murmured as he bent to the latter occupation. "I think it's no wonder I married you."

To which his purely masculine retort had been, "Damn!"

But that had been because, testing the strap, it had broken in a new place. Sally had realized that, suspected that he had not even heard her; his powers of concentration were enormous! But she didn't mind. He was her man and somehow these new phases of him gave him additional authenticity.

Nor did Sky's mother ever intrude to spoil things. She remained as impersonal, as aloof, as the wreaths that hang in a funeral parlor.

"I don't even know whether she approves of me," Sally confided in Sky.

"She thinks you're a peach," Sky assured her.

Sally flicked a loving mocking eyelid at him.

"I can just imagine her telling you so," she commented. And added, "Is she ever vocal about her likes or dislikes?"

"Wait," he suggested, "until somebody she thoroughly dislikes heaves into sight



"Darling," said Linda's note, "I simply must see you tonight, honeymoon or no honeymoon—" Sally read no further

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The moonlight seemed to tremble and the world to hold its breath as their eyes met. "Don't go," Sky was pleading desperately. "Don't! I can't stand it. I don't know what I've done but—" Sally knew! She had fought against telling him until she could fight no longer. He might as well know the truth now as later

Two days of their honeymoon had passed before Sky got a chance to even look at his boat. It lay in a sheltered cove, covered with a tarpaulin. He removed the latter and ejaculated:

"**G**OOD lord! I'll have to caulk every seam before I paint her." He turned to Sally. "This isn't working out exactly as I planned. As a honeymoon I'm afraid—"

"It's a perfectly good honeymoon," she reassured him. "It's such fun just being with you."

He had answered her wordlessly. And they had gone back through the sunset tinted world together hand in hand. After-

wards Sally remembered that. It had been so peaceful, so absolutely idyllic, with never a cloud in their honeymoon sky.

After breakfast the next morning Sky announced that he was going to devote the day to his boat.

"May I sit and watch if I don't disturb you?" demanded Sally.

Of course she knew that was what he expected. She just wanted him to say so. But before he could answer a run-about drew up beneath the elms. Nothing remarkable about that. But its occupant! A veritable goddess from a machine.

"Good gracious," thought Sally, [Continued on page 100]

How to Have a Good

By

MARK HELLINGER

Who Has Been Called

(But Not Too Early)

The Playboy of Broadway



It is absolutely essential for you to visit a night club, one of those places that is filled with tables, chairs and lawsuits

"HOW can I have a good time in New York?" My immediate response to that question would be to tell you to take the first train to Atlantic City or the first boat to Paris. But maybe the editor wouldn't like that. Editors are funny that way sometimes.

I have no idea of the number of people who come to New York every year in search of a good time, but I'm certain that if they were laid end to end, they wouldn't look very pretty. And if that estimate is not exactly comprehensive, it at least gives you a rough idea, which is all that any one can ask.

Having a good time in the largest American city is something that depends entirely upon the individual. You, for instance, might have a swell afternoon traveling to the top of the Woolworth building and looking down at the crowds who are looking up.

Or you might get a terrific kick by permitting yourself to get caught in a subway jam, which is nothing like the stuff that mother used to make. Then, too, they tell me that folks have been known to enjoy themselves on trips to the Statue of Liberty, and on bus rides through New York's crowded streets.

Personally these things bore me stiff. I'm not alone in that feeling. Plenty of New Yorkers feel the same way. Anything becomes boring if you get too much of it. Look at the way Peggy Joyce discusses her next husband!

However—

The first thing that leaps to mind in discussing good times in New York is the theater. We have more theaters in our town than Hetlin has speeches. We have movie houses so large that three men have already died of hunger while trying to walk from the orchestra to the balcony.

THE first thing to do, then, after registering at your hotel, is to secure tickets for a theater. This you do by going to a speculator. A speculator is a man with a warm smile and a cold heart. He is the originator of the well-known proverb that one good coin deserves another.

Speculators are a necessary evil in our city. The government doesn't like them and it is forever trying to limit the speculators' profits to fifty cents on every ticket.

The government, every once in so often, discovers with much astonishment that the speculators are securing profits of a dollar and two dollars on every ticket. Then comes a drive to wipe out the speculators. The net result of these drives is always the same. The speculator raises his profits to two and four dollars on a ticket.

At any rate, you secure your tickets for the theater. If you

know nothing about the current hits in New York, the best way to find out is to ask the speculator for what theaters he has tickets. He will call off a long list to you. Those are the seats you do not want.

You then ask him for a show he has not mentioned. If he shakes his head and tells you he's all sold out on that attraction, that's the show you want to see. Insist upon it. If he tells you he can do nothing for that night, make him give you tickets for the following night. You can be absolutely certain you're going to see a good show.



If the speculator says he's sold out on any show that's the one to see

THAT, as far as I know, is far and away the best suggestion to guide the out-of-towner in his search for a worthy theatrical offering. Of course, you can be reasonably certain that the Ziegfeld stamp on a show means pretty good entertainment. The same goes for George White, Jed Harris, Arthur Hopkins and the Theater Guild.

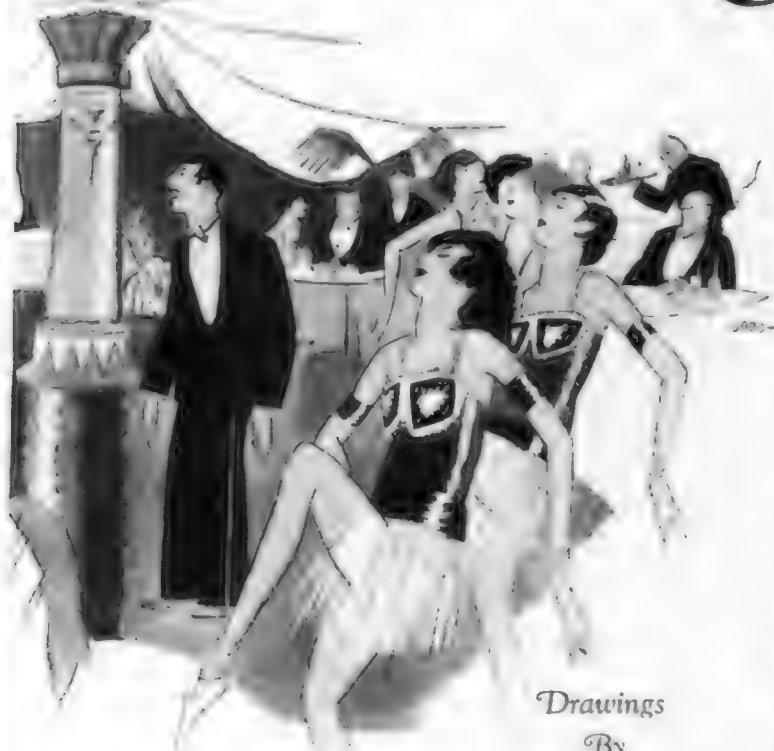
But, with these, you must take your chances. Those babies have their failures just the same as all other humans. And if you should strike a lemon, don't blame it all on Broadway. Follow my method and you can't go wrong.

After the theater, of course, come the night clubs. In order to have a good time in New York, it is absolutely essential for you to visit a night club. Just where the good time comes in, I really have no idea. But everybody seems to feel that way, so I guess it must be true.

A night club is a place that is filled with tables, chairs and lawsuits. It is a place where actors come to make merry and Mary comes to make actors. It is a place that is dull, stupid and dizzy when it is empty. And it is a place that is dull, stupid and dizzy when it is crowded.

From the above paragraph, you may gather the opinion that

Time in New York



Drawings

By

JOSEPH L. SABO

I do not like night clubs. I don't. I have been around them for years. I know them inside and out. But still in all, I detest them. So would you if you were around them long enough.

I suppose, however, that out-of-towners get a thrill from their first visit to one of these resorts. They go there in hope of seeing chorus girls drink champagne out of slippers, a famous stage star slap her lover across the brow with a bottle, and various scandals pop right and left beneath their noses.

As a matter of fact, they very rarely see any such goings-on in this town's cabarets. The only slipper from which I ever saw a chorine drink was a bedroom slipper. In ten years, I saw but one lady crown but one gentleman with a bottle. And most of the scandals that crop up in night clubs occur when out-of-towners take one drink too many and think they are John L. Sullivan, reincarnated.

WHAT you actually see in a New York night club is a crowded dance floor, a lot of saps who think they're drunk when the cap is yanked from the ginger ale bottle, a couple of theatrical people who would much rather be in bed, a society woman who hopes her husband will hear about it, fathers who are looking for thrills to tell their sons about it, and sons who are looking for thrills in order to tell their fathers about it.

As I write this piece, conditions in New York night life are horribly unsettled. After many vague threats, the prohibition forces finally threw a terrific scare into the ladies and gentlemen who operate the various cabarets. Working under cover for three months, a squad of revenue men secured enough evidence

Coming to New York? Then, by all means, know what to do when you get here. If you are planning a visit you will find no better guide than Mark Hellinger, who knows his incandescents. And if you are not coming to New York you will get almost as big a kick from reading Mark's article

to indict practically every one of consequence in the safe field.

As a result, things look bad for the current season. Texas Guinan, the spirit of night life and fight life, has deserted the big alley for Hollywood, the land of the great, wide open faces. Helen Morgan says she will never appear in a cabaret again. And so on down the list.

IT IS my guess, however, that by the time this story appears Texas will once again be back in the Broadway fold. So will Helen Morgan. It is only natural that, while the government is blowing off steam, cabaret folks should take a back seat. At present, they're all out on bail. Far better a back seat on bail than a front seat in jail.

No matter what happens to the big shots, however, there will always be plenty of cabarets open for the out-of-towners. Taking them by and large—or buy and large—they are all pretty much the same. In case you must visit one of them and know nothing about any of them, pick out the one that is most extensively advertised. It's always the safest.

Once inside, you will find things going on. A young man who is not distinguished socially but is very prominent nasally will hop to the center of the floor, grin like an ape and shout, "Hello, soaks—I mean, folks." Whereupon one of the girls in the show will titter and the young man will be encouraged to tell you that the lady you "seen" him with last night was not a lady, but his wife.

FOLLOWING that, and even before the laughter has died away, he will introduce the chorus of his little revue. He will sing a song about beautiful poils and beautiful goils and what a wonderful would it

is. As the evening goes along, these girls will wear less and less. This will be done to prove conclusively to you that there is nothing nude under the sun.

Between the shows, you will be expected to dance and eat. After two or three hours of this, you can call for your check and go home. This, frankly, is all there is to New York's "wild cabaret life."

These places, of course, all cater to the drop-in trade. They are all built along similar patterns and conducted along similar lines. Texas Guinan has been [Continued on page 84]



Never visit the aquarium until after you've been to a night club so you can compare fish in both places

A
Joyous Novel
Of Love and Lies
And
Laughter



Peter And
Mrs. Pan

Start With What Happened Last Month:

IN THIS story you will meet two of the most delightful grown-ups who ever played at make-believe.

Peter Hughey, a serious-minded and successful young playwright has many idealistic theories about women but very little actual knowledge of the ways of a modern Eve.

Corinne Renshaw, a small town girl with big town dreams and ambitions, has gained her knowledge of the modern Adam first hand and has few illusions concerning his chivalry.

Both Peter and Corinne have vivid imaginations and a strong sense of dramatic values.

So when Fate, with considerable assistance from Corinne, places these two young things side by side in the darkened theater of Fairway, New Jersey, the small town where Peter's second play was being tried out, a new comedy was immediately in the making.

Corinne, casting herself in the ever effective role of a damsel in distress, appealed to Peter for assistance. "Will you pretend that you know me—that you're a friend of mine?" she said. "I'll explain why later."

OF COURSE Peter would—and Peter did. After the play explanations were in order and since they couldn't very well stand on the street corner indefinitely Peter invited Corinne to tea.

With charming audacity Corinne explained to the wondering Peter that she had spoken to him on a dare.

In an argument with her chum Corinne had insisted that even in a small town a girl could meet any interesting man she

chose if she went about it cleverly enough. Peter was exhibit A in support of Corinne's theory. Step by step she told him how she had engineered the whole affair.

The next day his play moved to Atlantic City. Peter went with it but his heart stayed behind. He wired Corinne that he must see her and invited her to lunch the following day.

MEANTIME Corinne had written two important letters: one to the man she was engaged to marry telling him she couldn't go through with it; the other to an elderly admirer whom she called "Daddy," saying she couldn't see him again.

However, Daddy insisted on seeing her so Corinne killed two birds with one stone by asking him to take her to Atlantic City.

Once there she managed to get rid of him in order to run off to lunch with Peter. Corinne found this prize she had captured even more worth while than she had realized. Peter for his part was sure he wanted to see Corinne sitting across the table from him for the rest of his life. He was just beginning to tell her so when a voice beside them boomed:

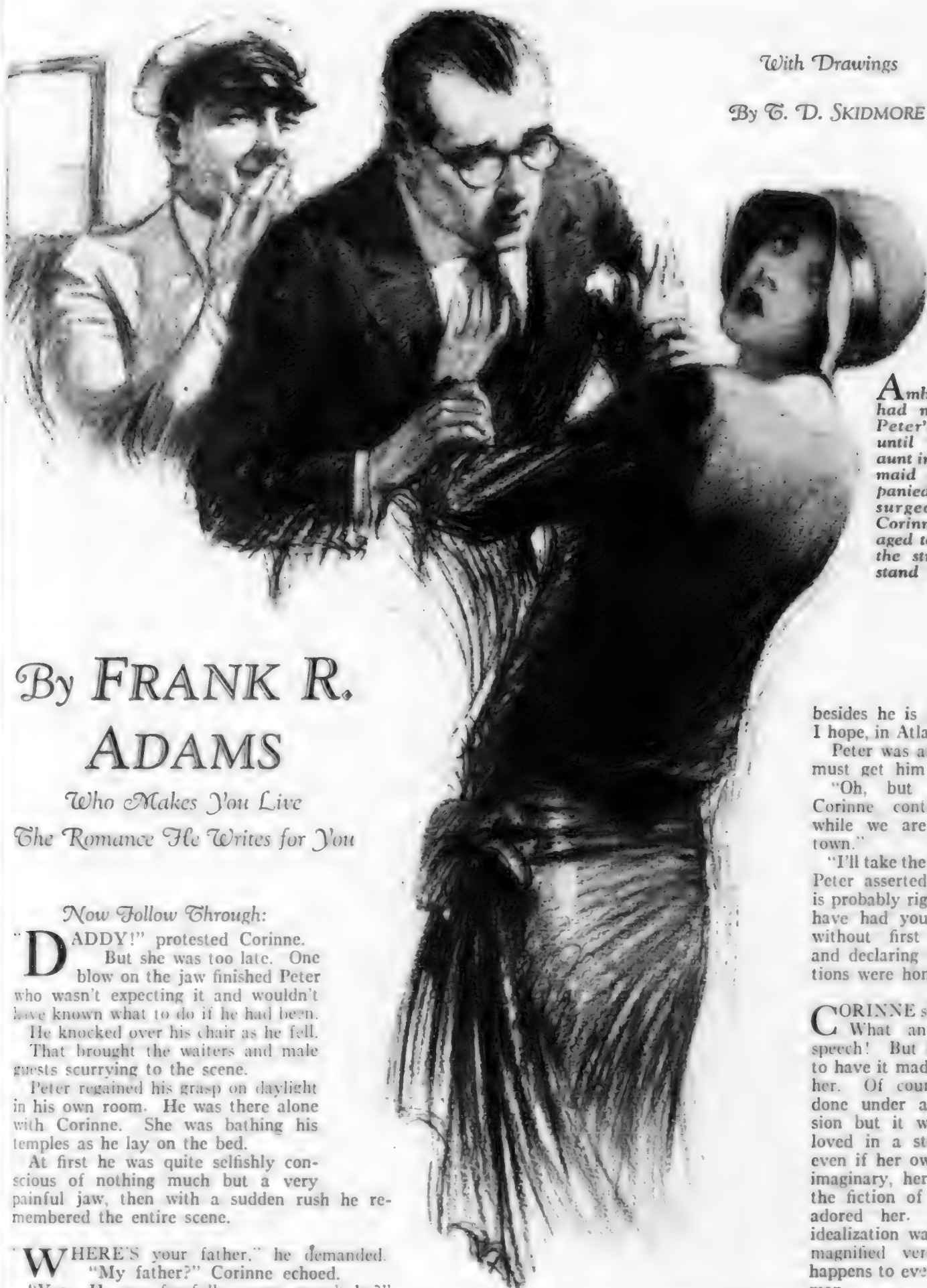
"So I've found you at last, have I?"

Corinne had become so interested in the new part she was playing that even her instinct had failed to warn her that George Harkness had approached. At the sound of his voice she stifled an impulse to scream.

"Daddy" was addressing Peter. "You long-legged, speckled-faced bean pole, take off your glasses before I pulverize 'em on your face," he yelled.

With Drawings

By G. D. SKIDMORE



Ambulances had had no place in Peter's existence until he left his aunt in care of her maid and accompanied the young surgeon outside. Corinne had managed to get off the the stretcher and stand on her feet

By FRANK R. ADAMS

*Who Makes You Live
The Romance He Writes for You*

Now Follow Through:

DADDY!" protested Corinne. But she was too late. One blow on the jaw finished Peter who wasn't expecting it and wouldn't have known what to do if he had been.

He knocked over his chair as he fell. That brought the waiters and male guests scurrying to the scene.

Peter regained his grasp on daylight in his own room. He was there alone with Corinne. She was bathing his temples as he lay on the bed.

At first he was quite selfishly conscious of nothing much but a very painful jaw, then with a sudden rush he remembered the entire scene.

WHERE'S your father," he demanded. "My father?" Corinne echoed.

"Yes. He was fearfully angry, wasn't he?" There was her fleeting chance to tell the truth. She hesitated. Perhaps in Peter's present condition it would not be right. The moment was gone. She accepted his mistake about the identity of George. It saved a very awkward explanation.

Peter continued. "I don't understand how it happened that he let you stay with me."

Corinne giggled a little. "The gentleman you refer to has nothing to say about it. I'm of age as it happens and

besides he is resting quietly. I hope, in Atlantic City jail."

Peter was all energy. "We must get him out at once."

"Oh, but we mustn't," Corinne contradicted. "not while we are in the same town."

"I'll take the consequences," Peter asserted. "Besides he is probably right. I shouldn't have had you out to lunch without first meeting him and declaring that my intentions were honorable."

CORINNE stifled her laugh. What an old-fashioned speech! But how wonderful to have it made to and about her. Of course it was all done under a misapprehension but it was nice to be loved in a story book way even if her own part was all imaginary, her virtues solely the fiction of the man who adored her. Perhaps this idealization was only a more magnified version of what happens to every beloved woman.

At any rate Corinne accepted greedily.

Peter continued, his mind still occupied with her problem to the exclusion of his own aches and pains. "What are you going to do yourself?"

Corinne hadn't thought much about that. It was quite a tidy little problem, too. One thing was certain and that was that she was not going to return to Fairway in George's car even if he managed to get out.

No, indeed. George was a person to be carefully avoided

in the immediate future. He was doubtless sufficiently incensed so that even the most accomplished feminine wiles would not prevail against his justifiable resentment.

Corinne was a long way from home and she had nothing in her purse but a vanity case and an extra lipstick.

"I'll manage somehow," she concluded out loud in answer both to his question and to her own swift review of the situation.

"But it's my responsibility," Peter asserted. He was sitting up now on the edge of the bed. "I got you into this scrape. I've got to get you out. Unless I explain to your parents that I love you and want to marry you you'll never dare go home."

THERE it was. He had said the magic words "love" and "marry." Corinne sat still and silent like a little frightened mouse fearful that if she moved the spoken talisman would turn out to be unreal. It was nice to have heard him say it even if she could not accept his heroic rescue.

"I wouldn't dare go home just now anyway," Corinne said. What she was really thinking was that she would get some kind of job there at the beach. Her father and mother would not be displeased. On the contrary they would be amazed and gratified at any symptoms of industry on the part of their offspring.

"My dear," Corinne paused to listen a second to the inner voice that urged, "Grab him quick before he takes it back," and then went on, "I couldn't think of marrying you."

"I was afraid of that," Peter gulped. "I suppose I am an awful duffer but I sort of hoped—"

"You don't think I'm saying no because I don't like you, do you?"

"Why, yes. For what other reason?"

"Simply because I think you're the finest boy I ever knew—because, my dear, I adore you."

Peter waited. It sank into the man inside of him. He woke up.

He was on his feet. Corinne, protesting, was in his arms. She was kissed, resisting at first, and finally responsively, as she had never been kissed before.

Her conscience, when it tried to rise up and object, was clubbed back to insensibility by the remaining fragment of the

old, calculating Corinne reinforced by the new one very much in love with something—love perhaps.

"Shut up," they said. "You tried to save him and failed. Be quiet and let's see what happens next."

What happened was more kisses, foolish laughter, happiness that made them both forget: one a swollen jaw and headache, the other the consciousness of a duty which a higher inspiration had sidestepped.

Whatever he might lack in experience as a lover Peter made up for by instinctive chivalry.

For instance he insisted that she should not stay in his room any longer since he was perfectly all right. "Rather better than that," as he said himself, because new love is a very superior antidote for headaches, growing pains, or any of the ills that youth is heir to.

"It was darling of you to take care of me but if I had been in my right mind I should never have allowed you to come up here. Think of your reputation."

"This from you," she pointed out, "a man who is in the show business."

BUT you're not," Peter retorted. "That makes all the difference. Nothing of scandal, nothing that isn't fine must ever touch you. It might tarnish the dust of gold on your lovely wings."

"Oh, dear," thought Corinne, "what a man to try to live up to! Is it any use to try?"

A last kiss, a long one, in the blessed privacy of the hotel room and he shooed her forth. She made her way down to the hotel parlor to wait for Peter. He had forecast a change of the clothing which had been somewhat damaged by the ruction in the dining room and even more by the kindly but damp first-aid applications administered by herself.

The parlor, only a rainy day rendezvous at best, was quite deserted. Every one was dressing for dinner. Corinne confronted that idea with dismay. She would be terribly conspicuous in the dining room in her little sport suit. What if Peter should put on a dinner jacket? He was the kind of a man who would not be conscious of her clothing at all so long as she was fully clad in something.

Her fears were groundless. He had on the rest of the two suits he had worn that afternoon only this time the trousers and vest were blue and the coat gray.

Corinne stifled a laugh. You had to love Peter not to be eternally and dismayingly surprised at him.

"Shall we get married before or after dinner?" he asked.

"Do you know anything about such things?" she asked.

"Well, one gets a license for one thing."

"Where?"

"From the city hall or the county clerk's office."

"Which is doubtless closed evenings."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"It's quite an obstacle, I should imagine. You see your entire idea is impractical."

AWAY from the convincing haven of his arms it did seem so. All that nonsense that he had whispered in her ear upstairs sounded quixotically impossible now.

But opposition only aroused the fighting blood of the Hugheys' long dormant in its last receptacle. Peter had chosen his woman and there was to be no denying him.

"We'll be married tomorrow then in New York City," he declared. "I don't know that I care about a New Jersey wedding anyhow. It should be more binding in a large city. I'll tell you what. You go up there by the night train so there'll be no breath of scandal attached to your name and I'll come up in the morning. By afternoon you'll be Mrs. Corinne Peter Hughey if you don't change your foolish mind."

Peter's arguments prevailed. Perhaps the magic name New York had something to do with it.

Corinne always pretended that she knew the metropolis as well as her own back yard but in reality she had never been there. All her information came from stories she had read and remembered.

She did want to go to New York.

They got so excited planning things that they forgot all about dinner. Peter gave her the address of his aunt, Mrs. Harriet Carmichael, with whom he lived and where she was to meet him the next day, bought her a ticket for New York

Mrs. Carmichael's house was no place for any one who was conscious that her garments were ready made and in need of pressing



"Suppose your aunt and I always hate each other?" Corinne said. "Even that doesn't make any difference, dear," Peter replied. "Nothing can separate us. I think God intended you for me"

escorted her to the train and put her in her drawing-room. Not until the train had pulled out did either of them realize that they had not had anything to eat since luncheon and that Corinne did not have a cent in her purse.

The latter fact only Corinne knew. It was going to be the deuce of a way to make one's initial appearance in New York.

Oh, well, what are a few difficulties in the paths of high adventurers? Who cares for coins when the heart is full of anticipations?

Excitement, the noise of travel and the unfamiliar luxury of the drawing-room conspired to keep Corinne awake most of the night. She could sleep any time. Life, now, was beginning to be too thrilling for her to take any chance of missing an instant of it.

The spirit of adventure, the feel of unfamiliar paths under the feet, are not so inspiring however in the morning. Especially without breakfast.

CORINNE was disgorged along with some few thousands of travelers and preoccupied but well-fed commuters into the vast cathedral of the Pennsylvania station.

Porters who met the train offered to carry her baggage. She had none and explained that her maid was attending to it. She hoped fervently that they would not notice that she was wearing a wrinkled blouse.

Outside the druid coolness of the temple of transportation the streets of the city were hot with a stale warmth that had persisted through a breathless night. The monster of the

metropolis was arousing sluggishly, unrested. There was no sparkle in the town; it smelled uninspiringly of yesterday's sweat.

There were discarded papers in the streets and garbage cans along the sidewalks. Little hot eddies of dust swirled after passing vehicles.

Corinne considered for a moment the possibility of picking up a free ride across town to some more palatable spot but abandoned it. The drivers of automobiles were too intent on their business to notice a trim ankle or even an innocently inquiring eye.

At that hour in the morning there was no more kick in Corinne's personality than if she had been a middle-aged cross-eyed lady with an extra-stout chassis. It was a sordid commercial stream that flowed swiftly between curbs and the fish in it viewed skeptically any little feathered hook that might light on it.

CORINNE walked. An ungracious street sweeper told her in which direction to go to Fifth Avenue.

The panorama changed a bit at Broadway. Traffic got snarled because of the cross current. Even that early in the day truck and taxi drivers were beginning to lose their tempers and were drawing on their next year's supply of profanity. You couldn't blame them. It was too hot to try to think of pleasant words.

Corinne wished fervently that she had some small piece of baggage. Anything, even a cloth suitcase would do. Without it she knew that she could not secure accommodations at a hotel unless she paid in advance. Heaven only knew how she craved the sanctuary of some private place where she could be alone, where she could rest a little preparatory to meeting Peter that afternoon, could escape from the inevitable fatigue of a day on the hot streets.

Fifth Avenue seemed a little cooler. There were not so many hot people on it for one thing and it gave out a more spacious atmosphere.

Corinne walked uptown toward the Park. She forgot some of her troubles while window shopping. There were women's things on display undreamed of in her philosophy. Corinne had an instinct for daintiness. The more sheerly an undergarment approached nothing at all the more she craved its cobweb softness.

There was one little mauve set, chiffon with tiny ribbon rosettes in unexpected places. It was displayed against a black velvet background.

Corinne made a little face at it. "Mine, mine, mine," she told it through the plate glass. "Nothing separates me from you but one insignificant marriage ceremony. Good-by,"—she blew it a kiss—"but I'll be back."

For had not Peter said that he did not spend one-third of his income? Surely he would not begrudge her pretty things.

There were other things in other windows: hats, hosiery, boots, furs and jewelry, all ominously lacking in price marks. Corinne approved of that snobbishness utterly. She hoped that she would never have to look at a price mark again so long as she lived.

THE length of Fifth Avenue as far as the Plaza and the Park, dawdled over leisurely, consumed nearly all of the morning. Then it began to get too hot to stir around any more. Besides; Corinne was feeling a little faint, perhaps from lack of food. She thought that it would be quite as well to conserve her strength—most girls do arrive at their wedding day absolutely worn out, but there was no point in Corinne's being so fashionable. So she found a bench in the shade just inside the park and sat there as quietly as possible trying to rest.

Peter, with characteristic absent-mindedness, had omitted to state when he would arrive in New York City. But Corinne decided that if she reached his aunt's house a little after two o'clock that would not seem as if she were rushing things unnecessarily. She hoped fervently that Peter would be there first.

The time after twelve crawled interminably. The sun grew



Maude Lavery was everything that Corinne was not and Peter still had a lot of confidences to pour into her ravishing ear. "Will you come to see me soon?" she said. Her invitation shocked Peter into remembrance. "I'm afraid I can't," he said. "I'm going to be married tomorrow"



fiercer and pedestrians who moved at all dragged heavy, unwilling feet. Nothing had any life except the swift-moving, insolent cars of the rich. Corinne would have hated them for their refreshing speed except that she planned to have one herself in a few days, perhaps a week or two if it had to be finished in some special color to order.

Finally it was two o'clock. The address of Mrs. Carmichael was in West Seventy-something Street not far away. By the time Corinne walked there she might reasonably expect that Peter would have arrived and be waiting for her. Her heart quailed at the idea of meeting this strange aunt of his, soon to be hers, alone but she had to make her courage stick. There was no turning back now.

The house was not particularly imposing looking. It was quite thin, rather crushed between two much larger ones on either side of it. Corinne, who did not know what a severely plain New York exterior could conceal, felt slightly cheered. The ordeal might not be so bad after all.

A servant answered her ring, a maid very trim in a tiny apron and cap.

"HAS Mr. Peter Hughey arrived?" Corinne asked.

"No, madam," the maid replied. "I don't think that he is expected."

Corinne's heart sank a few degrees. Well, she'd have to wait.

"Mrs. Carmichael is in?" she inquired.

"I'll see, madam." She had a tiny tray which she offered for the visitor's card.

"I've mislaid my case," Corinne said, "but please tell Mrs. Carmichael that Miss Renshaw is calling with a message from her nephew, Mr. Hughey."

The maid accepted the message in lieu of the conventional card and ushered Corinne into a cool, long drawing-room, a room for which the outside of the house in no wise prepared one.

It was no place for any one who was conscious in the least little bit that her garments were ready made, that they were a year out of style and that they needed pressing.

Corinne had a heart-sinking, premonitory panic as her clever, appraising eye took in the restrained refinement of the furniture and furnishings. There was not a stick too much of anything; there wasn't a color note that advertised itself and yet Corinne knew that every other room she had ever seen, even on the stage as a setting for society plays, was a cheap, junky background by comparison with this. Even while it made her feel like a dirty bedraggled white puppy in the middle of a spotless bedspread, she thanked the Lord for the fine instincts He had given her wherewith to appreciate it.

After a while, too long a while for Corinne's strained nerves, a little woman came downstairs and stood in the doorway.

She was about fifty but had white hair. "Frosted," Corinne thought instantly, "from the arctic atmosphere in which she lives." Her face looked as if it ought to have been gentle but had changed its mind, had become frozen perhaps years before in a momentary expression of unhappy hardness. There wasn't much color in it, even in her gray eyes, and her lips were an unyielding line. It seemed impossible that so tiny a woman could carry an air of such chill austerity and yet it was there. A disillusioned empress could have conveyed the impression of tired scorn for a petty world no more unmistakably than she did.

"I am Mrs. Carmichael," she said.

Corinne did not say, "I wish to high heaven anybody in the world but you were Mrs. Carmichael," but she thought it.

INSTEAD she offered, "My name is Corinne Renshaw and your nephew, Mr. Peter Hughey, sent me to you."

"For what purpose?" the older woman inquired. The inference was that she did not ordinarily receive applicants for domestic services in her drawing-room.

"He and I are to be married today." Corinne hurled this like a bomb, hoping for an explosion, anything to break the maddening calm of that house and its mistress.

"Yes?" The little lady seemed to [Continued on page 106]

MAY EDGINTON'S Complete Guide to Husbands

As Told to
DOROTHY HOLM

HUSBANDS can be grouped into four kinds. First, there is the kind of husband that the average girl should have. He is the good husband, the born husband, in fact. The next kind is the "give-all" husband, a very popular brand among certain women. Then comes the "take-all" husband; he is not so popular with the modern, intelligent, aggressive girl, and, lastly, the bachelor husband, the husband who should never be taken at all.

Just because a man is in love with you, or you are in love with him, doesn't mean you will be happy together in marriage. You must know what kind of husband he will be and whether that is the kind of husband you can put up with. If, for instance, you are the slave-woman type and happiest when doing things for some one else, you should, by all means, have a "take-all" husband. If, on the other hand, you are the lazy, acquisitive type of woman, the really female woman, you will only be happy with a "give-all" husband. If you are well-balanced and well-poised, ready to give as well as to take, you are entitled to a born husband and an ideal marriage.

But if you are the sort of woman who makes mistakes all through life, if you always buy the wrong hat and if you have no taste for selection, there is little hope for you. You will undoubtedly take the poor man who should never be married at all, the bachelor husband.

If you are not good at managing men, marry the born husband, by all means, for he is the only kind of husband who will not require managing at some time or another. He manages himself, for marriage is natural to him. He is utterly at ease in domestic life. He doesn't have to adapt himself, or be adapted to marriage, for he was cut out for it. It would be much more difficult for him

to lead a bachelor existence than to be a good husband.

DIVORCES are rare among born husbands. Such a husband never loses his wife to another man, for he is so charming and satisfactory a husband in every way that no other man is able to lure his wife away from him. And only an extreme type of woman would think of leaving him. The woman, perhaps, who thrives on excitement, who is not suited for marriage of any kind, who chafes at a life that is smooth and runs an even course, might leave him, but I doubt it. For the born husband has such an instinct for marriage and such a way with him that he would be able to adapt her tastes to his. He possesses such a terrific talent for marriage that he could marry almost the worst type of woman and make a splendid wife of her.

The born husband never has any affairs with other women, for his natural taste, his high standards and his ideals keep him from being promiscuous. He has a natural bent for domesticity. I doubt very much if he would recognize the "other woman" if he saw her, and even if he did, I am

confident she would make little headway with him. He finds his life full and comfortable and has no need for outside diversions. He is happy and content and he makes his wife so. It is the fortunate woman, indeed, who has the wisdom to select the born husband type for her matrimonial partner.

And in spite of all the croakings about the present state of morals and the high percentage of divorces, these born husbands are in the majority. But they never get into print, for there is never any scandal associated with them. Their lives are not front-page stuff but a record of construction. They build, slowly and steadily. They are interested in their homes and in their communities. Theirs is a sane, normal outlook and theirs a sane, normal life. The born husband rarely divorces his wife and he seldom remains a widower if his wife dies. With the strong instinct he has for marriage, he is lost without a wife. He needs a domestic life for his complete happiness.

Divorces are frequent among give-all husbands, but a give-all husband is never permitted to remain either divorced or widowed for long. He is in great demand among women of a certain type, for he is the most generous of all husbands. It is the weak, acquisitive woman who seeks the give-all husband. She sees in him a potential slave, who will be bound to her whims and caprices and who will go out into the market place and barter for silks, furs and jewels for her adornment. Such a woman gives nothing to a man; yet she is loved tremendously. Her give-all husband showers her with gifts; if he has few material things to give, he is prodigal with his time and attention.

"Why," you ask, "should a man love a woman who gives him nothing?" The answer is obvious. The give-all husband is usually a weak man and a conceited one. It flatters his vanity and gives him a sense of strength and power to feel that he is essential to his wife and that she is clinging to him and is dependent upon him. His wife holds him by trading upon his weakness and making him constantly realize his tremendous importance to her. It is that type of husband who "fetches and carries"; he is the husband who will go into bankruptcy to buy his wife jewels.

MANY such men have gone to prison for theft and forgery, and even for murder, to satisfy the extravagant demands of their luxury-loving, grasping, calculating wives. But, don't forget for an instant that it is not entirely their wives' selfishness that is to blame. By showering their wives with presents, they are inflating their own little egos and picturing themselves as big, strong men.

It is in this group that the greatest number of divorces occur and the greatest number of scandals. A wife can hold such a man only as long as she [Continued on page 95]

Every girl will sooner or later meet men who fall into one of these classifications:

1. THE BORN HUSBAND
2. THE "GIVE-ALL" HUSBAND
3. THE "TAKE-ALL" HUSBAND
4. THE BACHELOR HUSBAND

Now, how can a girl decide what sort of husband a man will make and what sort is best for her own particular nature? You will find the answer—and perhaps a husband—in Miss Edginton's clever and authoritative guide



Yeomde

May Edginton is a successful writer. More important, she is a successful wife. Her husband is F. E. Baily, also a successful writer. Two authors under one roof! Both as charming and temperamental as authors can be. And happily married. No wonder Miss Edginton can write so entertainingly and instructively about husbands.

Incidentally, you Smart Set readers who were disappointed because Miss Edginton's serial, "The 'No' Girl," was so short, have a treat in store for you next month with the start of a new and longer novel by Miss Edginton. Maybe she doesn't know a lot about love and life and business as well as all about husbands!

*A Story Which Proves
That All the Wisdom
Hidden
In the Books of Law
Will Not Help
A Lawyer to Read
What Is In
A Woman's Heart*

KITTY DONOVAN sat at her typewriter desk near the window listening judiciously to all her employer had to say. Dusk was gathering in the dingy office over Ippley's drug store. Yet Phineas Rapp, lawyer and former judge, still ranged about the familiar room with his hands clasped tightly behind his back, fairly bursting with energy.

It pleased him to try out every case on Kitty. For nearly nine years she had supplied the standard office joke. Whenever a trial was impending and he laid down a sheaf of papers, swung around on his squeaky swivel chair and looked at her in a certain way, she smiled at once. "Go ahead, Mr. Rapp. Shoot! Try it on the dog!"

HIS big voice ran on although the clock in the station tower over the way tolled seven. He groped into new pockets of thought, marshalled evidence in close array, verified details and citations, tried his varied tonal effects on Kitty.

She had never failed him. She had never complained. Yet he had never suggested raising her pay. She had never taken a vacation. It was as if she were a piece of office furniture. Rapp had no need of pretentious offices. Rich clients came to him from afar, paid him for his genius in understanding women, for his diabolical skill, for his subtlety in wresting admissions from lovely defendants.

HE NEVER denounced a woman defendant. Not Rapp! Having been a judge, he never based his plea on moral grounds. He never ranted about the sanctity of the home. It was enough for him to match his opponent on points at law and finally to suggest the charitable fact that women are the weaker vessels, that men must hang together and hold them to strict account—a plea that worked in the healthy egoism of the male and touched sublime notes of justice, sympathy and even magnanimity.

The August sun crawled down the horizon. The shadows deepened. The tower clock clanged once for seven thirty.

"It is the old tragic story," he was saying at last in conclusion. "Without a prolonged search of each other's souls, these two unhappy people ought never to have wed. You



The Man who

By

DONALD WILHELM

have seen how this woman who is now Mrs. Jocelyn flung herself headlong at Mr. Jocelyn, the rich, dashing sportsman and athlete.

"But, Your Honor, mistake not! Far be it from me to accuse her of anything worse than a natural feminine willingness—I may say, eagerness—to achieve wealth and social position. Granting the objections made, is it fair, is it just, that her husband should suffer from her impetuosity, her



Understood Women

violence? You have the evidence of this dependable young man, James Perkins, to the effect that on frequent occasions she has boxed her husband's ears and on one occasion chased him, before his friends, with one of his own golf clubs, and on other occasions deserted him for long periods of time. And manifestly it is unnecessary to submit to Your Honor that in this, our illustrious state, such cruelty, such desertion—Well, Kitty, you know the customary ending. Now how does

"YOU'VE been so sweet to me, Mr. Rapp," Kitty said, "that I don't like to resign on short notice." "Resign!" he yelled. "You can't resign! It's preposterous!" She listened patiently. Then she said, "You see, I'm going to get married"

my new plan of attack, strike you?"

Kitty pondered judiciously while the clock outside struck eight.

And Rapp beamed with anticipation until he felt her look steadily at him, as if her large brown eyes were appraising him for the first time. He felt so big, so important, with another triumph certain; she seemed as little, as gentle, as timorous and furtive as a mouse. She jumped, sometimes when he spoke to her. When he was absorbed he forgot she was present and sometimes swore without apology, yet he knew nothing ever escaped her. She was, he had boasted, as reliable as the town clock.

NOW she answered so softly and slowly he hardly heard, "Of course, Mr. Rapp, I'm only a woman."

"But that's why I asked you," he grouched. "You see the case from the woman's angle."

With hands clasped in her lap, her wistful little face touched with a pitiful sense of weariness, she looked steadily at him and answered slowly, "Mr. Rapp, I don't think I can advise you in this case."

He laughed. This was the first time Kitty had ever professed anything but sincere praise for his great talents. Usually she had suggested a point here, softened a note there, groped at some telling idea in the light of which he revised his argument.

He suspected that she had taught him the value of understatement, giving to his utterances a quality of kindness, even of pity, suggesting a helpful point of view, spinning all through the warp and woof of his logic a silver thread that he himself could not contrive. Now, amazed by her indifference, he went back to his desk to look for his glasses and ended hurriedly by lighting a cigar.

ing to his utterances a quality of kindness, even of pity, suggesting a helpful point of view, spinning all through the warp and woof of his logic a silver thread that he himself could not contrive. Now, amazed by her indifference, he went back to his desk to look for his glasses and ended hurriedly by lighting a cigar.

KITTY was putting on the brown hat it seemed she had always worn when he faced her.

He stared at her for an instant and something in him melted.

"Kitty," he apologized, "I'm the limit! I'm an old fool. Here it is past eight and you're tired. That's it."

With a hand on the door knob, a handkerchief and a worn handbag in the other, she looked up at him with an arch little smile.

"You're tired Kitty," he insisted. She sniffed.

"Here! Here!" He laughed and patted her cheek. "Here, take this five dollars and have a good time tonight."

Her moist eyes searched his for an instant. Then she shook her head.

"Go and dance," he smiled.

"I don't dance, Mr. Rapp," she said.

"Well, whatever a girl does."

"I read, sometimes, Mr. Rapp. I get the books from the library, and Auntie and I go to the movies Saturday nights. And I help her in the boarding house where she's got a radio."

FINE! That's great!" he boomed. "Now, you run along and have a good time. We'll talk about the case tomorrow."

"But, Mr. Rapp," she said, "there is a matter which will make it impossible for me to be here tomorrow."

"This case is set for the day after tomorrow," he snorted in one of his sudden rages. "The Jocelyns will return from New York."

She let him rage. There was a queer light in her face and she said, "You've been so sweet to me, Mr. Rapp, I don't like to resign on such short notice."

"Resign!" he yelled.

Of a sudden he was seeing red, talking red, shouting. "Look here, you can't resign! It's preposterous!"

She listened patiently. Then she said, as their eyes met, "You see, Mr. Rapp, I'm going to get married."

Something in him went cold.

He moved to the window where her geraniums supplied the only touch of color to the office. He stood there rocking back and forth on his heels, hands deep in his trouser pockets.

He was full of indignation but softened by a sudden sense of loss. Well, he'd have to manage without Kitty. He was angry, yet he reasoned she had been his slave, a piece of office apparatus, neglected sorely for nine long years. Then

With Drawings

By DELEVANTE

the click of the office door made him turn and he heard Kitty's steps outside.

He shouted, "Kitty!"

"Yes, sir," she answered and reappeared with surprising promptness.

"Going to get married, are you?" he beamed.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm sorry, Kitty. I mean that I'm sorry I didn't congratulate you."

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes I'm a bit absent-minded, Kitty."

"Yes, sir."

"I might say, stupid."

"Yes, sir."

He turned on her desk light and took out his check book.

She crossed over, stood respectfully behind her worn little desk chair and watched him, not the check, while he filled it out for one hundred dollars. He was conscious of her in a new and disturbing way. He looked up to find her eyes almost devouring him. "Well, well, well!" he boomed and tore up the check. "Think I'll add a special dividend. Make it two hundred!"

She did not seem to understand. Perhaps she expected more. But he shook his head, held the check before her, thrust it at her.

THEN she said, as if coming back from a great distance, "Oh, Mr. Rapp, you're too kind!" She groped for words an instant and went on, "But I've always said that I'd rather work with you than any one else."

He was puzzled. She put the check into her handbag while he watched her. She put the rubber cover over the old typewriter almost affectionately as if she were telling it good-by. She went to the stand in the corner and brought a glass of water to her geraniums, plucked a dying leaf. She went to the door and he followed her.

There she looked up at him and he sensed in her a sudden resentment, as if she had come to a decision reluctantly. She was blushing and he had never seen her blush. There was a wistful yet mischievous light in her eyes and he had never thought of her as being human because she had always seemed so much like an office fixture. There was a new and unsuspected vigor in her small, trim body. Then she laughed, as he had never heard her laugh—and said, "You're a very funny man, Mr. Rapp. Yet they say you understand women!" She laughed outright, a little wildly he thought. Then while he fumbled she explained, "You never even asked my fiancé's name."

"Well, what is his name?" he snapped.

"Mr. James Perkins."

"No!" he bellowed.

"Yes! One and the same," she replied.

"What! That race-track tout I counted on for a witness!"

"Oh, he isn't," she said. "He's a big track man. He knows horses and has made some big killings."

He sputtered. He bit his lips. He raved incoherently. And when at last he felt composed, she had gone. He could hear the patter of her steps down the stairs.

"Killings," he groaned. "Killings!" From Kitty, who had never before used such a slang word.

THEN he slammed down the top of his desk, walked home and ate his dinner in grim silence, and without a word to his dour old housekeeper retired to the west veranda. There he struggled to concentrate his faculties on the trial of his biggest case, wherefrom his fame might go echoing over the land. But he couldn't keep his mind away from Kitty. He couldn't forgive her. The only way he could refrain from swearing at her was by swearing at Perkins. "His brag, his slang," he concluded, "his gaudy clothes, they've got Kitty!"

Then he considered, "Kitty ought to have known better. She ought to have learned something in nine years of experience in my law office. Women just never do learn."

He went to bed at last but not to sleep. The clock in the hall was not ticking. That disturbed



The first applicant for Kitty's job seated herself so heavily on the chair that it gave way beneath her, thereby interrupting Mr. Rapp's thought regarding Jocelyn vs. Jocelyn

him. He got up and went to it but it was running well enough to register two A. M. He heard new sounds besides the meowing of Neighbor Hudson's cats. Some one was trying to break in through the hall window. He got out of bed, stumbled over a chair, went to investigate. The neglected lilacs were tapping the panes of the hall window. Next came the milkman, and dawn, and a determination to get to sleep. Then while he hovered on the brink of sleep, a parade of Kitties went past him.

THERE was the Kitty of nine years ago, a quaint, prim, neat, rather oldish little schoolgirl in a brown dress. The only distinctive things about her were her large brown eyes and a way of pondering each question fully before answering directly to the point.

There was the Kitty who said two years later, "Our typewriter, Mr. Rapp, while it is very old, works all right. Typewriters, Mr. Rapp, all have little peculiarities, like people."

"You think you can get along with it all right, Kitty?"

"Yes, sir, but I'd like a new ribbon soon, sir, and some new erasers, if you please."

Also there was the Kitty who said, "Oh, no, Mr. Rapp, I don't want a vacation. I like it here even in hot weather."

And the Kitty who had saved the day in the case of Wimbledon versus Wimbledon by getting the contestants together in his absence, thereby robbing him of a goodly fee but sending them away rejoicing.

"**H**AH!" he groused at last, "women are too sentimental to make good lawyers. Useful though, around the office."

He'd find another secretary, he concluded the next morning as he entered the room where Kitty had always been waiting for him. So he telephoned an employment agency.

Then came a procession of new secretaries.

The first one seated herself heavily on Kitty's chair and it gave way beneath her, thereby interrupting his trend of thought about Jocelyn versus Jocelyn. He helped her up and she said, "Thanks, Judge," which consoled him until she tried Kitty's typewriter and announced, "Say, Mister, I couldn't use an old machine like this. I couldn't positively. It's a piece of junk."

His answer was, "Get out of here."

About the next one he made a mental note at once, "Looks as sad as if she'd swallowed a fork. Walks as if the floor's



One evening after hours the door opened and Kitty herself looked in. "How do you do, Mr. Rapp?" she said. "I'm back. The mountains were very beautiful but I missed the little old typewriter"

an admission that she had conspired to rid the trial of the presence of Kitty's new husband.

He won. But at the end of a strenuous week, when the decision was handed down and he was congratulated by opposing counsel, he snapped, "I'd have won for your side." And striding out of the court room triumphant, he sensed something missing in the flavor of victory.

IN THE thickening gloom of the empty, dust-draped office, he dropped his brief case wearily on the seat where once Kitty had toiled and after each victory made ready to review the day's work with him. He eyed her vacant chair. There for nine years Kitty had been [Continued on page 86]

wet. Won't do at all!"

But the third was a sweet and appealing child, just out of high school. She was dressed in brown and had brown eyes. That was enough. He accepted the illusion that she was Kitty, even if she could not find the Merton versus Merton file, which was packed with references sorely needed when there was no time to dig up references afresh. He set about reviewing his case without them.

"Now this is how it strikes me," he broke out enthusiastically. "The acts of the defendant have been sufficiently established."

THEN he got at it hard, to be halted by Miss Feakins's giggling.

"What's the matter with you?" he yelled.

"Say, you don't 'spect me to get all that down, do you, all that stuff about inquisitions?"

He gulped. He glared. He pawed the air and raged.

"God save me," he prayed at last and pressed his fists to his temples, "from the murder of this child. Go at once."

She fled with a shriek, whereupon he locked the door after her and damned the employment agency, damned all secretaries, damned the public school system, damned nearly all things and everybody all over again, all except Kitty. Then he damned Kitty ever so gently and at once as if in expiation went to the corner, filled a glass and watered her plants.

The trial, beginning the next morning, had all the surprises and vicissitudes of certain trials.

It demanded all of his characteristic vigor, subtlety and resourcefulness. But he won, largely by a gentle ruse with which he exacted from Mrs. Jocelyn, before he was called to order by the court,



David Seabury, famous psychologist and author, says clothes are indispensable to the business girl as a means of expressing the satisfaction her work denies her and that employers, for their own sakes, must learn to meet her demand for time off for shopping

How Much Can a Girl Save



Time Is Money To the Business Girl

THIS is the simple story of how I saved \$140 by one hour's shopping.

There are three shops on Fifth Avenue, New York, completely representative each in their individual ways of the better shops on any Main Street shopping center throughout the United States.

I visited these three establishments to do some comparative shopping. This was to continue my investigation started last month to prove SMART SET's theory that every working girl should in the interests of her efficiency and economy be given by her employer a definite time each week or month in which to shop.

I was looking for a street dress, the kind that every professional woman always needs.

The first establishment I visited, a lovely green and gold place, looks and is exclusive and expensive. I found the dress I wanted, a Patou model, delightfully simple, youthfully flattering. It was priced at \$185.

Hastily I tried the second shop further down the Avenue.

This, likewise, is a charming place. They also had the little Patou model. At least they had a copy of it. It was a perfect, flawless copy. It was as like the original as Ford number 1,933,287 is like Ford number 1,933,288. Only the most sophisticated eye could have told any difference between them but the smart shopper buying the copy could save \$89.50. It was priced \$95.50.

I WENT into the third store and asked for the copy of the little Patou dress. The sales clerk dived among the three thousand different dresses—this immensely popular store stocks every six weeks during the season—and brought it forth. It was, of course, another copy but the only visible distinction between this copy and the first copy was the price tag. This one read \$45.00.

Thus in an hour's shopping and a walk of twenty blocks I saved myself a potential \$140. The difference in price between the original and a copy is perfectly understandable. Originals in any line are costly. But the difference in two

If She Has Time to Shop?



Three stores on Fifth Avenue, New York, showed the same dress. Comparative shopping revealed the difference between the first and the last shop's price was \$140

*Second of a Series of Articles
In Smart Set's Campaign
For Safe and Sane Shopping Hours*

By RUTH WATERBURY

identical copies represents the difference not in quality, not in exclusiveness, not in a label, but in merchandising methods, in stock turnover and store policy.

It is just this that the business executive does not understand when he cannot see why his women employees can't dash in during the fifteen minutes left from a slaughtered lunch hour or during the Saturday half holiday and grab themselves a gown. When he buys ready-mades, he enters a ground-floor shop with a small line of standard models and a large staff of clerks. He thinks a woman can do the same thing. But she can't. There is as much similarity between a man's shop and a woman's as there is between his walking stick and her vanity case. Both are accessories but there the resemblance ends.

In the women's shops it is this new trend in quick turnover of models, this new trend in the whole economic aim behind the women's garment trades that put the 8,500,000 working women in such a difficult, practically impossible, shopping impasse.



Ira Hill

Margaret Frankel, New York and Paris buyer, claims that most business girls, forced to shop during noon hours and Saturday afternoons, purchase badly and waste their money because they are so rushed they cannot properly appreciate either values or styles

It wasn't so long ago when a new gown was an event and when women's garments were made to wear and wear. But today a new gown to the professional woman, who is forced to be constantly before the public, is not an event but a necessity. And woman's garments are no longer made to wear well but to wear as little as achievable. Labor is too high, production is too speeded up to permit static wardrobes. Today it frequently costs more to repair an old fur coat than to buy a new one. The same woman in the same environment who six years ago bought three gowns a season is now practically forced into buying three times three gowns every season. She must do this because of the materials used, the methods of manufacture, the methods of merchandising and the new standards of chic.

THIS demands a kind of shopping sense never called upon before. This creates a continual warfare for trade between rival stores. The stores maintain constantly changing staffs of comparative shoppers, who cover their city's counters with the intensity of a detective force covering a lost shipment of diamonds. The stores themselves admit that a comparative shopper can rarely last more than two months without being recognized as such by the other stores. That shows how fiercely they watch each others' price tags. All this overhead the shopper, and particularly the working-woman shopper, time-driven as she is, pays for.

The National Retail Dry Goods Association has 5,000 members, some of those members being owners of chains of 4,000 individual stores like the chain of the J. C. Penney Company. The classification of stores belonging to this clearing house for merchandising problems starts with stores doing less than a gross business of \$75,000 and runs up to those that do a gross of more than \$10,000,000 a year.

VAST money turnover of this character reveals the new speeding up of buying and selling.

Or go back of the stores themselves to the Garment Center of New York where practically every article the American woman wears originates. Here all the roads that lead to luxuries for lovely ladies meet and [Continued on page 115]

By
KATHARINE HAVILAND-
TAYLOR

Give 'Em

TODHUNTER WITHERSBY loved Bets Chester as soon as he saw her, a scarlet clad figure on a tan beach. She was the center of a group of the sort of young men Todhunter secretly envied and admired, and whom he tried to despise, because they did things Todhunter's training made him see as dishonorable.

"That's my sister," said Bob Chester, who had asked Todhunter to come out to the place on Long Island for the week-end, partly because he pitied him, partly because he liked him.

Todhunter's eyes were on the girl who stared languidly at the blue and silver sea, while her satellites worshipped. He thought of saying, "I see." Then he'd considered a brisk, "Is it?" But both had sounded inept to him. Todhunter had learned from a series of tutors, who harped upon diction and pure English, the gagging habit of considering how the least of his words would sound to others.

He stiffened more at every swing of the long legs that brought him nearer the group. Meeting young people had always bothered Todhunter, who had few friends of his own age.

"Bets," called Bob, when they came within a few feet of the crowd, "this is Todhunter Withersby."

Bets studied the invader. "Squat, darling, and bring your name with you, if it's not too heavy," she invited.

He flushed and she smiled. She hadn't witnessed a real blush in all her speedy little life and it was sort of sweet. And although Bets thought this boy was obviously quite damp and a punctured Fiske, he would be adorably precious for a change.

"I wouldn't bother to introduce this scum to a prohibition officer," she said with a slow wave of her hand around the circle. "But they're the best I can scare up and you know them all and that's that! You can come here and sit on my beach cape, sweetheart."

TODHUNTER had bowed stiffly to the group who grinned at him. Then he settled awkwardly upon a rubber-lined cape beside Bets. Small beads of perspiration stood out upon his brow.

Bob scowled at his sister.

"Kid," he said, "this boy is a gentleman and I'd like you to remember it."

"My cow! How did he get that way?" Bets questioned in her own drawling manner. "Give us his rating!" she ordered. She began to plaster upon her pretty lips another layer of carmine.

He is a member of one of Boston's oldest families," Bob rattled off. "He was graduated from Harvard with honors and since his family own enough stock to buy out this combined set of paupers, he is managing the New York office which is honored by having my services."

"Can you carry a quart of gin without a stagger?" Bets asked. "That is the question."

"I don't know," Todhunter admitted.

"Mother's darling! You sound like a great hoy for a moonlit night. But I need a change. Who



Bets's skirts had grown to such a length as to cover her knees. Her hair was demurely pinned beneath a net, and Todhunter thought she looked like a small girl playing she was a lady

What They Want

The Romance of a Modern Miss

Who Had to Slow Down

So That Love

Could Catch Up

With Her



brought you up, sweetheart?" she encountered.

"My aunt. I am, I am sorry to say, an orphan," Todhunter replied.

"Dear, I cry so easily!" said Bets.

"Don't practice on him, Bets," Bob put in. "I won't have it!"

"Practice? You Japanese beetle! I don't need practice. I know all about love and I'm still looking for it. And who knows but that this boy who brings to us the aura of bustles and chignons and Disraeli gathering primroses may be the one."

"She does something to every man she notices," said one of the group, a boy who had beneath his ribs that antedated article known as a kind heart, "and she does it plenty. Watch your step, Todhunter."

"DON'T want to watch my step," Todhunter stated, and for the first time in his life he spoke without weighing his words. "She can do just what she likes with me."

"I call that sweet!" Bets squawked. Then she relaxed against Todhunter's shoulder and yawned. "Danced till three," she murmured. "Don't know who the boy was that I danced with but he had a mean mustache."

"Saw you doing the black bottom," said Bob, "and I hoped you'd be pinched."

"I was," she answered, "but not by the law!" Suddenly she sat up, her languidness burnt out by the fire that alternated with it. "Darling," she said, "we must do something!"

They struggled to their feet, Todhunter with them. Somebody suggested a ride and they crawled into a touring car which stood back of the bathing pavilion.

Bets sat next to Todhunter and he was acutely aware of her. He looked down at her pink legs and up suddenly. She bit her lip. She was going to have a good time with this boy! Bless his baby heart! "I'm going to call you Fauntleroy," she murmured. The car was suddenly filled with laughter. Bob, alone, didn't laugh; instead he frowned. "Don't you mind, Tod," he ordered.

"I don't mind anything she does!" Todhunter answered. Bob's frown deepened and the laughter started again.

"Knocked out with one look, Fauntleroy?" asked the boy at the wheel.

"Yes," Todhunter admitted.

Bets was touched. "You haven't been drinking, have you, dear?" she questioned. She turned to him to lay on his arm a hand that clung a little.

"I drink very little," he said. "I find it unfits me for work."

AGAIN there was laughter. Todhunter grew violently red and again Bets was touched. "Oh, cut it, you low cads," she ordered, "you make my head ache."

The drive was long and perilous. The driver went around all the corners, and there were many, on two wheels. "Saves the old man tire bills," he explained. Bets said she had heard that before and again she yawned. Then she cuddled close to Todhunter to drop her head against his upper arm. And the trembling that this set up in him she thought was simple of course but sweet!

"I have to be home for dinner," said the lad who was riding on the running board, "so turn home soon, will you, Phil?"

Phil turned, it seemed on one wheel, and they rushed toward Easthampton. The air was growing cool and Todhunter was bothered. The red bathing suit Bets wore did not offer too much protection against chill, he knew.

"I'm afraid you're going to take cold," he managed to say in a fairly even tone. Again there was that peean of laughter that Todhunter thought grew out of nothing and lasted too long.

"I THINK it's sweet!" Bets sung out again. She slipped her hand in Todhunter's and the rest of the way home he sat rigid and staring ahead, his hand so tight on hers that a heavy ring she wore cut into the next finger. The boys, with the exception of Bob, pretended jealousy. Bob frowned. Todhunter would take it seriously, he knew, and it wasn't fair. He'd talk to Bets when he had a chance and talk a plenty!

During the rest of his stay Todhunter was ecstatic, but comfortable only when he talked with Mr. and Mrs. Chester, who were, Bets explained, "victims of thick moss to the north." Mrs. Chester told him of her worry about Bets, whom she called Elizabeth.

"I hadn't one bit of trouble with the rest of the children!" Mrs. Chester told Todhunter one morning, as they sat on the sun-porch before Bets had come down. "Nina, that's my elder daughter who lives in Kansas City now, was always so sensible. And she married a dear boy who has a silk factory. Two darling children and so happy! And of course Bob's very steady, but Elizabeth has been quite different. All she wants is a good time and that seems to mean noise and more of it. Will you hand me the scissors, Mr. Withersby?"

He handed her the scissors from a table that was by his elbow.

"I wish you'd call me Todhunter," he said.

"I'd like to, dear," she said and he felt his eyes sting. She meant that "dear." He knew she did. He wasn't always sure that Bets meant the dears she said so casually. Looking up, she saw his eyes, suspiciously bright, and she was touched.

"I want you to come here often, Todhunter," she said. "And I mean it: I want you to come out every single Sunday that you can spare to us."

"Oh," he murmured. Then he added, "There's nothing I



Drawings
By HUBERT JEAN MATHIEU

would like so much, Mrs. Chester! Nothing could be nicer!"

"Then that's settled!" she stated.

"I guess you ought to know, though," he said, "before I begin to come that I want to marry Elizabeth."

"NOTHING could make me so happy!" she answered. He drew a deep breath as he stared down at his lean hands, gripped hard between his knees. "There are so few men," she went on, "her father and I would care to have her marry. But, Todhunter, you must realize—she's very—well—unstable."

"I do know it," he said, "but if you are willing I'll try, and I never will be able to tell you what your willingness to have me try means!"

Bets appeared just then and stood a languid, sleepy figure in the broad doorway that led into the house.

"Why the whispering?" she questioned.

"**N**OTHING little girls could understand," Mrs. Chester responded. Bets smiled. That dear child had been talking to her mother about wanting to marry her, Bets decided, and a little something she had never felt before stirred under a left hand pocket on her blouse.

"Don't you want to see the animals feed?" she asked of Todhunter. "I'm eating breakfast in a minute. Come on."



Todhunter Withersby loved Bets Chester as soon as he saw her. Bets who had never seen a man blush in her life thought Todhunter was sort of sweet

He followed her into the house and she smiled as she swung ahead of him. She found it, as she had told her mother, "gorgeously thrilling" to be "absolutely worshipped," even when she was putting away a soft boiled egg.

"Toddy!" she said, "you are sweet!"

HE COULDN'T answer. He could only look. "Really," she said, "is it as bad as all that?"

"Worse," he answered and with all truth.

"So odd that you haven't tried to kiss me," she said.

"Don't you want to kiss me, Toddy?"

He turned a fine, bright maroon as he answered a loud and a valiant, "Yes."

"Well, never stifle yourself," she said. Just then the outraged and prim-faced maid, Norah, went flip-flopping through the swinging door. "It does something. I had a beau last season who was a neurologist and I learned about women and men from that boy. It's very dangerous to stifle instincts, Toddy; they gum up the works. The salt, sweetheart!"

He handed her the salt. Then she raised her face and what she desired of him was very plainly written on it. He kissed her. Then he stood looking down at her, his hand so tightened on the back of her chair that his knuckles were ivory

white. For a moment there was an uncomfortable pause. Then.

"When will you marry me?" he asked.

"Don't begin that!" she said and for the first time he met her petulance. "I can't bear it! I loathe and despise it. It makes me torpid and purple and pink and green with anger. Go sit down and worship. I like that. Gosh! Why can't Norah keep the toast warm? I hate cold toast almost as much as I hate men who propose."

He sat down.

Todhunter did not miss one Sunday with the Chesters for the next five weeks and he learned much through the contact,

but he did not learn how to please Bets.

And one particularly gloomy Monday, when he ate lunch with Bob he asked Bob's help. "How do you please women?" he asked.

"Give 'em what they want," Bob answered.

"But how do you know, with such a contradictory temperament as your sister's, quite what they want?"

"**O**H, YOU listen hard and you'll get an idea," Bob answered. He attempted to divert the poor boob but he could not.

The next Sunday Bets dropped a hint and Todhunter forgot his ancestors, who had had a higher reverence for truth than most moderns have for a foreign car with ivory or silver fittings. Bets said, "What I want from a man is the thing most of them seem incapable of granting a woman. Friendship!"

"That's exactly what I want from you," Todhunter answered after a hard

swallow. He was bolder than he had been before.

"Oh, is it?" she questioned. She looked at him probingly and angrily. Was he having the effrontery to get over it? And just when nearly every one was speaking of his perfectly sweet devotion? She set her teeth.

"Well, that is that, then," she commented, "and I'm glad you've come to your senses."

"I've been thinking for a long time that friendship would be best," he lied.

He saw her grow pink and her eyes glinted.

"**J**UST why?" she asked, and there was an edge to her tone.

"Do you want the truth?" he questioned.

"That's what I've been wanting from a man for a long time," she assured him with a calm that he would have known to be dangerous, had he known women a little better.

"Well," he said, "what you are doesn't attract me and it never did. It is what you might be. As a child, I remember, I wanted very much to take a clock apart and readjust it and every time I hear you 'damning' so easily and see you wearing dresses that are too short. I think of that clock. You see, with tinkering, I was perfectly assured that I could make it go as it never had before. I see you [Continued on page 90]



George Sand's life was amazingly full, interesting and independent but still she could not be happy without love. She probably broke more hearts than any woman in history



The Vital Lesson
To Be Learned
From the Disillusionment
of
GEORGE SAND

What Every Woman

GEORGE SAND, like our friend Chico in the play, "Seventh Heaven," was a very remarkable fellow. The most remarkable thing about George was that she was a lady, though half of France disputed her claim to that title because she indulged openly in slightly irregular love affairs and because she had a habit of wearing men's clothes. But moderns will not say she was no lady because of such eccentricities.

It seems a bit harsh to refer to this illustrious personage as an Awful Example.

But such, upon careful analysis, she becomes to women who want to know how to find happiness in love.

No woman in the world will object to the fact that this brilliant and complex woman broke the hearts and perhaps

ruined the lives of such men of genius as Chopin and de Musset. But she broke her own much more frequently, which is a thing every woman wants to know how to avoid.

Why should women not attempt to find happiness in love? Why should they not succeed in making love the crowning joy of existence? Why shouldn't love be what it was intended to be, the one flower that Eve carried with her out of the garden of Eden?

There was an ancient and gloomy tradition that love affairs, to be authentic, must end in a tomb. Juliet dead beside her slain lover and the fair Elaine floating to Launcelot upon her bier were the proper examples for the languishing maidens of a few generations ago.

This tearful sentiment has hardened in our day into the

Decorations
By
ELDON KELLEY

Chopin, the talented musician, felt like a lost child when he was away from George Sand's ministering presence. She was the inspiration for some of his most beautiful work



Another Amazing Analysis
of The Secret
of Woman's Power Over Men
By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Wants to Know

cynical philosophy that love is bound to be a disappointment, that it can't last, that the only way to beat its disillusionments is to make a game out of it. Girls and young men today are apt to withhold the best of themselves in love not because their emotion isn't just as deep and strong but because they are afraid of the heart-break and unhappiness which they believe to be part of the price they must pay if they become serious.

THUS the heart-hunger and restlessness of the majority of them, for man and woman were meant to love and without love they can live but half lives at best.

In the deathless love letters of Abelard and Héloïse, there is a passage of perfect beauty which goes far to explain why

this correspondence has survived the ages since it was written.

"If there is anything that may properly be called happiness here below," wrote the learned and beautiful lady, "I am persuaded it is in the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination and satisfied with each other's merits. Their hearts are full of love and leave no vacancy for any unworthy passion: they enjoy perpetual tranquillity, because they enjoy content."

This mistaken view that love must be full of doubts and fears and unhappiness can be overcome by science—the science of love, as understood throughout the ages by a few women who used their brains, a science of love as it can be formulated today from history and through our new and developed understanding by psychology.

Shakespeare, who said everything worth saying a long time ago, once wrote, "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for love."

True enough. But love itself dies: the flower of it withers; its beauty is destroyed by the little worms of discontent, misunderstanding, ill-temper, jealousy, greed, unkindness, stupidity, false pride, vanity, irritability, self-indulgence, self-ignorance and selfishness. Self, in one word.

IT TAKES brains and judgment to make money multiply. It takes brains and care to make a garden grow. It takes brains and patience to create a masterpiece in art. It takes brains and character to make a successful and permanent business partnership. And it takes brains and all these things combined to make a happy love affair that multiplies its joys until they grow successfully into a masterpiece of life.

Tragedy in love comes because the woman, upon whom ninety per cent of the responsibility rests by nature, does not know her business.

George Sand is a perfect example of the smart woman who forgot to be smart as soon as her emotions began to function. The moment her heart fluttered, her brain cells ceased to operate.

Thus, because she didn't use her brains where her love affairs were concerned, because, although she was the most brilliant woman of her time and one of the most brilliant who ever lived, it never seemed to occur to her to use any sense where men were concerned, George Sand wore herself out in an unending and unsuccessful search for happiness in love. Men fell in love with her, madly, desperately, but they didn't stay in love with her and they weren't happy either going in, coming out or during most of the process.

ALL branches of science learn from mistakes made by experimenters in the field. Many lives were sacrificed to the gray waves before Lindbergh spanned the Atlantic. And George Sand's failures, her heart-breaks, her mistakes, can be used in like manner by women today.

First of all, the life of George Sand supports in every way the premise of these articles. That premise is that every woman wants to know how to win and hold men.

The first feminine reaction to this statement may be one of opposition, founded wholly upon defensive pride and ignorance of self. But the woman who will go into her closet and shut the door and in privacy and honesty examine her inner self will admit its truth, even if only secretly.

Her failure to see that she cannot be happy without love, her unwillingness to admit the necessity for winning and holding men, her pretense of emotional independence, are the things which have brought about the continued restlessness and unhappiness and boredom of the modern woman.

She doesn't know what she wants, consequently she hasn't much chance of getting it. She has allowed herself to be deluded by a lot of propaganda about freedom and equality into selling her place in the sun and her chance to rule through love.

Let us consider the great George Sand for a moment.

Nowhere in history can be found such a complete proof that a woman cannot be happy without the love of a man. Nor is any other woman of history so much the



*Nowhere in history can a woman cannot be
Nor is any other woman
prototype of the woman*

At sixty George Sand still attracted brilliant men by the brilliance of her own mind, the depth of her sympathy, the magnetism of her personality

prototype of the woman of today.

George Sand had everything. Her work, which she really loved and which gave her a perfect medium for the self-expression so necessary to her. An adequate and finally a large income, which made her economically independent and in time allowed her to travel and live as she pleased. Her brilliant friends—a group of famous men who included her as the only woman in their gatherings where life and art were fully discussed. Her children, to satisfy her strong maternal instinct. Paris, the most



be found such proof that
happy without love.
of history so much the
of today as George Sand

Alfred de Mus-
set, the spoiled and
much admired
young poet who
had all of Paris at
his feet was bored
by all women ex-
cept his adored
George Sand



fascinating of cities, where she was a
noted figure. A part in the exciting
political life of France at its most
interesting period. Fame, with all
its gifts of position and praise.
An amazingly full, interesting, and
independent life was hers. Many
women today may equal but
none can surpass it.

Yet with all that life offered her, George Sand
could not be happy without love. For all that
she fought a single-
handed battle for
the rights of women, for all that
she argued and
wrote brilliantly advocating their
right to equality
with

men, for all that she secured this
place for herself half a century before
most women dreamed of such things,
she was herself a slave to love.

None of the other things satisfied her.

She abandoned her children and
allowed her work to fall into sad
decay for love of Alfred de Musset.

From Venice, where she had
gone on a tour she could ill afford
with Alfred and where he had
fallen ill, she wrote her publisher,
Buloz, "How can you expect me to
think of literature or anything else
at a time like this?" Alfred did
not like to see her work, and for
months she did not put pen to paper.
Her children were at school

and at one time she received no word of her son, Maurice, for
six months, but in spite of the anxiety this caused her she
would not leave her lover. The circle of friends who had
formed about her in Paris drifted away, because she was so
absorbed in Alfred that she had no time for them.

SHE allowed the brilliant and erratic lawyer, Michel-
Everard, to drag her into politics against her inclinations, to
use her pen and her brain in his cause even when she did not
believe in it. She gave up her own plans to travel and work
in order to follow him to Paris and be near him during his
greatest legal fight.

When she went with Chopin to the Island of Majorca, Mrs.
Marie Jenney Howe, the best of the Sand biographers, says,
"With them, they took Chopin's piano and George's unpublished
book, 'Spiridion'." On that little Spanish island, George
surrounded Chopin with every comfort, created an atmosphere
of peace and joy. There Chopin composed some beautiful
music but George did not finish her novel. She was too busy
cooking for Chopin.

At the end of her seven-year love affair with the great
musician she wrote to a friend, "As for happiness, I don't
believe there is any such thing in this world."

Sixty years old, she went with her secretary-lover, Manceau,
to a little house at Palaiseau, leaving her beloved home,
Nohant, and her adored grandchildren, because Manceau and
her son Maurice could not agree. There she spent two years
nursing Manceau through his last lingering illness, neglecting
her work as usual, seeing few of her beloved friends.

Nor is George Sand by any means the only example of
this characteristic among the successful women of the past.
Queen Elizabeth may have died a virgin as she protested,
but her vast career certainly didn't keep her too busy to be
constantly enmeshed in some love affair or other. Her love
for the handsome and talented Earl of Leicester was
beyond question the strongest emotion of her life.

MARY STUART, as we shall see in a later article,
was a statesman of the highest order. When her heart did not
interfere, she more than held her own against such masterful
diplomats as Elizabeth of England and Catherine de Medici.
But on at least two occasions there can be no doubt that her
heart betrayed her judgment and in the end cost her her head.

Her need for love was greater than her ambition. Born a queen,
bred to ambition, reared on statecraft, possessed by a mad dream
to rule England, Mary Stuart was not protected even by all
these from the necessity for love.

Let us consider a case as opposite from [Continued on page 96]



Once
Upon a Time
You Could Tell a Small Town Girl

By O. O.
McINTYRE

THOSE demure village maidens in gingham with lovely shoulder curls who were lyricized so sentimentally swinging on the garden gate in our popular songs and in the movies are no more.

There is no longer "a small town girl." I know for I have just been out in what Broadway calls the Kerosene Circuit. In my time—and I only dodder a trifle—the small town girl was as unlike her city-bred sister as the Woolworth building is unlike the county court-house.

THE girls in our town were the plump, apple-cheeked lassies the novelists described as "corn fed." They had an eager wistfulness, a naiveté. They skirted around the Merchants' Hotel in fear of the stares of a fresh baking powder drummer with a red tie.

Their complexions had a peach-blown naturalness. They even fainted. In those days there were girls in our town who would have tickled a Flo Ziegfeld, or a George White or an Earl Carroll pink. They could have achieved the first row of the chorus with a skip.

BUT they were hopelessly out of tune with the times. That intangible quality known as "IT" had no market value. And so they remained village girls who became eventually yoked to some hopeless clod who worked in the spoke factory and raised pigeons for diversion.

Years afterward you saw them—work-worn and shriveled drudges who rarely emerged from the bleakness of the kitchen.

Once in a while some slick city chap came along just as they did in our melodramas and a girl disappeared to return broken on life's wheel. And pious hands were lifted to murmur, "O, the pity of it!"

Today the biggest change in the life of the individual has come to our village girls. As somewhat of a student of changing character and changing manners I know of nothing in any wise comparable to it.

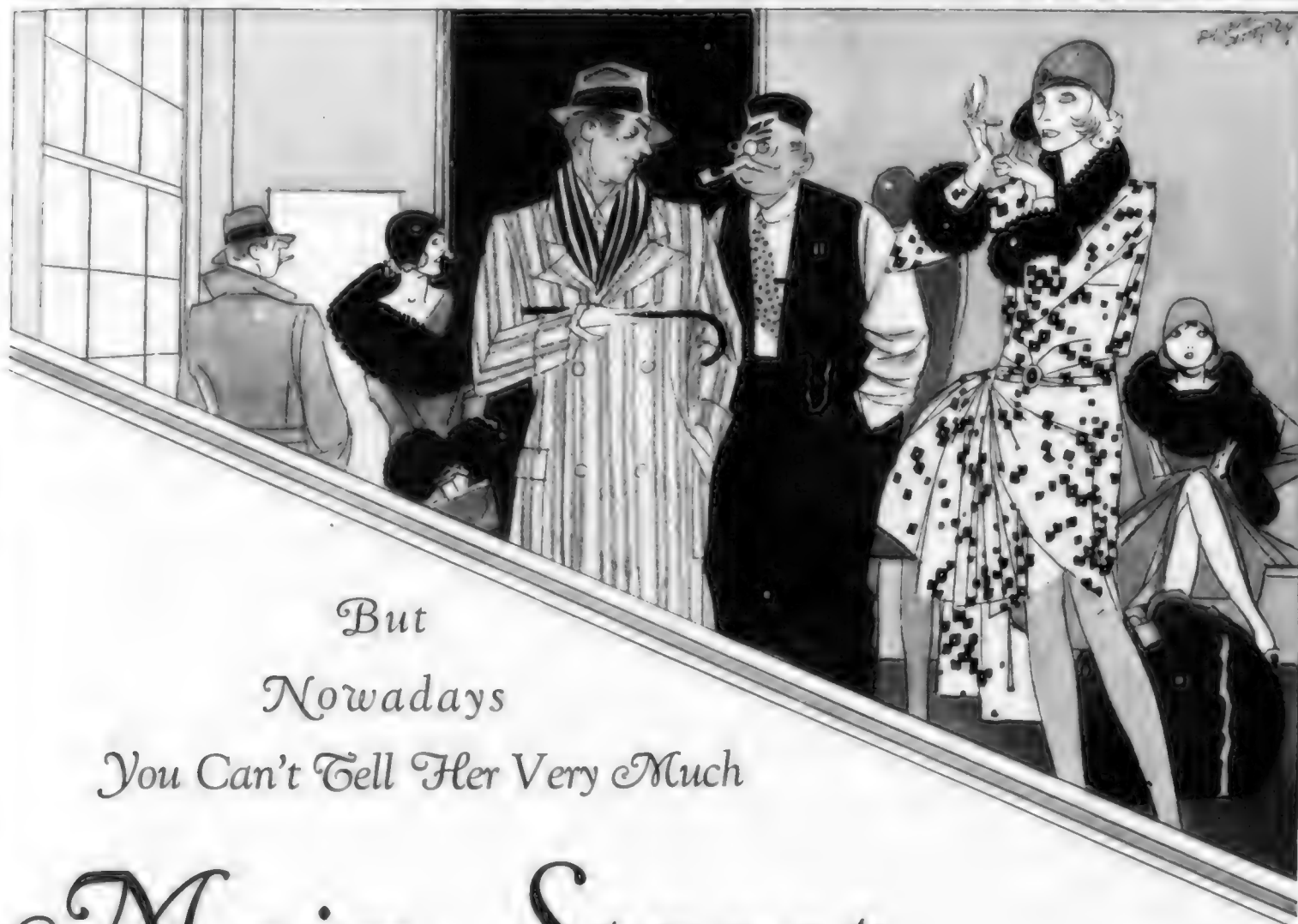
A VILLAGE girl today has the same self-assurance as a girl of the city. The only difference between Main Street and Broadway is one of architecture. The manners and indeed the morals are about the same.

The wise crack of the Broadway supper club tonight is repeated tomorrow night at the dance in Odd Fellows' Hall. This week's fashions along the rue de la Paix are next week's fashions in the evening promenade along Main Street to the post office.

THE latest wind-blown hair bob and the last word in rouged lips, cheeks and eyebrow penciling reach the outland with the speed of a rifle bullet. The bare kneecap is no novelty to Fergus Falls or Pocatello. Nor is the sensuous slither of the black bottom.

In a small town in—of all places—Kansas I saw from the depot platform a young flapper as distinct and as personable as one will see at afternoon teas at the Plaza in New York draw up to the station platform in one of those stumpy cream-colored roadsters.

While awaiting the train, she drew forth her pocket mirror, deftly added a touch of carmine to already full



But
Nowadays
You Can't Tell Her Very Much

Main Street

With Drawings
By
RUSSELL PATTERSON

red lips, selected a cigarette, snapped her patented lighter and nonchalantly inhaled—it seemed to me—to her toes.

"Does the young lady live here?" I inquired of a native friend.

"All her life," was his reply. "Except perhaps to motor to Topeka I don't suppose she has ever been out of the town." A town, incidentally, that could boast of four thousand eight hundred inhabitants.

IN EVERY village in America you now find the same type of sophisticated, smartly dressed girls. As a matter of fact many of them improve on city styles. Nor do they any longer marry a village dolt.

In my newspaper of this morning I glimpse this headline: Rich New York Bachelor Weds Small Town Beauty.

The answer to all this is not puzzling. It is an age that has completely annihilated space—the automobile and the radio have made Main Street our next door neighbor.

THE movies with their glamorous daily etchings of all far flung corners of the world have greatly abetted in keeping the village posted on everything that goes on in the city.

Magazines—with a sly puff for SMART SET—have further contributed to the picture with their smart illustrations.

The village girl today knows all about Freud. She can talk sex, if necessary, on the vine-clad front porch of the cottage as well as the ladies of the modernistic boudoir.

She can walk as slinkingly as the pantherine ladies of Park Avenue. She knows the latest hot one about the Pullman porter and the deaf old lady in the upper berth.

Gin straight doesn't gag her and she can walk right up and

adjust John Barrymore's necktie and brush an imaginary bit of fluff off his illustrious shoulders without batting an eye.

I CONFESS this change is rather baffling to a flop-eared country boy who has had pleasant memories of small town blushes and their indefinable charm. Nor do I profess a liking for it.

Nearly all the girls who win the national beauty contests and are immediately accepted with a loud huzzah by Hollywood directors and Broadway producers are from the whistle stops out yonder. To be exact 90 per cent of them are. A recent census of the most striking beauty chorus in New York showed that 29 of the 34 girls of the ensemble were from towns of less than 10,000 population. Two came from Europe. The sophistication that used to be confined to the populous centers is just as brittle today around the town pump in the court-house yard.

The slick city chap who goes to Yapville comes back to the city with a lot of new tricks he never knew before. He has found there are no longer those shy little village maids we used to read about.

BUT the new village girl is here and if you don't like her, don't tell her. She is more than likely to yawn, flip a cigarette out the window and politely request you to take a broad running jump in the lake.

The village girl may not have traveled—but she has seen the world. And she knows all the answers.

Charm

By RUTH WATERBURY

WE ALL know her, the girl who thinks she is not charming.

We have all seen her despondent little face and drooping young figure as she toils along in wistful unhappiness. She watches other girls, slim, clear-eyed and laughing and wonders what quality they have that she herself does not possess; speculates on why boys and engagements flock around them while she is left alone. Finally she isolates it. "I was born without charm," she sighs, "and that is quite helpless."

TO EVERY girl who feels so disconsolate SMART SET in the coming year hopes to prove that such a cheerless mental state isn't helpless. SMART SET in the following four departments dedicates itself to proving to you that in this glorious, glowing 1929, charm, the shining handmaiden of character, is within reach of every girl everywhere.

Charm is like pleasure. Stalk it and it will elude you. It must be earned but of all the earnings of life charm pays the highest rate of return. It is the greatest force in the world, more potent than beauty, more powerful than intelligence. We give it forth and it returns to us in a thousand ways, in the lighted faces of acquaintances as we approach, in the warm hand-clasp of friendship, in the fluted voice of appreciation.

THERE are girls, of course, who seem from their very cradles to be born with the knowledge of charm, who seem to understand instinctively how to express their inward grace, who reveal their little moods as subtly and delightfully as a still pool records the passing of a summer day. Watching them we plainer ones get the impression that charm is purely volatile. But that is merely mistaking the shadow for the substance.

Real charm is no creation of the moment. It is, rather, a sort of spiritual flower. It is best nurtured by a healthy discontent and a determined drive toward achievement. It blossoms in that blending of correct-

ness, good taste, sensitivity and kindness that results from hours of self-discipline and self-culture.

Thus, when in one of those moments of quietude we all experience occasionally in the rush of our busy, modern days, we get that helpless feeling that because of some lack of charm we are not getting anywhere, let us rest a little and regard ourselves with realistic appraisal.

THE way of escape from this feeling is really very plainly marked. The paths lie before all of us.

There is the path of health, which gives us the vitality to meet the demands of life. There is the way of trained intelligence, which produces the perspective that makes every encounter with fate a thrilling, new adventure. There is grooming, which sends us forth so thoroughly bathed, brushed and smartly apparelled we are never placed at a disadvantage. There is adaptability in meeting circumstances and resilience which makes us get up and come back, harder than ever, when we are momentarily knocked off our feet.

ESTABLISH the health routine for yourself so that it becomes automatic: eight hours from every twenty-four for sleep; fifteen minutes daily for exercise; a regular morning or evening bath and a vegetable-weighted diet. Next, determine to take a tremendous interest in your job, whether it be in the home or out in the competitive world. Don't dream or dawdle but work so thoroughly that every atom of your energy, every cell of your keen brain becomes vitalized with your personal response to the task before you. And when you've mastered it and are free again, if your purse permits, buy a new hat. For the combination of a new hat, a well-powdered nose and a gay smile can route the most tenacious feminine inferiority complex ever incubated.

Simple, these ways of escape? Of course they are. The moment we marshall our formless desires into a harmonious whole we have passed the first milestone on the road to charm.

If You Would Possess A Perfect Skin

SMART SET'S
Own Beauty Service

By
JUNE COTTRELL



"DO YOU remember her? I'm pretty sure you do."
"Oh, yes, you mean the little girl with the eyes!"

That was the way we always spoke of Letitia in our crowd. She was small and quiet, but oh, what lovely eyes she had, eyes with lashes that seemed too good to be true, eyes that spoke when the rest of her didn't have anything to say, eyes that were deep and dark, and blue and beautiful—an enviable gift of those capricious gods who dole out such unequal beauty to the rest of us.

SOME one mentioned her the other day, said she was in town and that I'd probably run into her at the next class reunion. Although she wasn't an intimate friend I looked forward to seeing her as you might look forward to a glimpse of a lovely picture or a charming view. It had been five years since our ways had parted and I still thought of her as the quiet girl with the lovely eyes. They were unforgettable.

When I met her I had a dreadful disappointment. She was still quiet and retiring, but oh, dear, what had happened to her skin. When I knew her I would have diagnosed her skin as average, not unusually fine, perhaps, but nice and clear and free from blemishes. But in those five years it had acquired a muddy look; there were signs of blotchiness and rough texture in her face. After we greeted each other I saw that the remarkable eyes had not changed but after I left her I kept an impression of neglected skin and that's the first thing I think of when I recall her face! As a jewel expert might overlook an emerald in a dull and mediocre setting so a connoisseur of beauty, seeing Letitia, might easily overlook her wonderful eyes set in that unattractive, uncared-for face. It seemed a pity when she might so easily have been attractive.

So amazed was I at the change in her looks that I made some cautious inquiries about her. Had she been ill?

No, not that anybody remembered. Had she great worries? Again, her friends said, "No." Since I'd seen her last she had been playing

around, having a good time, and working happily at her job of teaching in a private school. It wasn't a particularly tiresome job and there were long vacations. I had to come to the conclusion that either laziness or lack of interest had made her so neglectful of this important part of her personal appearance. Surely no girl wants her skin to be anything but lovely.

Writing on beauty and talking on beauty to girls from the lecture platform has convinced me that there are many girls, otherwise perfectly sane and intelligent, who have a blind spot about their skins. Either they are quite indifferent and don't even carry so much as a compact, or they believe that powder and rouge and lipstick were meant to cover up defects. That's one of the hardest ideas to dislodge.

FOR make-up, beautifully used, does help Nature along; it enhances the downy bloom of cheek, the rosy curve of lip and the sparkling gleam of eyes. But it cannot and never could actually create a

beautiful skin out of one that is fundamentally unhealthy or neglected.

Really to see our skins as they are we should begin by thinking of them as functioning from the inside. Rate yourself on these questions:

Do you eat with regularity? Is your food simple and properly balanced for your kind of physical constitution? If you suspect that it isn't, better ask your own doctor what you should eat and what you should leave out of your diet. Does your body do its job of digesting food and eliminating waste with the efficiency of a well-oiled machine? Do you let yourself get overtired often? Do you have the worry habit? Is your blood chasing along the [Continued on page 118]

Beginning with this article SMART SET inaugurates its authoritative beauty service. Miss Cottrell will be glad to answer individual letters regarding beauty problems. Letters with self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be answered by return mail. Those without postage will be answered in the magazine. Do not fear that your personal beauty problem may be too slight or too complex for Miss Cottrell's attention. She delights in helping you. Address June Cottrell in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. And be sure to read "The Secret of Beautiful Hair" in next month's SMART SET

Smart Set's Own
Department
Of Careers

How About Jobs

PERHAPS the most foolish question ever asked about earning a living is this one, "Can a woman be married and continue in business?"

It isn't a question whether she can; she does. She does work for her living. She does get married and keep on working. And she does it very well. There are still people in this day who complain that women take men's jobs. Nonsense! Men took women's work away from them, leaving them nothing to do, so the women had to go out and get new jobs. Did you never think of that?

You see, women had jobs in the home. In the days of our grandmothers the women of the family had not only to cook and make all the clothes, but also to do a hundred laborious things that are never done in an average American household today. They had to can vegetables and fruits, stew preserves, boil soap, clean curtains, make rugs, quilts and comforters, and, in their spare time—if there was any—they knitted stockings. Any ordinary home required the constant work of all the women of the family, mother and daughters.

THAT is the way it once was, but it is now less expensive to buy skirts, stockings and undergarments in a store than it is to make them. Excellent soup, vegetables and preserves are sold in cans. There is no use wasting one's time in the tedious labor of making a rug when a much more beautiful one, woven by machinery, can be purchased at a small cost.

While all this has greatly reduced women's home duties, it has at the same time created a demand for her work outside the home. Though few women still knit the family's stockings by hand, many of them are employed in knitting mills. Women have entered American business life in large numbers simply because there is less to do at home and more to do outside. Besides women like to work. They want to accomplish something. Young women of spirit and ambition do not like to sit idly around home and let their fathers and brothers support them.



"There are still people who complain that women take men's jobs. Nonsense. Men took women's work from them, leaving them nothing to do, so the women had to go out and get new jobs"

A girl who has made a place for herself in the business world, or who has a good job in a store or a factory, naturally does not want to give it up when she marries. Sometimes it is a matter of money; I know of many cases where the wife earns more than the husband. But more often it is love of her work that keeps a woman in business after she is married. That is easily understood.

A BUSINESS woman values her success in the world just the same as a man values his and what do you suppose a man who acquires the proud position of assistant sales manager would say if somebody told him that he would have to stay home after he married and spend his time cooking dinners and entertaining bridge parties? He would probably be so astonished that he would not be able to say anything.

The real question is not whether a woman can be married and continue in business. That question is already settled, for some millions of married women are actually earning their own living outside the home. The thing to be considered is how a business woman's household can be managed while she is at work. And what about children? How are they to be taken care of? And the wife's earnings? Should they go into a common fund with the husband's, or should they be kept separate, each paying half the expense?

UNSETTLED problems, all of them. In time the conditions that surround the married woman in business will merge into some new and accepted pattern of family life, but I am not sufficiently confident of my own judgment to predict what it will be.

Where both husband and wife earn fairly large salaries there is hardly any problem at all. One or more competent servants are employed to take care of the home, the wife shares the common expense with the husband and everything runs smoothly.

The real difficulty arises when the young married couple's joint income is small. I know a number of young people in

for Married Women?

By HELEN WOODWARD

*Whose Own Amazing Career
Should Be an Inspiration for Every Girl*

this situation. The wife continues to work and the housekeeping is reduced to the simplest necessities. One of my young friends has taught her husband to make beds and wash dishes. He is a lithe, stalwart fellow, a champion athlete, who has won numerous medals, and it is very amusing to watch him doing chambermaid's work in a gingham apron. They consider it a great lark.

But I have a feeling that there will not be so much fun in it after a few years. They haven't been married long, and their housekeeping still has all the glamour of a new adventure. There will come a time, I think, when the job of cooking dinner after a hard day's work will turn into drudgery. What then? Well, something may happen. They may make more money—I rather think they will—so they can afford to employ a servant to keep house for them, or the young wife may leave business and take care of the home herself.

I HEAR you ask, "How can a girl decide whether to keep on working or not after she is married?" And that is a question for which there is no definite answer. Every one must settle the matter according to individual circumstances. If the wife has a pronounced preference for business and doesn't like housekeeping, she should by all means continue in her work. There is an impression among people in general that any woman, if allowed to have her own choice, would prefer housekeeping to business. This is a mistaken idea. Lots of women hate housekeeping like poison, and are never much good at it. In that case I should say, as a general rule, that the wife ought to keep on at her job, even if it takes her whole salary to pay for a competent housekeeper.

On the other hand, if the wife has a natural talent for making a home, and is in a business position which pays very little, then it would be undoubtedly better for her to give up her job and do the housekeeping herself. Otherwise she would be using herself up, and practically wasting her time, without doing enough good to compensate for the expenditure of nervous and physical energy.

MANY business women love to do housework. One of them who comes into my mind as I write this is the wife of an architect. She was before she married, and is now, the very competent head of a department in a wholesale dry goods house. They are quite able to hire all the servants they need, but the wife in this case insists on taking care of their apartment. She loves to cook; she is a born housekeeper.

When I asked her why she did not quit her job and spend her time at housekeeping she replied, "Well, to tell the honest truth, I can't decide which I like best. I love my job, you know, and my housekeeping is no trouble. I'd be bored to death if I were at home all day."

That is her way of looking at it, but don't forget that this couple is well-to-do. She has a cleaning woman come in twice a week to do the rough work, and on days when she comes home headachy and tired she and her husband go out to a restaurant for dinner, and she doesn't have to get to her office until ten o'clock in the morning. All that makes everything quite different, doesn't it?

A common fault of women in general is a lack of the sense of proportion. They are apt to confuse insignificant duties with those that are immensely more important. I have known more than one highly intelligent business woman to work herself into a state of utter collapse over some trashy little detail which was so trifling that it did not make a bit of difference one way or the other.

AND I have seen women who, after working at an office all day, would go home and spend hours in laundry work—in washing out their stockings and underclothes, and then go to bed tired to the bone. Don't do it. If you continue in business after you marry, let your housekeeping be as light as possible. It will not hurt you to do some work around the house, but avoid doing anything that is not necessary. The laundress can wash your clothes better than you can. Why should you wash your own handkerchiefs, any more than your brother does his?

I must tell you about one of my acquaintances, and her experience. She is a highly competent trained nurse. When she married several years ago she and her husband rented a house and she gave up her

work to take care of it. Her husband did not earn much and they did not get ahead financially. Every cent was needed for the expenses of living with nothing left over. After a year or two of this hand-to-mouth existence, my friend went back to nursing. She hired a woman to look after the house, and things worked out so that she managed to save nearly her entire salary. With these savings she bought the very attractive and comfortable little home in which she and her husband are now living.

Another woman I know found herself thrown on her own resources at the age of thirty, after she had been married several years. Her husband contracted tuberculosis and had to go to a sanitarium. It was [Continued on page 95]

Smart Fads and Fashions

For The Limited Purse

An ideal costume for the smart business girl is the combination of metallic blouse with trig, draped hip-line and a black cloth skirt

Courtesy of Milgrim



To the wise shopper the "after Christmas sales" offer such sane investment as this well-tailored Hudson seal with collar and cuffs of fitch

Courtesy of Arnold Constable



While it is still too early to buy spring dresses, use accessories to revive your winter-weary outfits. The hat here shown is of softly-draped Austrian velour in golden brown; the choker of bronze pearls; the modish shoulder pin of crystal and cut-steel; the scarf of blue fox

Courtesy of Arnold Constable

Some Practical Suggestions for Replenishing the Wardrobe For the Waning Winter Season

By GEORGIA MASON

IN THE wealth of smart clothes for all occasions which the designers have created this season discrimination has never been more important.

Selection becomes a problem from the mere embarrassment of choice. For many seasons there hasn't been such variety.

And yet with an intelligent analysis of our personal assets, a little consideration of our dress requirements and a good percentage of that elusive thing we call taste the girl with a very limited purse can be smartly turned out this season.

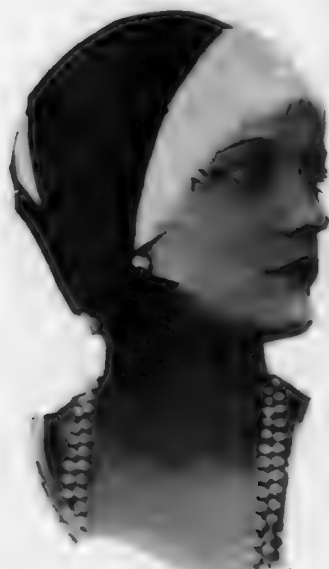
In these active days of healthy living and outdoor sports almost every girl has a lithe supple body and slender figure which is the first requisite of the mode. Styles are mostly created just for her, so becomingness is easily achieved. Suitability according to her pursuits and social life should decide her dress requirements and with a little study of the laws of line and harmony her wardrobe will not be lacking in taste.

The Jacket Costume Has Its Inning

The revival of the tailored jacket costume this winter marks a distinct fashion epoch, for unless all signs fail it has come for no short stay. Tweed is decidedly its favorite expression and this smart fabric which is now dominating the realm of

*For sophisticates is this magic
pie of a toque of white feathers
and soft, black felt*

Courtesy of Milgrim



coats and frocks as well as suits seems to take on newer and more interesting weaves daily. Though ordinarily fur coats would be in order at this time of year in New York, every one seems reluctant to relinquish their tweed ensembles, so they are still in the front rank of the smart strollers' parade on Park Avenue any forenoon.

I can think of no wardrobe that would not be enriched by a smart tailored suit. With its correct and varied accessories it is such a complete wardrobe within itself that by stretching a point one can triumphantly go through the day.

LET us picture, for instance, a dark-haired girl with brown eyes, and fair skin who has selected a brown mixture tweed suit with finger length jacket and snug fitting plaited skirt. For motoring to college games and sports ("spectator" as is the designation now by New York shops) she has chosen for its first accompaniment a blouse of the sweater genre in the new egg-shell shade with red and yellow stripes above the hem and tops it with a muffler scarf to match. A biege crepe de Chine blouse is her next addition which advances her costume to the realm of shopping, business, traveling and all-around occasions. Next it begins to take on airs by the acquisition of a dressy couturier blouse of gold metallic cloth and disports itself creditably at smart luncheons,

*If you are limited to one hat,
choose this cleverly-cut two-
toned beige, for all occasions*

Courtesy of Saks-Fifth Ave.



*A real spring forecast is this furred tweed jacket
costume with the new finger length belted coat and
stitched, pleated skirt. Nothing will be smarter
for young girls*

Courtesy of Milgrim



*How to be fair on a rainy day.
Brown suede trench coat, brown
waterproof hat, striped silk scarf
and tan galoshes*

Courtesy of Best & Co.

teas and even a matinee occasionally. This particular girl having a practical turn of mind as well as a modest allowance sees to it that her suit is not limited to the winter season by fur trimming, but that it is equally as smart worn with her cross fox scarf which blends so charmingly with brown as well as her own warm coloring. An entire outfit such as this is not expensive and shows what a little clever planning and careful buying will do.

The Separate Coat

NEXT in line in the style parade comes the separate coat, as distinguished from the coat of the ensemble which often serves for both. Dark or black materials lavishly trimmed with light colored fur are decidedly assertive for first place at the moment. The wide collar and cuffs are often of fox fur. Gray krimmer and natural fitch is much in evidence but the youthful and becoming badger fur is decidedly the high light of the mode.

The ever elegant and sumptuous fur coat has taken on more and more of those qualities this season. Its lines are still straight and slender but it shows much adroit fashioning in such pelts as sable, mink, cocoa ermine and the



If you are tall, slim and a bit daring, wear this Cheruit creation in red velvet with cowl collar of white satin to your tea dates

Courtesy of John Wanamaker



The late winter version of the ever smart pom-pom hat, most flattering to the square chinned

Courtesy of Arnold Constable



Charming foot-notes for the well-dressed, of burnt copper kid, a new leather, and polka-dotted suede



This and the model right show two distinct notes in evening frocks. This pastel satin with uneven hem and peplum is for debutantes

Courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue



That rare combination, street shoes both chic and comfortable, single strap models of burnt copper kid and lizard

For the more dignified girl is this "slinky silhouette" dance dress of black chiffon with detachable beaded jacket

Courtesy of Milgrim



less costly varieties that show distinct marking. The stripes often take a diagonal line from each side of the center in back or start at the neck and spread into a wide fan with telling effect.

TO THE average young woman a fur coat is more or less of a luxury but if she can afford a good one it is an excellent investment as it serves so many needs for such a long time. Some of you no doubt have been conserving your pennies and waiting for the January sales to purchase that coveted article but just here a word of caution is timely. Special sales are not always reliable and there are all sorts of rabbits and undependable pelts masquerading under high sounding and foreign names that have nothing to offer in service and equally little in appearance.

A good cloth coat is vastly preferable to a poor fur one. There are no doubt some good values to be found at this time in reliable shops but don't even look in any other. In purchasing any kind of fur one needs the judgment and knowledge of an expert furrier.

Among the good furs that are not too fright-
[Continued on page 117]

If yours is a very young face, don this exquisitely simple brown felt edged with gold braid

Courtesy of Milgrim



Your Speaking Voice Is the

Another Straight Talk
To Young Women on Acquiring Personality

By

ELINOR GLYN

I WANT to begin this month about the voice—for it is so important. In England, the home of the English language, you can tell the class the person comes from instantly by hearing him or her speak. There are inflections which are considered common, pronunciations which stamp the speaker as illiterate and so on.

Certain suburbs of London have modes of speech which we call "genteel" and of course the worst of all is the cockney, which sometimes adds "h's" where they do not belong and invariably leaves them out where they do!

Fortunately, this frightful fault is never found in any community in this country, but there is a general misuse of inflections and a great carelessness in pronunciation added to a tendency to shrillness and overemphasis.

This is the result of climatic conditions and the necessity to make yourself heard in the din of every one else trying to make himself or herself heard, which the nervous energy of the young, splendid race demonstrates. Children, unless corrected for it and made to realize it is vulgar, always shout each other down. But I don't want you, Mary—we have agreed that we are going to call our girl Mary—well, I don't want you, Mary, to be vulgar just because numbers of other girls are! I want you to be perfect.

So the first lesson about the voice that I would give would be that you should listen one day to your young friends talking and then pick out the one whose sounds please you the least. Then try phonetically to spell the words she is using! It will be a difficult task! Because you will find you will have to write, "DonchanoPolly wevegetano when wemus gwout!" You, being accustomed to hear this slurring, will understand that she meant to say, "Don't you know, Polly, we have got to know when we must go out!" It is not a pretty sentence in any case. I chose it only as a simile of what I mean by slurring.

THIS slurring of words gives a very common, uncultivated impression, and when it is added to shrillness, is almost unbearable to a sensitive ear. So, Mary, try to pronounce distinctly. It may sound to you pedantic at first, and your friends may even chaff you about it, but do not mind, persevere and gradually it will grow natural to you to speak correctly.

The next thing to concentrate upon is the tone of the voice. Never shout and try not to talk through the nose. Speak on the lowest chord your voice is capable of and endeavor to produce sounds of velvety softness, not noises like tin pots clanging together.

A good exercise is reading five or six pages aloud to yourself each day, out of some book of perfect English literature, though even a modern novel will do, only read it on the very deepest note your voice can produce. This will accustom your ear to better sounds and will strengthen your vocal cords.

Now I have said almost enough about this subject to awaken

your vanity—that is the use of vanity, Mary, for it, when touched, acts as a spur to endeavor! Endeavor to acquire a deep, soft voice which arrests interest and commands respect in its perfect demonstrations of agreeable

pronunciation. There is an American actress I know who speaks perfect English and who never left America until she was grown up. I asked her one day how she had acquired it, thinking she would certainly answer that she had been brought up in Europe, but this is what she told me. "I had a very sensitive ear and I used to loathe the sounds the other girls made at school. I determined to speak like the professor who used to teach us literature, so I just listened all the time, and registered the sounds he made, and the pronunciation he employed. Very soon what gift of mimicry I have made me talk like him. By the time I was fifteen it had become quite natural to me."

You see, Mary, she determined to speak attractively and so she succeeded. Now from this day onward, make up your mind to follow her example. When you have learned both pronunciation and tone, then

learn cadence; never be monotonous. There are minor notes and major notes in alluring voices which instantly appeal to the emotions. Do not always talk in either the one or the other. Let what you are saying suggest the right inflection.

WHEN this "change of voice," almost as important as what the evangelists call "change of heart," has been accomplished, it will have produced two things: an immensely augmented charm and a magnetism which comes from increasing strength of character for you will have had to use will to achieve a prettier voice and will always projects magnetism. Nothing negative is magnetic.

The next thing is the laugh! Oh, the dreadful chattering of monkeys, shrieks of foghorns and calls of hyenas, to say nothing of the clanging of tin plates which go by the name of laughter in this country! I know one of the loveliest public female characters, I will not say whether she is a screen or stage actress, but she is languorous and beautiful until you hear her speak and then laugh! She makes sudden pistol explosions of raucous, crackling notes and every fascination fades away.

If some one could tell her this, because she is a clever girl, she would correct it. But that is the tragic thing. It is rare that thoughts are put into suitable words or that people even frame thoughts consciously so her friends just know that with all her beauty she never charms but they do not know why.

But you, Mary, shall know every point if I can teach you! So realize that there is no use in your being tender and beautiful if the moment you open your mouth you disillusionize!

There is another point to notice. Do not overemphasize. Do you put great stress upon certain words which are really unimportant in a sentence? Make your register by tone more than by intensity.

[Continued on page 89]

Some Suggestions for Cultivating a Cultured Speaking Voice

Try to pronounce each word distinctly.

Speak habitually on the lowest chord your voice can reach.

Let what you are saying suggest the right inflection.

Imitate voices that are pleasing.

Eliminate from your own voice all sounds that are not lovely.

Key to Your Personality



A refined, melodious voice is within the reach of all and it is worth striving for. With a beautiful body—a sense of values where friends are concerned—and now an attractive voice—what a long way a girl has come on the road to acquiring a cultural identity

Crossed Wires

By
HAGAR WILDE

SHE had a little white, heart-shaped face with large, pansy-colored eyes. Her mouth was a splotch of crimson that curled at the corners. Her slender little body flying down the main street of Shreveport was bent on an errand that could be no less important than a death bed, judging by her haste.

Two boys stood on the corner of Main and Maple Streets. One was a town boy and the other an out-of-town boy. "Lo, Terry," the town boy said as she passed, but his greeting was ignored.

"Who's the girl?" the out-of-town boy asked.

"Old man Haskin's daughter, Terry. Isn't she a knock-out? High-hat as they come, too. She wouldn't give me a tumble if I did a tap dance on the edge of a roof. Every guy in Shreveport has proposed to her. Believe me, there was some excitement around this burg when her engagement was announced. Ever hear of this Verdun from New York? Plays the piano. He's the guy she's engaged to. I saw his picture in the Sunday paper last week. I got a laugh out of these hicks trying to make her with a fellow like that after her."

"Good looking?"

"The kind they all flop for. Black hair and big eyes. Lots of money, too, I hear."

"Money gets 'em."

"She doesn't need it. Her grandmother left her two hundred thousand in her own right; she must be in love with him."

The out-of-town boy made a clucking noise in his throat. The other continued, "Wish I was invited to her engagement party. It's going to be swell. Orchestra and everything. She can afford to throw parties like that. This guy's coming down from New York for it, so I s'pose it'll be nicer than the others."

Terry's mind at that very moment was entirely absorbed by that engagement party—but not pleasantly absorbed as one might naturally expect. Terry had reached another crisis in a career that had been made up of crises. Life for her seemed to be a thing of going right from one crisis into another. This one was the worst she had ever faced.

"OH, HEAVENS," she said, "why didn't they put me in a sack and drown me at birth? How am I ever going to get out of this?"

This was not the Terry Haskins that Shreveport knew. Shreveport's Terry was a jaunty, flippant, light-hearted person who had the amazing faculty of insulting local swains and still holding them captive to her scarlet mouth and insolent repartee. The present Terry was wild-eyed, had a thudding heart and the hopelessness of despair stuck out all over her.

She cut across Elm Street and through to the boulevard. She fairly ran across the gently sloping green lawn to the Alastairs house and opened the door without the usual ceremony of pushing the bell.

"Where is Miss Sally?" she asked the butler.

"I think she's in her room, Miss Haskins."

Terry took the stairs two steps at a time and burst into Sally's room. "Sally, they've written to him!"

"Who's written to who?"

"The musical society! They've written to Thomas Verdun asking him to give a recital while he's here visiting me!"

Sally began to laugh but Terry's face was tragic.

With Drawings

By HARLEY
ENNIS STIVERS



"Laugh!" she said. "I might have expected this to happen." Sally sobered instantly. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I think I'll kill myself. I've thought it all over and it seems the only way out."

"Couldn't you stop them?"

"THEY sent the letter yesterday. Felice just told me about it twenty minutes ago. Oh, dear! I'd like to choke her and Saxe Barton too. If it hadn't been for trying to get rid of him and his never-ending proposals this wouldn't

The Story of a Girl Who Ordered A Husband by Telegraph



you're a genius! He'll probably sue me for libel and defamation of character or fraudulent use of the mails or something!"

"You haven't used the mails. Maybe he could sue you for libel, though. Gee, if we only had a speaking acquaintance or something like that! Or if Gladys knew him, maybe—"

"She doesn't know him!" Terry wailed. "She only saw him that once and that was on the stage!"

"IT WAS a bum idea," Sally said. "Leave it to us to pick the bum-mest idea we could find!"

"Things are plenty gummed, all right," Sally said.

"What am I going to do?"

"We might go to Europe," Sally suggested.

"You'd wise crack if I fell downstairs and broke my neck!" Terry retorted. "I wish I had before I announced the engagement."

"Let's wire him."

"Wire him what? Shall I say that a man by the name of Saxe Barton wanted to marry me and I didn't want to marry him so I got engaged to him."

"To Saxe?"

"To Thomas Verdun, silly! I got engaged to him to get rid of Saxe and just to disregard it because I go around announcing engagements just for the fun of it? We

might tell him that I'm really crazy and it's the only amusement I have!"

"Wire him to give the recital and you'll explain things when he gets here."

"Yes, but what can I explain?"

"WE HAVE a week. We'll think up something between now and then."

"Come with me?"

"Sure." Sally scrambled off the bed and into a slim little frock. Together they rushed to the telegraph office. Yellow blanks were filled, frowned over and crumpled. The final result was:

Please make no denial of engagement. Come to Shreveport for recital June fourteenth. Will make it worth your while financially. Theresa Haskins.

"You might say, 'Am good looking and twenty years old,'" Sally suggested.

"He'll think I'm insane anyway," said Terry, "we don't

have happened and I wouldn't have got into this mess."

She sat down on the bed frowning. "Darn Gladys Devlan too!" she said. "That letter started the whole thing. I don't know what possessed us to do it, Sally!"

"Well, she couldn't know that her description of Tommy Verdun would start trouble, Terry!"

"He'll have it tomorrow morning," Terry murmured, "and he'll wire them that he never heard of me and that he isn't going to visit me and isn't engaged to me."

"Be calm, darling, this requires thought and fixing."

"You be calm. If you can think of some way to fix this,

need that. I think it's better the way it is without that."

They spent the hours before Thomas Verdun's reply arrived in an agony of apprehension. It came three hours after Terry had sent her telegram. She ripped it open with trembling fingers, turned white and sat down on the edge of the bed. To Sally's excited questions, she made vague and exhausted gestures.

"What does he say?" Sally gasped.

"Plenty. Read it!" Terry tossed the wire to her.

Have been married three years. Have four children. Wife may object to engagement. Arriving June fourteenth as requested. Kindly have explanation. Thomas Verdun.

The telephone rang and Sally answered it. She turned and whispered, "It's Saxe."

"Tell him I can't see him. Tell him I can't see anybody."

"She can't see you." A pause for protestations on the other end of the wire. "She can't, I tell you! She's sick—I

"That's all right," came in hollow tones from Terry, "it's no lie."

"SHE'S sick," Sally repeated. "What? Leprosy! What? Uh—spots before the eyes and things! What? No! Listen—"

She replaced the receiver. "He's on his way over. He hung up on me."

"Go down and stop him at the door. For heaven's sake don't let him in here, Sally! Oh, what shall we do?"

Sally's heels clicked sharply as she left to check the advance of Saxe. Terry collapsed on the bed and wept.

She spent three sleepless and worried nights. Try as she might, she could think of no logical explanation to give Thomas Verdun for her announcement of their engagement. She was too proud to tell him the truth. She consulted with Sally every day. They cooked up one excuse after another only to abandon them all with faint sighs of despair.

In the meantime, they shopped feverishly. They found a dinner frock of pale mauve satin and tulle with a great spray of pastel flowers falling from the shoulder to the hem line. Terry tried it on before Sally's mirror, pirouetted back and forth and looked over her shoulder anxiously. Sally sighed enviously. "If he isn't blind," she said, "he won't be able to cherish resentment, darling."

Terry spent the night before his arrival with Sally. She sat in the middle of the bed, pajama-clad, with her knees hunched beneath her chin, thinking frantically. Sally sat in a similar posture on the window seat. Presently the silence was broken by a deep sigh from the direction of the window seat. "I'd give my right eye for a soda," said the occupant.

"I MIGHT know," was the withering response, "that you'd be thinking about sodas when you should be thinking about excuses!"

"I could think better if I had a soda!"

"I doubt it!"

Nevertheless they got dressed and went to the drug store. They consumed one and ordered another. Sally said, "I've an idea."

"Found some one else I can be engaged to?"

"You're married."

"Married!"

"You're married to a man in Hollywood and your parents don't approve of him, so the marriage has been kept secret and

they're trying to get you to marry Saxe Barton, who has been your childhood sweetheart for years. Your husband is tall and good looking and he's an actor. You'd better steer clear of names this time, because Mr. Verdun may know a lot of people in Hollywood. You don't dare tell your husband's last name because he has a contract that forbids marriage or something like that. His name will be Richard. You'll have to call him Dick. Tell this Verdun person you'll be ruined if the truth comes out and swear him to secrecy by his mother or sisters."

"It sounds fishy."

"Well, you'll have to practice it, of course."

"SALLY, I'll get so used to lying I won't know when to tell the truth!"

"Never speak before you think," Sally advised sagely. "Here are our sodas."

A wire arrived the following morning from Thomas Verdun, requesting Terry's presence at dinner that evening at the Republic Hotel, where he would be stopping. She clung to Sally shivering. "I just know I won't be able to tell him those things without crying!" she gasped.

"Fine," Sally said in a practical tone, "that'll help. Cry all you want to."

She helped Terry dress at eight o'clock, and with one last comforting pat, shoved her out the door. She watched her crossing the lawn. "Gosh," she thought, "I hope she remembers her husband's name!"

A satin and tulle-clad, dewy-eyed little liar tiptoed up the steps of the Republic at eight-five. Her heart was thumping wildly.

She found Thomas Verdun in one of the large overstuffed chairs just off the foyer. He was reading a metropolitan paper. He was like his picture only nicer. He towered above her when he rose. He took her hand gravely. "It has been ages since I saw you, my dear," he murmured. "You're looking very well." Suddenly he grinned a delightful grin.

TERRY'S pansy eyes widened a little and her mouth quivered.

"It was nice of you to come," she managed to say.

"A recital's a recital," said Tommy Verdun, "and I had a curious desire to see the girl I'm engaged to."

"I guess you think I'm pretty awful," she faltered.

"We seem to be the center of attention," he replied, "shall we remove our interesting figures elsewhere?"

They went into the dining room and gave their orders. Whenever Terry lifted her eyes from her plate, she met the same quizzical, interested stare. She prayed for courage.

"I've been wondering," he said, "why I'm engaged. I wonder what Mary would say if she heard about it."

"Mrs. Verdun, you mean?" said Terry.

"Yes. She's in New York with the children. She'd probably be frightfully cut up."

"How many children?"

"Four. All boys. Wonderful little chaps. There's Thomas Jr. and Sidney, and then the twins. The twins are the youngest."

"Twins!" Terry moaned.

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing, only you don't look like the father of twins. I mean—" she gave it up and jabbed at her salad.

"You haven't told me why you announced our engagement."

Terry took a mouthful of water and blinked at him over the rim of her glass. The moment had come! She had to remember the things she had practiced in the privacy of Sally's bedroom. Her husband's name was Richard. He was an actor. Her parents wanted her to marry Saxe Barton.

Adventurous Heart

By LIBBY BLOCK

MY HEART,
That bad deceitful organ,
Is like a truant elf.

It leaps;

It runs away and leaves me
And I cannot help myself.

And I

Am always quite embarrassed,
When it's trotted home to me

By men,

Who have too many hearts,
And can't use mine, you see.

I scold

That wretched, restless heart;
I tell it not to roam.

The imp,

It loves adventure,
It will not stay at home!



Why didn't he kiss her? He'd said he loved her. Does a man love a woman and never kiss her? Was it possible that she would be left with a memory and no kiss to go with it? What is a memory if there isn't a kiss in the background, a kiss to relive in idle, dark moments? He reached down and touched her gently. Suddenly he was kissing her

It all came out in one grand rush, with words tumbling over each other in a race to get past her lips first.

"I'm married too," she said, "to a man in Hollywood. I can't tell you his name because he has a contract forbidding him to marry."

"What?" said Tommy.

"My parents don't approve of Richard—Dick, I mean."

"Careful," said Tommy, "his name will be out before you know it!"

"—They've been trying to get me to marry a boy here in town and one night when I had my back to the wall—"

Tommy made a choking noise in his throat. She looked up quickly.

"Throat trouble," he explained, "please go on. You had your back to the wall."

"Well, there isn't any more except that you were the first person I thought of and I told them I was engaged to you."

"I'm flattered," said Tommy. "How did you know about me?"

"I had a letter from a friend in New York who had heard you play and Sally—Sally's my girl friend—and I looked you up in a musical magazine and—"

"Got engaged to me," Tommy said.

"Yes, and I bought this." She held out her left hand and wiggled her third left finger, "and the musical society wrote you asking you to give this recital and I knew that you'd wire that you'd never heard of me after I'd gone and invited everybody to my engagement party day after tomorrow! The invitations were all out and everything!"

A fugitive tear spilled out and bounced in her salad.

"An engagement party without a fiancé to show them?"

"I was going to have a wire at the last moment saying that you'd been called to Honolulu."

She fingered a pastel flower nervously and then burst out, "The party's the night after the recital. Would you—? Could you—?"

"It would be awful if Mary got wind of this," he said. "She's frightfully jealous and I have the boys to think of, of course."

"I'd break the engagement right after you go! You could get in a fight or something and I could say I wouldn't marry a man who'd kick another man in the stomach."

"I won't kick anybody in the stomach even to get unengaged," he said. "I don't like fights. Wouldn't it do just as well if I spilled some liquor on your mother's best Spanish shawl?"

"She hasn't one. Don't worry. Sally and I'll find something!"

"Doesn't it keep you awfully busy?" he asked. "I mean, inventing one excuse right after another must be quite a strain, isn't it?"

Terry's look told a tragic story.

Life ceased to be a menacing thing for the space of twelve hours. Terry slept the sleep of the innocent that night, but the following morning, her mother aroused her by smoothing the hair back off her forehead and kissing the widow's peak just above her nose. When she sat up, she caught a glimpse of Sally making distressed motions behind her mother's back. She blinked sleepily as her mother sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Darling," Mrs. Haskins said, "I'm surprised that you let Mr. Verdun go to the hotel. I called him this morning and asked him to be our guest for two weeks or at least he said that he couldn't lengthen his stay beyond two weeks."

"What?" Terry opened her eyes wide and stared at her mother.

"He'll be here in a half hour. You'd better dress and come down."

"He accepted?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't he?"

"He's very temperamental about his meals and things," Terry mumbled, "that's all I meant."

She slipped down under the covers and lay there staring at the ceiling. Her mother hovered over her anxiously. "What is it, dear?"

"Nothing much," Terry said. "I feel a little sick. Go on down, Moms. Don't go, Sally."

"I'm not going," Sally said.

When the door closed behind her mother, Terry sat up and regarded Sally with frightened eyes. "Now what am I going to do?" she demanded. "This is going to be a swell mess, in the same house for two weeks with Mr. Verdun married and me supposed to be married and Saxe happening in every day or so! He'll see right away that mother and dad weren't trying to force me to marry anybody! Saxe will tell him the whole story about how he proposed to me for three years and how I went to New York and met him and got engaged to him."

"Wait a minute!" Sally interrupted. "It's a little hard to follow you. Maybe he thought it would be best to—"

Terry bounced out of bed. "He said he'd stay for the party and then go away!" She wailed.

Thomas Verdun was downstairs with her mother when Terry went down. She made urgent gestures from the doorway requesting his presence in the hall. Her mother looked up and smiled fondly. "We were discussing the wedding, darling," she said. "Mr. Verdun—Tommy—thinks that it might be arranged before he leaves. He'd like to take you with him on his concert tour next month. We'll have to hurry to get your dress ready and get the invitations out."

Tommy grinned at her shamelessly. "You're going to wear white satin and your grandmother's lace veil," he said.

"I've been telling him about grandmother's veil," Mrs. Haskins interrupted. "When Jane finishes cleaning the attic, we'll take him up and show it to him, shall we?"

"By all means," Terry said. "May I see you a moment, Mr. Ver—Tommy?" He followed her out. She waited until they reached the privacy of a rhododendron bush in the garden and whirled to demand, "Did you have to discuss the wedding?"

"It was fun," Tommy said.

"She'll send out invitations and call in the seamstress!"

"Mary wouldn't like that." He lifted his head and sniffed delightedly.

"There's a fragrance of roses," he said. "Is there a rose garden somewhere about?"

"There's a rose garden somewhere about fifteen feet from you," she snapped.

"Let's go and sit in it. I love sitting in rose gardens."

As soon as she could escape, Terry dashed for the drug store. The following telephone conversation took place with Sally.

Terry: Sally, we have to get rid of him some way! Mother's going to show him grandmother's lace veil and—

Sally: Show him what?

Terry: A veil, silly!

[Continued on page 112]

"Gosh," said Terry, "how Tommy would hate me if he knew the truth!"

The Distinguished Author
of "Black Oxen" and "The Immortal Marriage"
Ruthlessly Tears to Pieces
One of Our Most Cherished Illusions

Must Women Inspire Men?

By

GERTRUDE ATHERTON



NOTHING is more interesting or more amusing than the "studies" and analyses of foreigners on that favorite subject, the American woman. They come over, these earnest observers, and find a type of woman so different from women anywhere else on earth that they are puzzled into making a study of her, after which, as a natural sequence, they must present their conclusions to the world. Some are merely scandalized and indulge in diatribes. Others make a sincere effort to be profound and just. But they never hit the nail on the head and the reason is that they are all afflicted with male ideology.

They find American women restless, dissatisfied, ambitious, with abnormally active minds, lacking in allure, leading independent lives even when married, wives ruling husbands, the latter too immersed in affairs to control them. It is their job to make money for the women to spend. It looks to the horrified gaze of the foreign critic as if women really ruled the United States, or if not completely as yet, well on the way. This he ascribes wholly to the absorption of man in business; the wives and daughters are spoiled, even when but comfortably off, and have the leisure and freedom to do exactly as they choose. Consequently men and women do not pull together, do not form a unit, and this results in the demoralization of both and a lack of creativeness.

THE creativeness of man, we are told, depends upon the inspiration of woman, and where the sexes are as widely cleaved as they are in the United States, woman is no longer the inspiration of man and seems to care for nothing less. Therefore the American man will never be creative in the higher sense and the American woman is to blame.

Let these foreign critics cast their eyes back over history. No doubt, being cultured, they have read the history of every nation, but the fact is that their male ideology has afflicted their otherwise enlightened minds with certain blind spots, even as it has afflicted the majority of historians.

In the fifth century and in the early part of the fourth century B.C. creativeness rose to a point of sublimity never

equalled before or since, save in rare and isolated cases, and focused in Athens. Those were the days of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Praxiteles and a host of others. Nor was the appreciation of beauty and intellectual achievement confined to the creators alone. Although the men of Athens were as keen on politics and commerce as they are today they are notorious in history for their trained sense of beauty, critical acumen and ardent desire to learn from the masters. Even the artisan stood lost in rapture before the dazzling glory of the Acropolis and hissed a mediocre play off the stage.

AND what part did women play in the creation of those sublime works of art, those profound interpretations of the nature of man and of the universe that are the source of all the wisdom we know? None whatever. They were negligible. The majority of respectable women could not read nor write. They saw no men but their husbands and immediate relatives, and little of them, for they lived secluded in the inner quarters. Only one woman stands out as an intellect and an influence over the minds of men during that entire period, Aspasia. She was greatly endowed both mentally and in all the charms of her sex, and if there had been many like her she would not have survived in history for twenty-four hundred years. But although she was the intimate and beloved companion of Pericles, and Socrates never tired of matching his wits with hers, no one has ever accused her or any other woman of inspiring the statues of Phidias or the dramas of the great tragic poets. And Pericles was a great man before she married him. She added to his happiness but hardly to his fame. Or, if she did inspire him it was because the gods had freakishly given her the mind of a man.

No; men in that glorious period of Athens, at whose shrines men worship even today, drew their inspiration either out of their own isolated genius or from one another. In men of equal culture they found sympathy, companionship, realized an ideal of friendship with which the romantic love of the Christian era pales by contrast. [Continued on page 114]

A Story of a Wife Who Longed for Romance



The By ALEC WAUGH Secret Letter Box

AT HEART we are all Peeping Toms, so when Ralph Whitehouse, searching through his wife's desk for sealing wax, came upon an old diary, he did not feel the slightest compunction about opening it. It was, however, without any great curiosity that he turned its pages. Dear Mary! As though, after fifteen years of marriage, her heart or mind could hold a single secret from him! Negligently he read the first entry that his eyes chanced on.

"Wednesday, September the seventeenth. Micky had a headache this morning, which rather worries me. He has not been at all well these holidays and I don't like to send him back to school unless he is thoroughly fit. If he is not better tomorrow I shall send for Doctor McMurtrie.

"I went out shopping in the morning, but could not see anything I particularly wanted, so I bought Ralph a tie. Lunched at home with the boys and in the afternoon took them to the movies. We saw a film with Bill Hart in it. I thought it very exciting but Micky said when it was over that he was bored with Wild West films. We dined with the Williamses. The Curtises and the Merivales were there. Quite a dinner. But the later courses were served too fast and the early ones too slowly. On the whole a happy day. I wonder if there will be a letter for me tomorrow."

RALPH WHITEHOUSE smiled indulgently. How typical that was of Mary. How completely those few lines expressed her. The mother worried because her son was ill; the wife buying her husband a new tie; the hostess noticing the little mistakes in the running of another house; the friend wondering if any one had written to her. A loyal, devoted, unselfish woman. Could a man look for a better or a worthier wife?

There was a photograph of her above the desk and his eyes rested fondly upon those familiar features. The broad forehead, the clear, steady eyes, the firm, full mouth. There were some faces that were like masks, inscrutable and enigmatic.

But those regular and friendly features were like a mirror that reflected Mary's nature as completely as that single entry in the diary.

There were times, of course, when he had felt inclined to regret the simplicity that allowed her to enjoy the kind of film that her children had outgrown. There were times when he could have wished her a little more unexpected. But one could not have a thing both ways. Mary had been a wonderful comrade to him and he knew that there was not a woman in the world that he would exchange her for.

With a tender smile he read through the next day's entry in the diary, through the simple account of sixteen hours' doings, down to the last sentence. "No letter for me today. Such a disappointment!"

THIS second reference to a letter puzzled him. He had never known that she took much interest in her correspondence. Had never known that she had any correspondence to take an interest in. What did the mail of any one living in a big city bring after all? Bills and invitations and acceptances and refusals. Short notes scrawled on half sheets of paper. One didn't in these days of telephones bother to write newsy letters to people who lived within a few yards.

And for the rest, Mary's parents were dead. She heard only occasionally from her brother; never, except for Christmas and birthdays, from her relatives. Except when he was away, and the boys were at school, there was no one from whom she could be expecting the kind of letter one could become excited over. It was odd that there should be these two references to a letter. Probably there would be something more further on.

There was.

"Oh, I am so excited!" the next day's account began. "Actually three letters. Shall I ever get over it? The whole of life seems different. This is, I think, the happiest day that I have ever known."

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With Drawings

By JOHN H. CROSMAN

The happiest day that she had ever known? Ralph Whitehouse was more than puzzled now. He was alarmed. What could this correspondence be that could plunge his wife into such despondency or transport her to such delight? The happiest day that she had ever known! With impatient fingers he turned the pages that she had written in search of further clues to this mysterious correspondence.

AS A search it was simple enough. On practically every page there was some reference to it. "Will there be a

letter tomorrow?" "No letter again today, a disappointment. Surely there must be something for me tomorrow." "Ten days and not a single letter!" "At last! Oh, such a letter. I do not know what I have done to deserve such happiness."

Reference after reference, but not a single clue to the nature of the letters, not a single clue to the identity of the writer. The diary was a bulletin of facts. In the same way that Mary had written, "Lunched at the Williamses," without giving any account of what was said there, so had she written, "A letter at last this morning," without giving a hint as to its contents.

"Oh, I am so excited! Actually three letters! The whole of life seems different. This is, I think, the happiest day I ever knew"

Every detail of Mary's pose and manner and costume were familiar to her husband. He had thought her heart and mind could hold no secret from him

Impatiently he tossed the diary on to the desk and began to ransack the drawer in which he had found it, for its successor and predecessors. Again the search was simple. The drawer was full of them. He glanced rapidly at their dates—'25, '23, '26, '21. For years, apparently, his wife had been keeping, unknown to him, this record of her life. For years! It was useless to go back too far into past history. He had better find the most recent one, and make what he could of it.

IT WAS the last he turned to. And as he took it out, he felt an oblong projection through the flimsy leather. "I wonder what she's been keeping there," he thought. "Some keepsake or other, I suppose." As he slipped his fingers into the pocket he half expected to find a heart-shaped locket with a photograph. To his surprise, however, it was a small key, with a brass label attached on which the number '89' had been stamped. He turned it over curiously in his hand. What on earth could she be wanting with a key like that? In the hope of finding an explanation he searched in the pocket on the other side.

It was there, all right, but at first he did not realize that he had found it; did not recognize as a clue the small piece of printed paper, the receipt by which a certain Mrs. Jocelyn Jones in return for the sum of four dollars had been loaned for three months the right to P. O. Box No. 89. For a moment he stared at it incredulously. Then suddenly, calamitously, he understood. A post office letter box under another name from which Mary could fetch those letters that she did not dare have addressed to her own home. For years his wife had been conducting a guilty correspondence. The diary was a plain enough piece of evidence now.

IN A mood of mingled incredulity and anger he read line by line the sorry document. Oh, there was no doubt about it! Hardly a day had passed without some reference or other. "Another letter today. How happy I am. I have read and reread it a dozen times. It is a dull gray day with a wild wind and a little rain. Everyone walks shivering about the streets. But I feel as though the sun were shining and the sky were blue. What would life be for me without my letters? They are my very life."

Her very life! It was outrageous. All these years she had been deceiving him! All these years, while she had been posing as a loyal wife and mother, she had been living a double life under another name. While she had been sitting at his table, entertaining his friends, discussing his business, her thoughts had been buried incessantly in another man. That was what she had been behind her mask—feverish anticipation for the next day's post. Blissfully happy because she had been written to; gloomy and depressed because she hadn't. And yet, all the while above that turmoil of emotion, she had maintained the smiling expression of a simple trust. The baseness, the hypocrisy of it! He was so angry that his

fingers trembled as they turned the pages of the diaries.

However, as he read on, his anger was displaced first by wonder, then by frank curiosity. In spite of the discovery of the key he was still as much in the dark as ever. He had no clue to the writer's identity, nor as he read on could he find any reference to any meeting, nor wishes for meetings. Nor did he see, so crowded did this record prove her days to have been, when she could have found any opportunity for them.

PRESUMABLY the writer was living some distance away. Otherwise there would not be this necessity for correspondence. And surely if they cared sufficiently for one another to maintain this fevered correspondence over so many years, they would have made some attempt to see each other. It might





At an age when he had said good-by to romance forever Ralph Whitehouse felt himself falling desperately in love with his own wife

In all human probability his wife was conducting and had for years been conducting a subterranean intrigue.

With whom, though? That was the point. With whom? Till he knew, there would be no peace for him. And there in his hand lay tantalizingly the key that would unlock the mystery. He had only to go down to the post office, open the mail box No. 89, and possess all the evidence he stood in need of. It would be the simplest matter in the world. Nevertheless, it was a job that he recoiled from. To spy upon a person, even if it were upon a guilty wife, to open letters that were not addressed to him, was not the kind of job he fancied. All the same, he had to know.

DUBIOUSLY he continued to turn the pages of the diary. If only he could solve the problem without having to resort to that expedient! If only there were some clue. But search though he would, there was nothing but the record of varying moods of gloom and exultation.

"Another letter today. How marvelously happy it has made me. How excited I felt as I turned the key in the lock. I felt like Emma Bovary in that famous novel, stealing out to meet Roger, rushing to Rouen to meet Leon. As a girl I always envied Emma. She may have died wretchedly, but she had known rapture first. She was so real to me that I could never believe that she was a character in a book. Perhaps she isn't. Perhaps one day we shall meet and talk together. I feel sure, very sure, that we should understand each other."

That was the last entry Ralph Whitehouse read. It settled him. Emma Bovary, indeed, and himself as the ignoble Charles! It was too much. Spying or no spying, he was going to find out the man's name.

HALF an hour later he was standing in the small back room in the post office, and as he searched the long row of boxes for No. 89, he was able to appreciate the kinship of guilt that Mary had claimed to feel with Emma Bovary. He felt something of a criminal himself in that hushed room with this row of numbered boxes, each preserving its anonymity and its

secret. these boxes that had been taken each of them for convenience and security, for some cause that separated its owner from the ordinary citizens who were content to have their letters delivered morning and evening in their own home. In the life of any one who possessed such a box there must be some exceptional circumstance, usually a guilty one. And as Ralph Whitehouse turned the key in the lock he felt not unlike a truant schoolboy who expects every moment to see the shadow of authority flung upon his path.

A moment later he was endeavoring with no great measure of success to rally under the biggest shock that he received on this day of shocks. He had thought that the discovery of the key had steeled him against any secret that the box might reveal. He had come prepared to [Continued on page 92]

be, of course, that this other man was no more free than she was; that there existed between them one of those impossible situations for which there was no remedy. It might be that he was a man with whom she had once been in love, whom she had misunderstood or been unkind to, and now regretted. It might be that he was a man she had met on some journey somewhere, had felt an irresistible affinity for, but from whom the chances of life had permanently divided her. It might be that— It might be— But the betting was a million to one against!

IT WAS all very well to read about those unrequited loves that can last a lifetime. But in point of fact love needed a more sustaining nourishment than memories and dreams.

X MAG

Can a Woman and Find



"I want to study art," said this young school teacher. "Nobody thinks I can paint but I know differently." Poor girl! The attics and cellars of Montmartre are crowded with people like that. How long does she think her savings will last? And how does she know she can paint after all?

I had to. My parents forced me into it. But I want to go to Paris, live my own life as I feel it and study art. Nobody thinks I can paint but I know differently. But I must have freedom! Here in America I am stifling to death."

Poor girl! The attics and cellars of Montmartre are crowded with people like that. How long does she think her teacher savings will last even with the franc at twenty-odd to the dollar? And then what?

AND how does she know she can paint after all?

She doesn't. She feels it.

Her natural, inherent, youthful, feminine emotional make-up is her only guarantee.

Now listen to Mrs. W.

She has been married for five years and has no children. They are comfortably fixed. From all surface indications she ought to be content.

But this is how she explodes within the sanctum of the analyst's office.

"I fell in love and I married and then my singing went to pot. Sometimes I almost hate John for courting me so persistently and making me love him. I might have been on the operatic stage by now. This love that binds me down becomes almost unbearable at times. When alone I often scream. But what am I to do? What am I to do?"

And here she sobbed hysterically:

"WHY, oh, why, are not women allowed to lead their lives as they wish?"

Miss D. and Mrs. W. are not exceptional cases, mind you. Hundreds of women suffer that way.

They feel convinced that life is cheating or has cheated them.

Often there is the hope that maybe somehow, by a miracle, all will change and that their chance for self-expression, for absolute untrammelled freedom, will still come.

Contrarywise, altogether too often all hope is gone. They settle down to make the best of it, to effect a defeatist's compromise with life.

Through other individual studies of similar kind—and there are hundreds if not thousands available—I have come to the conclusion that the main difficulty with you women is not the fact that you possess a rich and varied emotional character, nor again the fact that your egos prompt you to believe you can accomplish most anything if given the opportunity.

From the psychological viewpoint your chief trouble seems

WHAT would happen to society if every woman defied tradition and set out to lead her own life?

How long would it take to wreck the home?

What would happen to the world's children?

How fast would illegitimacy mount?

What protection would you women receive for your physical and economic handicaps?

It would not even be necessary for each and every one of you women to subscribe to the policy of leading your own lives. If the majority of you did that—nay, if only one quarter accomplished it—the restrictions you now chafe under, but which at one and the same time spell protection and safety for you, would disappear like a village of straw huts before an avalanche.

There is not a mature woman living who does not feel that life has cheated her out of one or more of her secret ambitions.

That is why we keep hearing you women talk about wanting to lead your own lives.

If you are starting out on the great adventure you are firm in your conviction that, if allowed absolute freedom, you will find your proper niche in the world and that that will make you happy.

IF YOU have already started you are convinced that if you had been allowed more freedom you would have done better by yourself than you have.

Here is Miss D. who tells me that she intends to defy her father and mother, conventions, her bringing up, everything.

"What do you suppose I am teaching school for?" she asks pointblank. "Do you think I want to become a principal or a superintendent? Not much! I trained for this job because

Lead Her Own Life and Happiness?

By
LOUIS E.
BISCH
M.D. Ph. D.



Nearly every woman is convinced that life is cheating—or has cheated her. There seems to be a growing revolt for more freedom. Just what is that freedom? Does it mean greater happiness for the individual? How would it work? A famous neurologist tells you in this candid article

to be an inability, and often an unwillingness, to see yourselves in perspective and to apply the rule of reason and common sense to what you find.

In the first place it doesn't follow that if you would like to be a certain thing—a painter, a singer, a business woman, an efficient mother, or what-not—that mere wishing means you are capable.

Nor does it follow that if you could sidetrack the hampering restrictions of love that you would do any better or be any happier than you now are.

That old hackneyed saying about the rosiest apples always being on the other side of the wall is particularly applicable here.

What you have you seldom value as you should.

WHAT you think you would like to have, what appears so alluring because it is out of reach, may turn out to be like the apples in your neighbor's yard, soft and rotten at the core.

Many women, of course, do lead their own lives.

Does that pay in the end?

Are they happier than the women who have not had the opportunity or who have not dared?

I know a woman who is married—that is, she's got the certificate in her trunk—but she lives apart from her husband.

They are neither separated nor divorced. Both of them call themselves "moderns" and they set out trying to prove to themselves that separate establishments and individual freedom would spell the greatest amount of mutual good.

"How do you find being free to do as you please?" I asked the lady in question. And this, by the way, was almost two years after the start of the experiment, a sufficient length of time, I took it, to test its validity.

"Well, I don't know," replied the bachelor wife.

"Not so good?" I persisted.

"I GUESS you're trying to poke fun at me," she said after a while. "And maybe I deserve it."

"Be honest with yourself," I encouraged. "Get it out of your system."

"I'm miserably lonely, that's what I am," she went on.

"You see your husband when you want to. Is that not so?"

"Yes."

"And he takes you out, and sends flowers and—"

Here the wife interrupted me.

"Yes, yes, yes! He does all that and more besides. He's a peach in every way."

"Maybe he takes other ladies to dinner?"

"No, not that either, Doctor. Walter likes to read and stay home. I know where to find him any time of day or night."

"So?"

"I feel I'm not needed or wanted, don't you see?" she blurted out. "Freedom, yes! Too much of it. But I'm not happy being free. I want to be tied down to somebody or something. I want to feel I am necessary, indispensable. If Walter would make demands even if they were irksome I'd know I am useful."

AS IT is freedom is killing me. I've led my own life into the wide open spaces and it turns out to be a desert. I'm lonesome. I crave for a master, for conventions, for rules of conduct that I must adhere to. First I wanted to avoid getting my neck into a noose. Now I pray that somebody will not only force my neck in but will tighten it so it hurts!"

I consider this woman typical. Not because she is living apart from her husband, of course, but because she is having all the free-

dom she craves but still is not happy.

My point is that you women are not and cannot be happy when you are absolutely free.

Often you have opportunity to do as you please, to lead your own lives any way fancy may dictate.

Readily available divorces give you the chance to break the yoke if you see fit.

Companionate marriage arrangements are in the air.

Even the lover-mistress relationship is no longer frowned upon as severely as it was when grandmother was a flapper.

But does absolute liberty bring contentment?

Does it dovetail with your fundamental feminine traits?

A colleague of mine summarized the situation quite to the point when he said:

"Woman always has hoped and always will hope—for what? For some episode or career, usually tinged with romance, that will appease the many-sided cravings of her heart."

"These cravings of hers have never been and never will be absolutely appeased."

"It is irksome to woman. [Continued on page 88]

By
CAROLYN
DARLING

Drawings
By C. R. CHICKERING

The
Infernal
Feminine



HE PASSED a mirror and glared at himself. "The Perfect Lover!" What the deuce did it mean anyway? Was he a fool or were they? He couldn't eat his dinner in a public restaurant without being stared out of countenance; couldn't walk the streets without crowds at his heels; couldn't be seen with a woman but the next day their engagement was announced. He felt like a freak in a circus. He'd go to the country and escape for a few days at least.

Heaven knows he earned his living as best he could; had, in fact, practically inherited his right to earn it by acting but he'd be darned if he had ever asked for the kind of fame that had come to him.

The telephone rang; some one knocked on the door.

"George!" he yelled. "Answer that telephone, tell 'em I'm dead." He himself went to the door.

"Telegrams," the boy grinned at him. He took them, slammed the door shut and threw them on the table.

"Great life," he muttered.

"What?" his valet asked.

"Find that note from Mrs. Langley; I want to read it again."

"Do go down to The Elms over the week-end," the note read. "The place is yours, no women to bother you. We'll be away until Thursday. Only the baby and the servants are there. You can loaf and invite your soul. Ever, Irene."

Mightn't be so bad at that, he thought. He'd go and read scripts or get drunk but at least he'd be alone.

He arrived at two A. M. A sleepy butler awaited him; the house was quiet and no one knew where he was. At ten, he got into his bathing suit, swam about the pool in the garden, was planning a tramp in the country when he ran into his hostess, the baby. The baby was nine going on ten.

"I'm breathless," she greeted him. "I can't believe it's really you."

He gave her a startled look.

"Really you," she went on. "I've seen you in all your pictures. I adore you and so does Dorothy, but my love is greater." She talked as though she were reading captions.

"So this is what I'm in for," he said.

"What does that mean?" Her eyes never left his face.

"Oh," he answered, "that it's unusual to meet such a charming little girl."

"Oh," she said.

"You're Marjorie," he went on. "Your mother wrote me—" he broke off. "I thought you were a baby."

SHE laughed. "How time flies," she quoted in an affected, almost hysterical tone.

He threw himself in a chair.

"What can I do to amuse you?" she said.

"Just be yourself," his voice warned her.

"But I am; you don't suspense me?" Again the captions, a little confused, invaded her speech.

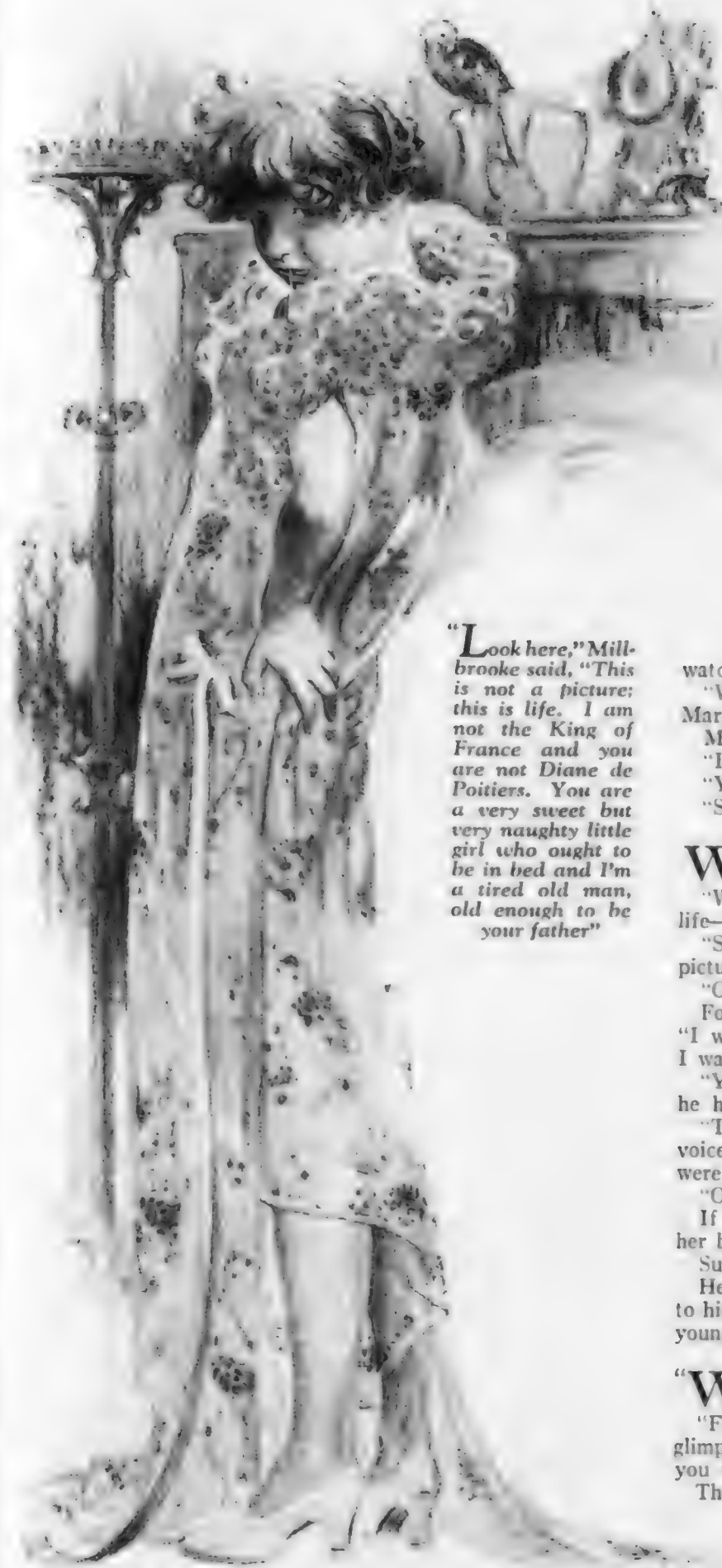
"Look here," he said, "I came down here to get away from the pictures. Now let's forget about them!"

Her nurse appeared in the doorway. "I hope Miss Marjorie isn't bothering you, Mr. Millbrooke?"

"H'm," her nurse said, "there are no children any more; they've all been to the movies. Come, Miss Marjorie, it's time for your walk."

"I'm not walking today," Marjorie announced.

Maggie shrugged her shoulders. "She is being brought up by a new method," she explained. "Self-expression." She



"Look here," Millbrooke said, "This is not a picture; this is life. I am not the King of France and you are not Diane de Poitiers. You are a very sweet but very naughty little girl who ought to be in bed and I'm a tired old man, old enough to be your father"

He Was a Movie Star Who Sought Only to Escape From the Mad World of Make Believe

watchful adoration. He tried to ignore her altogether.

"What do you feel like when you see a picture of horses?" Marjorie asked.

Millbrooke made for the door.

"I'm off for a drive," he announced.

"You walk exactly the same as you do in pictures."

"Same legs," he answered and was gone.

WHEN he went to the garage for his car, he found her sitting in it.

"Wouldn't you take me along?" she begged. "All my life—"

"Sure," he agreed, "but if you begin talking like moving picture captions, I'll throw you out."

"Oh," she sighed, "you are just like a sheik."

For a few moments there was silence. Then Marjorie sighed. "I wish we'd have a terrible accident, then everyone'd know I was with you." Her adoring eyes trembled up into his.

"You behave yourself." He tried to be severe. What did he have on his hands.

"That's what you said to the girl in your last picture," her voice went on. "Don't you remember? It was when you were a thief and she was the daughter of a prince."

"Oh, be quiet!"

If she had been older, he would have known how to treat her but what could he do with a nine-year-old child?

Suddenly she climbed up in her seat.

He glanced at her and saw her waving one hand, pointing to him with the other for the benefit of a group of astonished young people in the roadway. He jerked her down.

"WHAT do you want to do, kill yourself?" he demanded. She smiled at him.

"Friends of mine," she said. "They wanted to catch a glimpse of you so I telephoned every one this morning that you were here!"

The car sped on. "Flying through the night," she quoted. Silence for a time.

"You make love to lots of girls, don't you?" she commenced again. "I've seen you in the movies. Is it better to make love to lots?"

Receiving no answer, she went on. "Like practising scales? My music teacher says the more you practise, the more you know. Do you know lots?"

"Not half as much as you," he said.

"Oh," she said and put her hand over her heart. "Why, are we turning back? I don't want to go home."

"It's late, almost bedtime for you, isn't it?" he said.

"I go to bed when I like," she said. "I have my personality."

delivered her last sentence as a parting shot and disappeared. Luncheon was announced.

"We'll have luncheon together," Marjorie said.

"I never eat lunch after a late breakfast," he informed her. "You run along and get yours."

"Oh, no, I don't want any either; I had a very late breakfast too."

She followed him to the window and stood near him in



"Friends of mine. They all wanted a glimpse of you so I telephoned every one this morning that you were here," said Marjorie to Millbrooke

"You certainly have," he agreed. She leaned forward. "If we should meet Dorothy," she said, "only I don't think we will because she's in now, but if we should—will you—that is—you see—"

"Clearly," he admitted.

SHE giggled. "Well, you see, I told Dorothy this morning that when you first saw me—when you came very late last night—you stopped dead and said, 'You! You!'—like that and then you threw me across a table and kissed me. Well, if we meet her, will you tell her you did that? Just as a favor to me, because she told her mother and her mother said it wasn't true. Wasn't that mean of her?"

"I'm speechless," he admitted.

They had arrived at the house.

At eight he found Marjorie waiting for him in the dining room. Over a little smocked silk dress, she had added a red scarf, a dozen strands of colored beads and numberless bracelets in a brave effort to look like Gloria Swanson.

"Nine going on ten," he thought. "What would she be like when she was nineteen going on twenty?"

They sat down, he at the head of the table, she on his right. The butler served dinner ceremoniously.

She leaned across the table. "Oh, do you remember that picture, when you were a nobleman of France and—"

"Not one word about pictures," he warned, "not one word! Eat your dinner."

Her soup remained untouched; her eyes never left his.

"But it's really you, isn't it?" she questioned.

"You'll go to France some day," he said, ignoring her question, "and then you'll see how really lovely it is, much more lovely than the imitation France in pictures."

"Will you be there?"

"Do you speak French?" Again ignoring her question.

"A little," she said, "but I'll study it a lot if you think I ought to." She gave him the smile of one enmeshed in devotion.

"Of course you ought to study hard. It'll keep you out of mischief." He flung a note of casualness into his voice in an effort to change her mood.

When dinner was over she got down from her chair and swung on the rung of his.

"Would you like to go to the movies tonight?"

"Lord, no," he said. "I've come here to escape them."

"ESCAPE," she said. "Escape! Is any one after you? Shall we have to hide you?"

"Look here," he took her by the hand and led her into the library. "Will you stop all this nonsense? You're acting like a two-year-old infant. How old are you anyway?"

"I'm about fourteen."

"You're a little liar. You're not even ten. I was with your father the night you were born; we had a good many drinks on your birth."

"Was daddy drunk? He's nice when he's drunk. Mother isn't, she gets cross," she told him.

He looked down at her severely.

"I know," she said, standing in front of him, "you think I'm only a little girl but I know lots."

"How much do you know anyway?" he demanded.

"More than my years." The affected note came back in her voice.

"Do you know lots?" she went on.

He looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Nine," he said. "Shouldn't a little girl like you be in bed?"

"It's awful to be young," she said so sincerely that he laughed.

Her nurse stood in the doorway. Millbrooke looked over at her.

"At what hour does La Grande Mademoiselle retire?" he asked.

"She has nothing to say about it," Marjorie interrupted. "I always do just as I want; it devils my personality."

"Develops," her nurse corrected.

SUDDENLY the child's mood changed. "I am going now. I will leave you to your thoughts," she said.

He got up and taking her hand, kissed it. "Good night, Madame la Marquise," he answered in the same manner.

Her eyes swayed before his; she caught her breath and fluttered out of the room.

He moved over to one of the long French windows and threw it open. The moon flung down a golden glamour over the countryside. The world from where he was standing seemed a peaceful place but within himself there seemed no peace.

He laughed a low, bitter, mocking laugh. He had come here to escape the eternal chase of the flapper and had run

into the youngest one he had ever encountered. What was the matter with them or what was the matter with him? He didn't want their adulation. It made him feel like a fool. The less he sought it and the more irritable he became about it, the more attraction he seemed to have for them. And the only woman he cared about, the only woman he would be willing to follow around the world for an understanding smile from some one else.

WELL, he'd turn in early without so much as a drink, read a few scripts and sleep. At least he had escaped telegrams, telephones and the curious crowds. He could for a few hours, loaf and invite his soul.

He swung up the stairs three at a time and found Marjorie sitting in the middle of his bed, Marjorie, in a rose chiffon negligée, a strand of pearls wound around her throat, a rose tied in her hair, holding a tray with a decanter of claret and two glasses.

"What the dickens!" he said.

"Oh, at last!" she exclaimed. She moved toward him upsetting the wine. He rescued it and then jerked her off the bed.

"Get back to your room," he said.

She wavered in front of him, the chiffon folds of the negligée swirling on the floor. "Oh, no," she protested. "This is exactly like that picture, don't you remember? You were the King of France and lived in a palace and you said, 'Bring her in,' and there were candles and wine and she came in with two 'flunkeys' and you said, 'Sit down, Madame,' and you kissed her hand. Don't you remember?"

She had not once paused for breath.

"LOOK here," he said. "That was a picture and this is life. I am not the King of France and you are not Diane de Poitiers. You are a very sweet but very naughty little girl who ought to be in bed and I'm a tired man, old enough to be your father."

"I'm madly in love with you," she cried, "I'd like to be hammered to you." She stood swaying in front of him with her arms flung out toward him.

"Behave yourself," he warned.

"Oh, don't you like my being in love with you? I'm too young," she wailed. "I'm too young. Oh, let me throw myself in the river."

She flung herself on the floor, beating it with her hands.

"Just one kind word," she implored and mopped her eyes, though there was not a sign of tears in them.

"Are you going to behave yourself and go to your room?" he demanded.

"No," she announced. "I always do what I want to do."

"I know; it devils your personality," he answered. "Well, you'll do as you're told now or be spanked. Will you go back to your room?"

"No," she said. "I'm going to stay here and have some wine—I'm—"

He picked her up unceremoniously, turned her over his

knee and spanked her, resounding slaps that hurt and amazed her. Then he stood her up in front of him.

"Oh," she said and put her hands in back of her. "Oh!" He half-dragged her to the door where he found her nurse. "Here," he said, "take this child and put her to bed."

Millbrooke went back to his room feeling like a brute.

He threw the clothes that had been put out for the night in his bag. "Better New York than the quiet country," he decided and started for the garage. He paused hearing the child crying and went to the desk.

"Dear little Marjorie," he wrote. "Don't see too many pictures but do grow up to be the beautiful girl that you promise to be. Ever yours, Rob Millbrooke."

She can show that to Dorothy, he thought and drove away.

Tired of publicity Millbrooke had come here to escape the eternal chase of the flapper and had run into the youngest one he had ever encountered



They Will Select The

*SMART SET Has the Honor to Present The
And Crown the Winner with*



Vina Delmar, whose stories prove that she understands young women as well—if not better—than any other author

Jesse Lasky, Vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, who in this capacity has met and talked with thousands of girls



Rosamond Pinchot Gaston

THE editors of SMART SET feel exceptionally fortunate in being permitted to present this brilliant young New York society woman as one of the judges. Behind Mrs. Gaston's name there lie tradition, prestige and achievement. Daughter of Amos Pinchot, the famous lawyer; niece of Gifford Pinchot, ex-Governor of the state of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Gaston, herself, is one of the types that are most often referred to as "a typical American girl." It was her very American beauty that caught the eye of Max Reinhardt, Germany's greatest theatrical producer and which caused him to offer her the rôle of the Nun in his master production, "The Miracle," and in which Mrs. Gaston won international fame.

A young woman of quality, of intelligence, of talent, Mrs. Gaston understands and knows American girls. She regards SMART SET's effort as an opportunity to discover that golden creature, The Typical American Girl.

Jesse L. Lasky

Since 1914 Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, has been producing moving pictures that depict all the phases and cross sections of American life. He has discovered movie stars and watched them rise and wane. He has observed hundreds of beauty contests, seen

SMART SET pledged itself to a Golden Cause last month.

With all the world as witness it promised to find that almost legendary figure, The Typical American Girl, bring her to fame and reward her with \$5,000. It is a quest destined to break a golden trail before the fortunate girl this magazine discovers as the lovely personification of the world's finest type of young womanhood.

We have already made the first and most important move in this quest.

When we decided to search for and find America's Golden Girl we realized that there must be authority behind our selection. We knew that our choice must be universally recognized and approved. So the group of persons who were to act as our judges in this contest had to be especially qualified to make this reward of national significance.

SMART SET's first duty was to organize this group.

WE WANTED prominent people, whose position in life and whose experience and background particularly qualified them to appreciate those qualities that most truly represent The Typical American Girl. We aimed to choose persons who represented the more important phases of American life and who could bring a highly specialized point of view to the subject of American girlhood. Consequently we journeyed into the social, artistic, literary and theatrical fields to find exactly the right people for our committee of judges. To date we have assembled the following distinguished group all of whom have special qualifications which fit them for the task.

Rosamond Pinchot Gaston, Jesse L. Lasky, Vina Delmar, John Golden and Guy Hoff.



John Golden, famous producer of many leading theatrical hits and a booster of youth

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Typical American Girl

*Distinguished Committee Which Will Sit in Judgment
\$5000.00 and FAME*

thousands of screen tests. Beauty to him is almost a commonplace, talent a purchasable commodity. It has been his business to know The Typical American Girl, what she wants, what she is interested in, what she is like. Consequently no man could be better qualified to discover the girl for whom SMART SET is seeking.

Vina Delmar

Vina Delmar is only twenty-two and already famous. She is the author of "Bad Girl," one of the truest portraits of one type of American girl that was ever penned. She is the author of many arresting, provocative short stories. She is a girl who has fought her own way, every inch of it. She is married and the mother of a baby boy. She knows the very heart of the American girl. She herself is a member of the generation of which she writes. No individual could be better trained to find the most perfect embodiment of the archetype of American femininity.

John Golden

JOHN GOLDEN is one of the most successful producers on Broadway. He has put on such plays as "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'," "Seventh Heaven," "The First Year," "Four Walls," "Pigs" and nearly one hundred others. A man of unusual human insight and sympathetic understanding of life and people, a genius for observation, Mr. Golden is a veritable encyclopedia of information concerning types of humanity. Mr. Golden knows all America.



Rosamond Pinchot Gaston, prominent society girl whose theatrical and social work bring her in close contact with the American girl

He is familiar with all of its aspects. He has studied and interpreted youth too long to be deceived. His training will help him recognize The Typical American Girl.

Guy Hoff

GUY HOFF is the new cover artist of SMART SET. It is he who will paint the portraits of the five girls selected from the twenty chosen by newspapers throughout our land as the finest local candidates for the high reward. Mr. Hoff is a typical American product. He was born and went to school at Rochester, New York. He always wanted to be an artist but his family sent him to an agricultural college where he stuck it out for a year. Then a friend noticed his sketches and so encouraged him that Mr. Hoff took himself off to art school, supporting himself after lessons by his free lance drawings. One of these came to the attention of the Art Student's League of New York, which organization is always on the outlook for clever beginners and Mr. Hoff was awarded a scholarship.

Mr. Hoff has done pretty girl heads for the covers of all our better magazines. He has done pretty girl posters for most of our leading theaters. And every girl he has ever drawn has been a typical American girl.

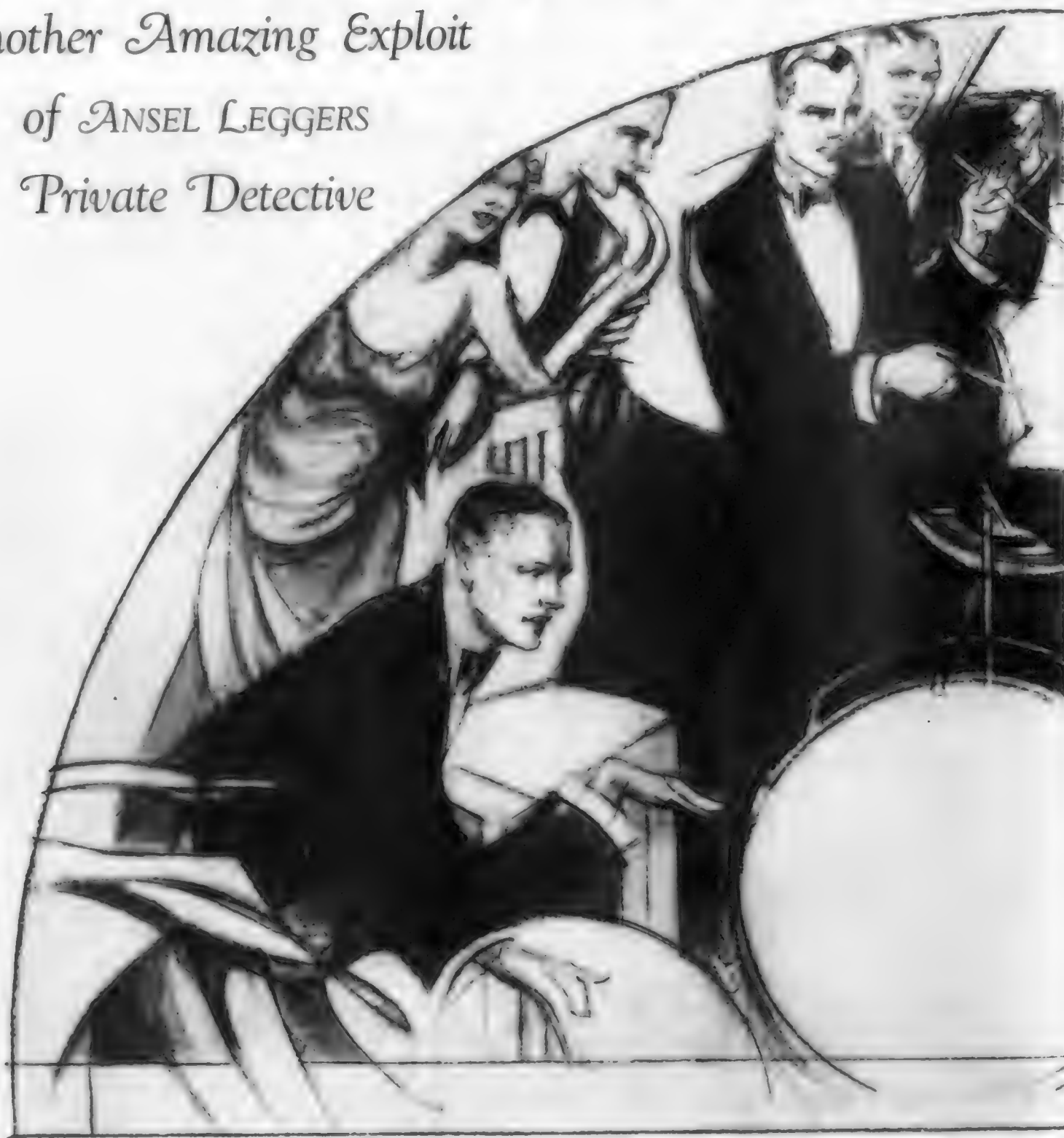
These are the five together with the editor of SMART SET already chosen. The selection will be made only after [Continued on page 114]



Guy Hoff, who paints the covers for many other of the leading women's magazines besides Smart Set

The Mystery of

Another Amazing Exploit
of ANSEL LEGGERS
Private Detective



THE following is one of the most curious cases with which I have ever dealt, a case that had the whole country guessing for several breathless days, but with whose real solution the press was never acquainted.

It had to do with the total disappearance of a girl of nineteen, Janice Ellery. What made the case so astounding was that though she had many friends, came of well-known people, had her picture and description broadcast across the nation, with detectives and the police of every city on the watch, there was absolutely no trace of her.

No river or bay had yielded up her body; no witness had had even a fleeting glimpse of her; every clue proved false; there did not even seem to be an adequate motive for the act.

At eight o'clock last Wednesday evening Janice Ellery was a student, telling her girl friend she had a simply melted into thin air. Every clue has proved false;

She simply vanished, dematerialized, melted away like a ghost.

I studied the case attentively, so far as the newspapers went, and in odd moments my assistant, Wattles, and I discussed it in the office of my apartment on West Eleventh Street.

"Wattles," I said, "I'll put the case in a nutshell; let's see what we can deduce from it. Here we have a girl, Janice Ellery, daughter of a well-known merchant of Providence,

f the Silver Slipper

As Reported
By

JAMES
OPPENHEIM



left her room near Columbia University where she date. That was the last seen or heard of her. She there does not even seem to be any motive for the act

Rhode Island. She comes to New York to study at Columbia University.

"She goes through the flapper period and her parents hear of it. They are old-fashioned people and New Englanders to boot. They put her on the carpet and give her a terrific dressing down. After that she lives very quietly. She is mildly studious; keeps regular hours; her life is open and above board. She goes out once in a while with a quiet chap named

Royce. Then, without any warning, this last Wednesday, she leaves her room on One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, a little after eight P. M., telling her girl friend she has a date, and that is the last seen or heard of her. She simply melted into thin air.

"WATTLES," I went on, "every explanation I make leaves the thing hanging. But one thing is sure, the motive for her act must be worked out before they can find a clue to where she is. She might have lost her mind from over-study or some unhappiness, but this possibility is denied by family, friends and teachers. She was only mildly studious and even on the last day was quiet and apparently serene.

In this solution of a mystery that had the country by the ears not so long ago you can take the trail with the brilliant investigator who found Janice Ellery and brought her safely home

Of course there are women who are outwardly calm and volcanic within, but no one seems to think that of her. Besides, if she were demented and wandering about she would surely have been seen and her strange conduct noted. It can't be that.

The theory that she killed herself is equally fishy, for a dead body is sure to be found in or near the city, and she couldn't have traveled far without some one noticing her.

The only thing left is a lover and there's no trace of one. At the time she went through her flapper period, there was a fellow, Arlington, but since her mother stepped in she has led a very quiet, orderly life, and no man in it but this Royce fellow and that appears to be a plain, even distant friendship.

"No, Wattles, I'm stumped. How about you?"

"Wish we had the case," he said and that was as far as we got that night.

But imagine the thrill when Wattles pounded on my door early Sunday morning and shouted:

"Grab your phone. It's old man Ellery."

I sat plumb upright and seized the instrument.

"Ansel Leggers?" asked a shaking voice. "I'm Randolph Ellery. My daughter—"

"I know," I broke in. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, police headquarters said you—"

"Shall I come to your place? Have you your daughter's belongings?"

"If you will, please. The police gave me her things after they had studied—" He was silent and a strange chill went down my spine as I suddenly realized in human terms what before had been mainly a fascinating puzzle.

I saw the girl's father and mother, sleepless, aghast, probably remorseful and wishing perhaps that they knew she was dead, safely dead, rather than in the clutch of the unknown.

"I'll be right up," I said. "Where are you staying now?"

"The Commodore," he said.

NOT fifteen minutes later Wattles and I entered the hotel, had ourselves announced and took the elevator to the twenty-first floor. A man and a woman were waiting for us at an open door.

"Mr. Leggers?" the man asked. "Thank you for coming."

I saw at once that he was of the finest type of New Englander, a gentleman, perhaps a scholar. Mrs. Ellery was of a softer type, a little like a crushed flower. She looked as though her life were being drained from her. She was of an unearthly pallor, as though she had just gotten up from a sick-bed—her soft blue eyes were wide with pain.

Mr. Ellery escorted her slowly to a chair. Then he sat at her side and held her hand.

Suddenly she spoke in a low, lifeless voice:

"If getting on my knees to you would help, Mr. Leggers—"

"What will help, dear lady," I said.

"Is a cool head and a strong heart. Your daughter is somewhere and must be found. Mr. Ellery," I went on, "is there anything that you have kept hidden from the police or the press?"

His gray eyes looked through mine.

"Nothing at all."

"And are those the belongings?" I asked and pointed to a lounge heaped with a woman's garments, toilet

articles and books. I stepped over to have a look at them.

"Yes, sir."

Wattles started to study them piece by piece. I turned back to Mr. Ellery. "Do you know of any motive for her act?"

"None, sir."

"May I ask you some rather intimate questions?"

A slight shudder passed over his body, and I realized then how painful all the publicity had been.

"Anything that will help."

"Then, tell me," I went on, "was there ever any insanity in your family?"

"None." Those clear eyes left no loophole for suspicion.

"Did your daughter have a happy childhood, Mr. Ellery?"

MOST happy." The words brought tears to his eyes. "We lived in Providence, Rhode Island, in the winter, and on a Connecticut farm in summer."

"Did she, as a child or later, manifest any morbid or abnormal tendency?"

"As a child she had a terrible temper, Mr. Leggers. She would kick, scream, bite, refuse food, and then be sorry. I mean, ask us forgiveness."

"O God," Mrs. Ellery suddenly cried out, "it's we, Randolph, who need forgiveness. I shouldn't have scolded her so hard; it would have been better to let her drink and all. Why couldn't I understand a girl's heart? When will I be forgiven for that deed?"

"Mother," he said softly, patting her hand, "you told her what you had to."

Hard as it was, I had to go on.

"She got over her bad temper, Mr. Ellery?"

"Completely," he said.

"And it was about drinking that her mother scolded her? When was that?"

"Two months ago."

"Was she really wild, Mr. Ellery?"

"Like so many of the girls of today—staying up late, going a lot." I saw then that he strongly disapproved of the modern girl, that he had the old-fashioned view of the matter. "But since then," he went on, "she's been quiet and good. She saw she was breaking her mother's heart."

"And how about these two men, Arlington and Royce, Mr. Ellery?" I asked.

"I believe the first was a flirtation—a mistake, of course. She promised to see no more of him. I believe she kept that promise. As to Royce, I wish she had loved him. I would be glad if he were my own son."

"A young man of character?" I asked.

"Open and ardent and clean. He took her out occasionally."

"And there were no other men in her life, or even boys when she was a girl?"

"Oh, a few childish friendships, nothing special."

"And outside of a bad temper, nothing abnormal? Was she very secretive, Mr. Ellery?"

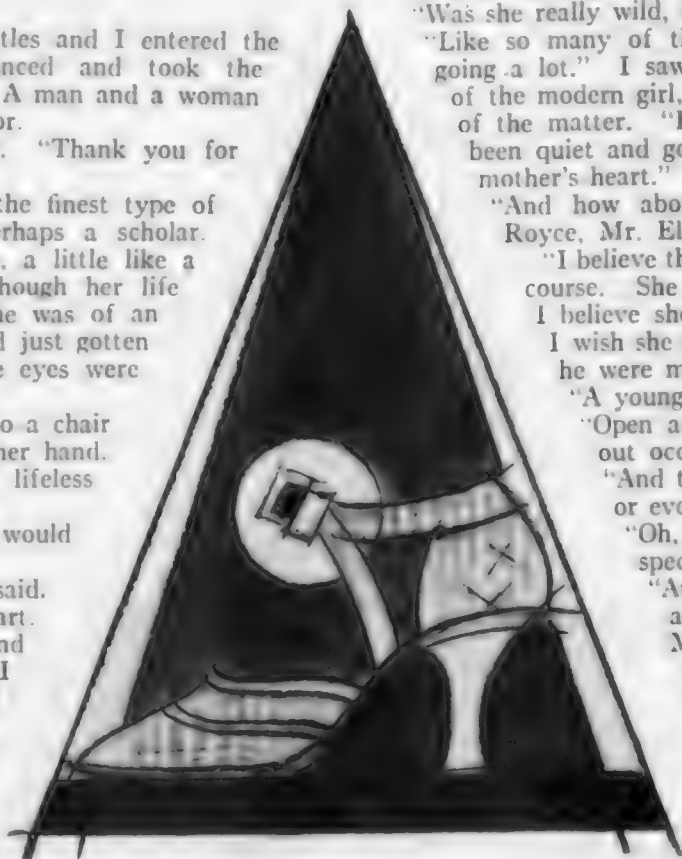
"No, just quiet. Didn't talk much about herself."

"Had she any girl friends?"

"Only one," he said, "a Miss Mercier, a sensible and practical young woman, a classmate. She was of no help."

"I should like the addresses of Arlington, Royce and Miss Mercier. If they are in the

[Continued on page 118]



Drawings
By VERA CLERE



"Janice suddenly felt faint and asked for a glass of water. I rushed to the kitchenette to get it for her. It took only a few minutes but when I returned she seemed curiously changed. Her words were so strange. 'Hello,' she said. 'I'm the original pumpkin eater; you're the pumpkin. Good-by. I'm going down the shadow-path.' And with that she left"

How to Have a Good Time in New York

[Continued from page 27]

enormously successful because she branched away from the dull sameness of a regular routine. Her clubs have not been representative of New York's night life. They have all been unique.

If Texas is in town when you get here, see her by all means. You can forget every other club in the city if she is operating because she gives you more night club value per doll than any other cabaret in America.

I have seen her tap bank presidents upon their domes with a wooden hammer. I have heard her call Counts and Dukes "suckers." I have seen her insult railroad magnates and celebrated stars as though they were ordinary newspaper columnists. Yet they all take it and love it. So will you.

Her motto, like that of the celebrated poem, is "Din, Din, Din." She can create more noise in a small space than any other living thing. She is an amazing creature, radiating vitality and worldly wisdom. You may not like her. Plenty of people don't. But, by Jove, you must admire her ceaseless energy and her ability to entertain.

IN CONNECTION with the Guinan club, they tell a story of a Pittsburgh millionaire who ducked his spouse for the first time in many years and hopped to New York on a spree. It was his first lapse in the lengthy time that he had controlled the destinies of his iron foundry. And he made it a beaut.

This particular millionaire was drunk for six long days. He turned day into night and nights into daze. And he was in the Guinan club from the time it opened until the time it closed.

Finally, on the seventh day, some friends poured him into a train and sent him home to Pittsburgh. He showed up at his iron factory the next afternoon, still nursing one of the worst hang-overs in all history.

He staggered into his plant. The din was beyond all belief. Nothing but noise, noise, noise. Pressing his hands to his forehead, he lurched over to the foreman of the plant. He dug his hand into his pocket, drew it forth and pressed it into the palm of the astonished foreman.

"I want a front row table tonight, George," he shouted. "And by the way, did Guinan get here yet?"

The cost of an evening at the New York night clubs has been vastly exaggerated. The highest cover charge in New York is \$5. Some of them charge \$4. But most of them stick to a \$3 and \$2.50 tax.

Thus, in a spot like Guinan's, where the cover charge is generally \$4, it is entirely possible for two people to spend a very pleasant evening for \$15. This will include your cover charge, two bottles of water, two chicken sandwiches and your tips. That's not so bad, is it?

Of course, if you wander into night clubs with a bottle of gin under your arm and another one under your belt, it is only to be expected that the waiter will add the date on your check. All of the complaints about New York's night life come from out-of-towners who walk into cabarets, order everything in sight, drink plenty, and then raise a rumpus when the check comes around.

The places we have just described boast of open doors. That is to say, anybody is welcome to come in and sit down. Anybody with the dough, of course.

But these are not the real places. The real spots in New York are those with the locked doors. You will find them all over the city from the Battery to the very tip of the Bronx. There are thousands of them. They are commonly known as speak-easies. Yet they are nothing more than

the old-time cafés.

Variety, the theatrical trade journal, recently estimated that there were two thousand such places in the immediate vicinity of Times Square. Variety was conservative.

These are the places you will want to see. Not all of them, of course. Two or three will more than suffice. But you must visit some of our speak-easies if you want to get an honest glimpse of New York life of today.

If I were visiting New York, I would search out a friend and ask him to escort me to a speak-easy or two. Everybody in town knows at least five speak-easies. If they don't, they are looked upon with suspicion.

Don't go alone. If a cab driver turns around to you, winks and asks you if you'd like to take in a night club or two tell him you'd rather not. That driver merely wants to propel you to what is known as a "steer" joint. He steers you there, gets you inside, and then waits around to collect thirty per cent of your check.

The Ideal Day in New York for a Single Girl

Up at nine o'clock.

Shopping all morning, sparing no expense. Luncheon at noon with John Barrymore. Matinee of George White's "Scandals," escorted by Jimmy Walker.

Dinner at the Colony.

To the theater with Gene Tunney.

Texas Guinan's club, escorted by Flo Ziegfeld and George White.

Home and to bed.

The Ideal Day in New York for a Single Boy

Up at ten o'clock.

A visit to Wall Street with J. J. Raskob. Luncheon at noon in Marilyn Miller's apartment.

To the ball game and on the player's bench as the guest of Babe Ruth.

Dinner with Mae West, while Mary Eaton looks on jealously.

To the theater with Gladys Glad.

To a night club.

Home and to bed.

The Ideal Day in New York for a Married Couple

Stay where you are.

Avoid joints of that type. They'll take you like Peaches tried to take Daddy. These places are sordid, dirty and dangerous. Look out for them.

If you must go to a New York cabaret, you can be on the safe side if you will observe three little rules: tip liberally, applaud plentifully, and, above all, don't flirt with the other girl's fellow or the other fellow's girl!

HAVING dispensed with theaters and cabarets, let's see what else I can find to tell you about having a good time in New York.

Restaurants, naturally, must be a source of great annoyance to the out-of-towner. I live in the city and I hate the darned places. There are so many of them around town that, if you're not careful, they will get in your hair. It must be a constant source of wonderment to New York's visitors that so many places can survive. New Yorkers view the situation from another

angle. They wonder how so many of the patrons survive.

If you are stopping at any one of the city's better hotels, you can't go wrong by eating right where you are. Most of the hotels serve food that is excellent. They have to. Competition is too keen for anything else.

If you must eat out and you are in the extreme lower portion of the city, try Whyte's on Fulton street. Going further uptown, the meals at Barney's, on West Third street, are most delicious. I eat there myself whenever I can afford it. Barney is a direct descendant of Italian nobility and his dinners are things of beauty. You'll like Barney. Aside from being one of America's handsomest men, he is quite a character.

IN THE center of the city, there are so many excellent places that it is really quite a task to enumerate them. Accordingly, I will not try. Sufficient to state that, in my opinion, the Colony restaurant, on East Sixty-first Street, stands above them all.

Prices at the Colony, however, are far beyond the reach of the average man. The average dinner check for two people at the Colony seldom goes beneath \$20. The food there is the last word but the check has given many an out-of-towner nervous indigestion. Unless your bank account can stand a healthy strain, don't try the Colony.

What else do people do in New York? Let's see now.

Well, there's a boat that goes around Manhattan Island every day. You see all the sights from that boat. Don't ask me what it's like. I've never been on it. And I know of no New Yorker, with the exception of the captain, who ever has.

Then there's the Zoo. That's where you see all the pretty animals. Gnus, and zebras, and eagles, and bears, and donkeys, and monkeys, and what-nots. I've never been there either. But they say it's very nice.

And you mustn't miss the aquarium. That's where they keep all the fish. They tell me there's no other place like it in the world. But I wouldn't know about that. I've never been there. Never visit the aquarium until after you've been to a night club. You can then have plenty of fun comparing the fishes in both places.

IF YOU'RE here in the summer time, don't miss Coney Island. Coney Island is unquestionably the largest spot of its kind in America. There's nothing else like it. Once in Coney Island, you can ride on death-defying rides that will make your hair stand on end.

You can stuff yourself with frankfurters and ice cream. You can see the fattest man, the thinnest woman and, for ten cents extra, a combination of both. Coney Island is for the old, the young and the silly. When you finally get home, you're sick to your stomach and pretty well bruised. The good time then comes in telling your friends what a marvelous time you've had.

You might of course take in a couple of the museums which you'll find scattered about. They're fine shelters if you get caught in the rain. And there's Greenwich Village and the Bowery and a lot of other landmarks that you'd better leave until your second trip when you're better acquainted with the best places to stay away from. Then you won't need any of my advice.

In conclusion I think it would be a good idea to give a little table showing my idea of the way to have a good time in New York. It will cover just one way in our town. Follow the foregoing table and you can't go wrong.

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The Man Who Understood Women

[Continued from page 30]

waiting for him after every court struggle. Before her he had summed up the major movements of the battle, marking with a gesture the points she was to jot down. And she would sit forward on her chair, listening to every word. Sometimes she smiled at his pet phrases. Sometimes she smiled at the neat twist he had given her own ideas. Sometimes she asked a childlike question that put the whole matter in a new light. And, more often than not, she had closed the session by remarking that he was a wonderful lawyer.

RAPP pondered over old Jocelyn's fat fee. It failed to thrill him. He mused on the flattering remarks of the other attorneys in the court room. They did not cheer him. Sullen, a trifle sick, he went home. And in the ensuing week the mood of half-sick unease persisted.

He played golf and somehow for the first time the objective comicality of himself slicing golf balls made him lose interest. He tried tennis but the net was always in the way. He took long walks and got unaccountably angry at the condition of the roads. So he tried a doctor. He was worried, the doctor said, and that fretted him. He was overworked, the doctor said, and that pleased him. Too many clients. Too few vacations. He must knock off for a month or two, let down. That satisfied him.

He went back to the office, where everything was the color of dust and settled down in his old chair to wind up a few pressing matters. But he couldn't work. That dull old hole on the second floor gave him a queer twinge.

"Yep," he thought, "that doctor was right. That fellow knows his business. When you get to love the old ways, the old places, the old friends too much, it's a warning. Habits are bad. A healthy man is plastic. His habits are never his master."

Vaguely then came to his mind a funny line somewhere in these locked files. "Habit is the elder sister of love." Now where did he get that line? It wasn't his own. Now it flashed back that Kitty had suggested it to him, years ago. It was made to order for Polk versus Polk. A good line, too, for that case. "Good little Kitty," he said. "That dear little woman."

The tower clock tolled six. The sun was setting.

He locked his desk.

He sighed, looked about, took his hat.

"If she'd had the right training," he thought, "she might have been a great lawyer with a marvelous intuition for understanding the frailties and motives of the human heart. There are advantages in knowing the feminine point of view."

He went on ruminating while engaged in a peculiar occupation. He was making little trips from the stand in the corner, where he filled a glass of water, over to Kitty's plants on the window sill. It satisfied him to rave one minute, to water Kitty's geraniums the next. It wouldn't do to let them dry up. They needed attention. He was twitching off a few withered brown leaves when the door behind him was pushed open and Kitty herself looked in. He found her watching him when he turned about, glass in hand.

"Plants need water," he grumbled.

She moved softly past him, a trim little figure in a blue traveling suit, pert sport shoes and phosphorescent stockings. She went to her desk, removed a proud little hat, touched bountiful hair in which was the

glint of sunlight. Her cheeks were tanned, her lips softened in a contented little smile, her eyes very bright as she looked about like one getting home.

"How do you do, Mr. Rapp," she said. "I'm back."

His knees trembled. "I missed you, Kitty," he answered.

She laughed. "I missed the little old typewriter."

He took refuge in his chair, but there was a catch in his voice when he said, "Hope you had a good time."

She leaned against her desk and smiled a pretty affirmation.

He heaved himself out of his chair. "You're looking fine."

He spoke vigorously, almost violently, standing before her, feet wide apart, hands deep in pockets.

"The mountains," she replied, "are very beautiful at this time of the year."

"Yeah?"

"Very beautiful, Mr. Rapp." She looked away, then back at him. "But I missed the little old typewriter. I suppose you've had some one—"

"Plenty!" he shouted an octave too high.

"At any rate," she mused, "it was sweet of you to water my plants."

"They're my plants," he grumbled with unaccountable indignation. "I took 'em over when you left me flat. But you can have them now, because I'm going away on a vacation. I'm going abroad."

A shadow passed over her small face and she turned away to escape his scrutiny, went to her battered desk, peeped under the cover on her typewriter.

"Look here," he demanded. "Where's that Jim of yours?"

"Jim?" She laughed. "Well, Mr. Rapp, Jim's had a slight reverse. That's all I care to say."

RAPP saw through everything at a glance. "Damn that man," he raved. Then he said worse. She did not answer. She seemed to agree with everything he said. That pleased him. So he groped for some semblance of drollery, "I suppose this time the horse he bet on turned out to be a mule."

"I guess so," she sighed. "Poor Jim."

"Huh!" he gloated. "I know the rest. Glad of it."

"How funny?" she smiled.

"If you want your old job, Kitty," he beamed, "you can have it. I'd be glad to have you back. These doctors don't know everything."

She made no answer at first. Then she said, "I trust, Mr. Rapp, you've not been ill. I never knew you to go to a doctor."

"Ill? Of course I haven't been ill. But those girls got my goat. One silly female came late so she could go early. Had another that filed all my papers according to size. Had eleven altogether. No good, any of 'em. Fired 'em all. Fired one right after another. I'll raise your salary, Kitty, if you'll come back. Wish you were a lawyer. I'd make you a member of the firm."

She looked up at him in a peculiar way. There was something purposeful in her look. But she made no answer.

"You come along," he ordered, "and have dinner with me. We'll talk things over."

"Let me see," she answered at last. "Yes, thank you, Mr. Rapp, I'll be pleased. We can go in my car."

Her acceptance of his invitation made him feel very self-conscious. Kitty had changed. "Got a car?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said. "I enjoy driving, Mr. Rapp."

He looked at her steadily, looked away, looked at her again. Each time she looked back at him.

In the luxurious seat beside her he felt embarrassed yet he said, "Speaking as one business man to another, Kitty,"—this with a gesture that comprehended the car and even the clothes she wore—"Of course you must remember the rainy day."

She laughed.

"Leave it to me, Mr. Rapp," she answered. "Leave it to me."

"You drive very well," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Rapp," she replied. She drew up before his house, pulled off her gauntlets and extracted her keys from the switch. "Jim taught me. Jim's a good teacher."

"Damn that husband of yours," he snapped. "Nearly lost me the case."

She spoke frequently and affectionately of Jim while Mary served them. But after dinner she listened attentively while they sat on the west veranda and he reviewed the Jocelyn trial. She listened as of old, asked questions as of old, passed judgment as of old. He felt strangely appeased. He enjoyed his evening cigar for the first time in weeks. He felt relaxed. He felt much better.

"Look here, Kitty," he said. "Come back and I'll double your salary."

"Let me see," she considered. "It was seventeen, if I remember, Mr. Rapp? Am I worth thirty-four to you? That's a good deal."

"You're worth thirty-five," he blustered.

She answered, "I'm not sure, though, that Jim would want me to work for you, Mr. Rapp. He really doesn't like you."

Rapp snarled, then grew sullen.

There was a long pause.

AT LAST, when it seemed to him she must be puzzled by some personal matter he did not understand, she sat forward on her chair and said, "Mr. Rapp, I am so puzzled. And you are the only man whose advice I'd take. Really, the only man."

At once he was on his feet, pacing the floor, seeing everything so clearly in that astute, wordly-wise old brain of his. Here was Kitty, his secretary, his associate, pleading for his help. One more frail little female, deluded, unhappy. A new hurt in his heart made him wince. "Go on, Kitty," he faltered. "I'll do what I can."

"Was it right," she asked, "for Jim to take five hundred dollars from Mrs. Jocelyn for skipping out and dodging service?"

"Ha!" Rapp glittered. "So that was it. I knew that I guessed right. I got that out of her."

"You're sometimes right, Mr. Rapp, in what may be called your divinations," Kitty agreed. "But should Jim have done it?"

"Rather not! Decidedly not! No!" he shouted. "But as I won without the assistance of this—Well, as I won, I'm not going to put myself out to give him his deserts. I'm through with him. Wish you were."

"I was afraid he did wrong," Kitty twisted her handkerchief in a fidget. "But of course his wanting my savings to invest—"

Rapp paced the floor again. "Heavens, Kitty!" he yelped. "You didn't let him get away with that!"

"Of course not," Kitty said, "I remembered that case of Mulligan versus Mulligan, 1921."

"You remembered that case? Wise girl!"

"Oh, that's what I got for working with the biggest lawyer in the state," she agreed.

"Recall the judge's ruling on that point?"

Rapp seated himself beside her and scanned her with boyish enthusiasm.

"Oh, yes, sir." Kitty settled back and forthwith summarized the whole decision without a slip.

He turned on her, and bellowed at her, "Kitty, I'm an old fool. I—well—I ought to have married you nine years ago!"

"Yes, sir," she agreed, "but Mr. Rapp, aren't you begging the point?"

Rapp squirmed. She had him there. Caught in his own trap. She was clever. For nine years he had been telling her, in preparation for his addresses in court and in numberless asides, that women were cunning little schemers, everlastingly enticing honest men into wedlock by smirks, and caresses, and monstrous flatteries, that men were the soft victims of designing females, that men never had a chance. Never! Unless they were rogues, like Jim Perkins.

"I repeat," said he slowly, "that I ought to have married you, Kitty, nine years ago. It has just occurred to me that if you hadn't been in such an awful rush to marry this Perkins, well—things might have worked out better."

"But I wasn't in any rush to marry him."

Kitty lifted an innocent face, vivid and beautiful in the soft light.

"Why, Kitty, you told me yourself you didn't meet him until the Jocelyn case brought to my office."

"I know it."

"Well?"

"Just the same, Mr. Rapp, I wasn't in a hurry to marry him."

"Well, then, why the deuce did you?"

"I didn't."

Something welled up in Rapp that had never been experienced by him before. He roared, "Why didn't you say so?"

"Because, Mr. Rapp, you didn't give me a chance."

"Huh!"

"There were certain considerations in the matter that I did not like," she explained.

"First, since, as you have so often explained, men are always the victims of women, I naturally hesitated before endangering Mr. Perkins's career. Second, the car he owned is, as you have seen, a very nice car. A roadster is the most delightful of cars. An eight has advantages over a six, Mr. Rapp. You should see it take a hill—"

"That's irrelevant, Kitty."

"I know it," she replied. "But my position in this matter facilitates procedure."

He put his arm timidly about her.

"Third, I advanced your two hundred dollars to Jim on his car, after verifying the title. Fourth—"

Rapp drew her gently to him.

"Fourth," she went on. "The horse he bet on ran backwards."

"Where's he now, this Perkins?"

"Well, the last I heard, Mr. Rapp, Jim said he was working in a big stable over near Boston. Fifth, or second, or something—was this little minx crying or laughing, he wondered—"when I was motoring in the mountains with Auntie I got to missing the little old typewriter—"

But Rapp heard no more.

HE HAD for some days wanted to press his lips to her hair. It was lovely with the moonlight extracting the nectar from it and from the blossoms of the honeysuckle hiding the porch. He had, at times, wondered what good honeysuckle was.

In fact he had, at times, wondered what good the stars were, except for purposes of navigation on the high seas. But he snatched a deep breath and whispered, "Oh, Kitty! Kitty!"

"Here I am, Mr. Rapp," she answered and raised her lips. "Go ahead. Try it on your Kitty."

He kissed her. And it was as if a star had burst within him, shedding its warmth in all directions.




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Can a Woman Lead Her Own Life —And Find Happiness?

[Continued from page 73]

Perhaps it is even sad in individual cases. But that is woman just the same."

It is a popular notion, I know, that freedom and happiness are identical terms.

Nothing, however, could be further from the truth.

Freedom may bring happiness, yes. The desire to express oneself unhampered—socially, economically, emotionally—may thrill and invigorate like the rare, stimulating atmosphere of the Swiss Alps.

But does continued freedom continue to bring happiness to you women or to anybody?

Are the all-year-round inhabitants of the Alps affected advantageously by continually breathing in rarefied mountain air?

Human beings require change, for change yields a kick.

Let Miss D., the school teacher mentioned above, have a six months' fling with her painting ambitions in Paris and the cramping job she now despises will not seem so dreadful after all.

Let Mrs. W. live in close intimacy with her husband for a few weeks and the little apartment where she now lives all alone may appear more inviting than she realizes.

I AM acquainted with a couple that recognizes the value of change and they seem to have worked out a satisfactory program.

In this case leading her own life means for the wife, a trip to another city alone, without the husband, without the children and with the unrestricted privilege of going out with whom she pleases and when she pleases.

"When I start out on these little jaunts of mine," she confided, "I am filled with enthusiasm. To be away and to do what I like, no one to ask questions, no household duties, no planning of meals, no worry about what Mrs. Jones across the street may think and say if I take a walk with another man!

"That's my feeling the first day at any rate. The next day when I boldly sally forth to be my own boss I'm not so sure this freedom urge of mine is altogether what it pretends to be. On the third day I become rather indifferent. On the fourth I'm bored. And usually before the week is out I'm back home again secretly wishing that my family would fasten a ball and chain around my ankle so as to prevent my giving way the next time to the mad desires of mine to be free."

If you women could arrange to go off on little freedom trips so as to lead your own lives every now and again you undoubtedly would not worry so much about what you would like to do and what might have been.

AND another thing you would learn—that enslavement can bring as much, if not more, happiness than freedom.

Bear in mind that life is give and take, that the enjoyment of liberties is possible only because of certain other limitations and restrictions.

If you were absolutely free you would no longer enjoy freedom itself!

Suppose, for instance, that you young girls were never halted in your desires by your parents. Would your first dance or your first love affair give you any thrill?

Contrarywise, suppose you are forbidden to wear diamonds, large or small, until you

are engaged. Don't you think that solitaire placed on your finger by the man you love will be enhanced a thousandfold simply because you were prevented from wearing jewelry before?

And suppose you are mature or married and are permitted to do whatever you like? What then? Do you really imagine such liberty will tingle your nerves?

No! Freedom thrills when it is exceptional, when it is a change, when it is an antidote for restriction.

I don't say you women are happiest when enslaved to the point of throttling your every opportunity and desire. But I do say that your emotional make-up is such that you enjoy restrictions more than freedom!

For centuries all you women have realized, often unconsciously, that absolute female freedom would lead to social chaos.

And so you have become used to restrictions, have even grown to like restrictions.

Your emotions are such that you must have love to be happy and love enslaves.

Your physiological constitution is such that maternity is desirable if not absolutely necessary for your well-being. Certainly the care and rearing of children is enslaving.

JUST where the line of individual freedom should be drawn it is difficult to say.

Certainly you women should be permitted to lead your own lives as much as you like provided such liberty of action does not infringe on the liberties of other women or men or society at large.

One can conceivably picture some woman demanding as part of her personal freedom the right to love a married man.

But does she not thereby deprive the wife in the case of her special rights and privileges?

We are not living in jungles nor are we subscribing to an "Everybody out for himself John" policy so far as absolute individual liberty is concerned.

ON THE contrary, we are living under a regime of "the greatest good to the greatest numbers."

And as soon as we transgress the bounds and limitations which this slowly evolving civilization of ours has worked out as the best plan after all, we pay a penalty.

That penalty for you women may be mild or severe.

It may be freedom paid for in loneliness.

It may be freedom where the price is social ostracism.

You can lead your own life if you want to break with some or all of the values you really hold dear.

You can have your career or your fling, whatever it may be.

You can satisfy almost any longing or ambition your heart desires.

You can sometimes, indeed, do it all clandestinely and get away with it for a while.

But does it pay?

Does leading your own life really make you happy?

Such cases seem to exist, I will admit. But they are only the exceptional ones that prove the rules that absolute freedom does not make a woman—nor a man either for that matter—happy.

Voice—The Key to Personality

[Continued from page 60]

Try to teach yourself to laugh out rarely; a soft ripple is enough when you want to express mirth unless you are so irresistibly amused that a good laugh bursts from you. But numbers of girls give this hearty shriek for things which, at best, are but mildly entertaining.

The jolly, noisy, shrieking fellow whacks her way through life as she whacks a golf ball but she never allures nor is she worshipped.

In moments of delirium or great anger or any other moment when all inhibitions are broken through, people always revert to the speech they used and were accustomed to hear while the impressions upon the subconscious mind were forming. Thus, you will understand how important it is to endeavor to surround your children with gently spoken companions and above all, for their sakes, how important it is that you, yourself, should speak correctly in well-modulated tones.

So, Mary, do try to follow what I say. Make yourself conscious of other people's voices. Do not just accept them without analyzing to yourself what they express or realizing why they do or do not please your ear. The moment you have created an ideal, it will automatically follow that you will grow to resemble it.

IF I were teaching an individual to speak properly I would ask him to speak a long sentence into a dictaphone and then run it off for him, and I would point out every slur and mispronunciation so that his own ear would register the faults. But any of you can listen attentively to your friends and make mental notes for guidance. If you do this you will soon improve.

I went to a most marvelous play the other night; it was almost hideously true to life; indeed there was only one point of false sequence and it applies to what we have been talking about so I will recount it to you.

The heroine and her mother are both supposed to be of the poor, working classes. The heroine speaks in the vernacular, using uncultured expressions and bad grammar; the mother has a refined voice, looks rather like a poor lady and uses very little misplacement of words. The false note is this, that the daughter, having been always in close contact with the mother, should speak so.

THE natural reaction would be that she would speak as she was taught and heard her mother speak until she was twelve, no matter what actual slang words she acquired afterwards. From ear she would use the same grammar as her mother, even if she knew nothing of rules. So remember this, Mary, not only do you lose charm yourself, when you mispronounce words and employ common expressions, but you immediately suggest to the subconscious mind of your listeners, that you came from poor, uneducated stock and had been accustomed to common language while you were still a child.

A refined, melodious voice is within the reach of all; it only requires awakened senses and a desire to eliminate faults and then the will to practice the necessary exercises. With a beautiful body, a sense of values where friends are concerned, and now an attractive voice, what a long way you will have come, Mary, on the road to being known as a personality!



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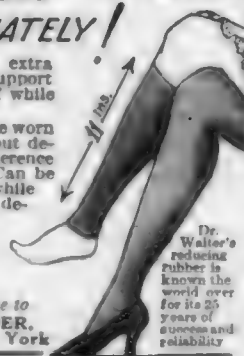
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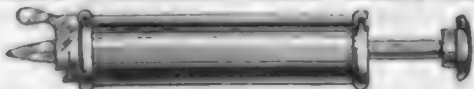
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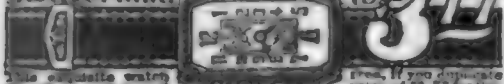
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Give 'Em What They Want

[Continued from page 45]

as something that needs readjustment too."

"Oh," Bets murmured. "Then you really don't like my type?"

"Well, to be frank, no," he answered. He was glad to be able to indulge his love of truth further.

"That is very interesting, I am sure," Bets said. She stared at the ribbon of road ahead. "I like Bob's girl, Annette," Tod went on and he almost added, "but I can't help loving you!" However, he remembered Bets's wish for friendship and he stifled his impulse.

"That is very interesting," Bets murmured. And she remembered with a turn of heart that Annette had once said Tod was the only real man on the beach and that she respected him for taking his work seriously. She had also said pointedly that he could talk interestingly and well if he had a chance.

Bets felt dangerously inclined to tears and so she was very hard.

"Well, your variety of north-pole love-making has bored me to death," she said, "so it's just as well that you've transferred your affections."

"You're running this car too fast," Tod observed.

"Mind your business," said Bets between set teeth. If she should cry before him, oh, she would die of shame!

Not long after the two reached home Bob found an absurd doll that Tod had bought for Bets because she liked it. The doll had evidently been thrown from an upper window and it was suspended on a bush, head down.

Bob presented it to the gardener who had a prodigal supply of children of all ages. Later he found Bets poking around the spot from which he had retrieved the doll.

"Lost anything?" he asked.

"No."

"Taking up gardening for a change?"

"Will you let me alone?" she asked.

SHE wanted that doll. Sometime, perhaps, when she was a lonely old woman she could get it out of hiding to look at and remember what she had lost without such poignant pain as now gripped her.

Suddenly she plumped down on the grass to weep; she couldn't help it. Bob smiled down at her. He was enough older to know that certain stages of growing up are pretty painful. The day before she had been young with the assurance of her power and today she was old because of doubt.

"Is that loathsome, poisonous snake coming out here every week?" she managed to ask between sobs.

"Oh, I don't believe so," Bob answered. "You see a lot of girls in town are getting on to the fact that he's a darned nice fellow. He gets more phone calls than any other man in the office."

Then Bets sobbed so tremendously that Bob was softened, but, as he had confessed to sundry, he knew his oats and went on ruthlessly. "Your type and the type you chase around with," he stated, "are back-numbers. Bets, I notice there's a new influence abroad and it calls for a different sort. You know Marjy Tromwell and her set are ending their dances at eleven because of the men who have to work."

Bets dropped her head to her arms which were clasped across her knees. "Oh, dear," she whimpered.

"I suppose that hour does seem a tragedy to you," Bob commented, "but the newer type are making it a fashion."

Then, whistling in a more light-hearted

fashion than his heart prompted, he strolled away. Once he looked back to see that Bets had not raised her blonde head from her arms and he thought, "Poor kid!" There was a new sag to her shoulders, one that had never been upon them before.

She was very gay at dinner that night; she wore the shortest and the lowest dress she owned and she smoked continually between courses, despite her father's objection to the habit. A close observer might have noted that her eyelids were painted with a white liquid powder. She had wept steadily during the afternoon and by five she had murmured, "Annette deserves him and I don't but I want him! I want him!"

And then she had to run cold water over her wrists in order to get even a start at composure.

But at last she seemed herself.

WHEN her mother spoke of a dear little neighbor who was very much in love with her husband, Bets set her teeth and tried to sneer.

"Love?" she echoed. "Oh, blah! There's no such thing. I had a beau last year who told me all about it. He was a psychosomething; anyway, he knew. And he used to say that there were certain women who were a stimulant to men where others were—well, you know, flat tires. He never called what he said I had, to a great degree, S. A., and in other ways he was very original. When people meet and have this biological urge, they call it love, but it isn't."

"Bets!" said Mrs. Chester.

"Well, it isn't and I shall never say I'm in love!"

Mr. Chester looked at her coldly. There were many moments when he wished that time would "turn backward just for tonight," so that he might find Bets across his knee and himself with a slipper in his right hand.

"I loved your father the moment I saw him and I have always loved him," Mrs. Chester said.

"Even before breakfast," Bets questioned, "when he looks like a frog all puffed up with sleep and yowls for his coffee as if he had been without food for ten days anyway and maybe more?"

"Met a man in town yesterday," Mr. Chester stated, "who said all the moderns ought to be put in a barrel and fed through a bung-hole until they were thirty at least. Every one is getting pretty tired of this cheap stuff, even the young incendiaries themselves. You notice they have to do something all the time. Can't bear to hear each other talk!"

"When I have children," said Bets and her voice broke. "I shall be kind to them."

"Thought you weren't going to have children?" Bob questioned. "The last time you spoke of that you said somebody or other had said the world was overpopulated and that you didn't want children anyway because your sister Nina had lost one tooth and a little hair."

"It was merely problematic," Bets said, "that statement of mine. However, I probably won't have them, as I shall never marry, and I don't think it's fair to the children to bear them out of wedlock."

This was too much for Mr. Chester. He stood up, darkly flushed and very angry. "My dear," he said to Mrs. Chester, "I wish you could do something with your daughter."

"She's yours too, Charles!" Mrs. Chester answered. And Bets felt her eyes fill. No

one wanted her. They all actually disclaimed her! Her father always said, "Your cook," to Mrs. Chester when Norah had burned something.

"I did not ask you to give me birth!" she sang out.

"Oh, Lord," said Mr. Chester and flung himself from the room. Then Mrs. Chester remembered Todhunter, who had been sitting rigid and breathless during this exhibition. "I'm very sorry Elizabeth has felt called upon to make all this upset, Todhunter," she said.

"Oh—er—not at all," he murmured without looking up from his plate.

"And I am sorry that any child of mine should speak so before a guest and that she should be so inconsiderate of her poor father who has worked all day."

Bets had found her handkerchief and she spoke from behind it. "He played golf all afternoon!" she wailed. "That's not very hard work."

"He was playing with a customer, Elizabeth," Mrs. Chester stated. "Men have to do that, your father tells me. And he said it was a very trying afternoon; his score was high. Shall we move into the living room?"

They sat in the library to drink their coffee. Norah moved around as if she were treading the edge of a temperamental volcano and once she looked scornfully at Bets and sniffed. Bets's eyes again filled. Not even Norah loved her!

"I don't suppose you'll be coming back next week?" Bets asked Todhunter at nine o'clock. She had said she was "going to bed early because she was bored to death and sleepy."

Todhunter thought he read her wish. "No, not next week," he answered. "I'm so sorry but something else has come up, something that I must attend to. I can't put it off."

THE next two weeks were the longest that Bets had ever known. She studied Annette and tried to copy her ways, which were quiet and felt to be enchanting by older people. And she told her mother that she was going to let her hair grow and that she thought, in the fall, she would go to nurse a leper colony in order to do something worth while.

"My hat," Bob muttered at that, "haven't the lepers enough bad luck without your throwing a monkey wrench in the works? Can you see her doing the black bottom at a death bed?"

Bets sobbed deeply at that and without a word she left the room.

"You shouldn't speak so to her," said Mrs. Chester. "I don't know what's the matter with her. She's cried the whole week. I'm just about done up. And she hasn't gone anywhere. She just sits home and cries."

At the end of the fourth week Bets couldn't bear it and she sent a note to Todhunter. She hoped he would come out even if he could spare them only a few hours. She wanted to tell him something that was important.

Todhunter, with many apologies and much shame, showed the note to Bob.

"Make it a few hours," Bob advised. "Toddy, old boy, always remember it pays to give 'em what they want!"

Todhunter came without a bag and Bets, seeing this from the window sobbed one of the sobs that had become chronic with her. Then she powdered her eyes and went down to see him.

"Hello," she whispered and he looked down at her silently, every thought of greeting vanished by his astonishment at the change in her.

Her skirts had grown to such length as to cover her kneecaps; she was pale and the long eyelashes he had thought to be black, were brown. But he liked the change. Her growing hair, also, was demurely pinned beneath a net and she looked like a small girl playing lady. Then he noticed her lips, which were no longer a purple-red tint, and he saw that they trembled when she started to speak.

"COME out on the sun-porch," she invited. "I have a lot to say." He followed her and they sat down, she, on a broad divan and he on a chair that faced it.

"Well?" he prompted. Silence was too much for him. Or too much silence would be; he would be bound he knew, with too much silence, to blurt out a confession of how he had suffered during the four weeks that had passed. Such suffering did not go with the friendship that she wanted and Bob had said, "Give 'em what they want!"

"I want to tell you," she said, "that you have made me over. I know I was a fool and a cheap one." She paused to draw a deep breath. "And so I want to thank you for helping me and my family in correcting my faults."

She stopped and Todhunter spoke, "You mustn't thank me," he answered. "A fool could have seen your possibilities on first glance."

Some of the tears that Bets had learned to know so well filled her eyes but his criticism no longer made anger. "And something else," she said. "I want you to know because I think you should in return for having liked me as you once did that I love you and I always will no matter what happens."

"Do you want me to love you?" he burst out with an intensity and a loudness that had never before been indulged by a Withersby.

"What's the use?" she asked. "You have my number."

"Do you want me to?" he repeated. She looked at him steadily and she made no other answer, but he got up from the chair in which he had been sitting and went over to her.

A LITTLE later, Bob lounged against a door-jamb to smile out upon the two who sat on the sun-porch. "People who neck in glass houses," he said, "should pull down the blinds."

Bets patted her hair, which having become disarranged, made her look a trifle more natural than her new type of coiffure did.

"Neck!" she echoed. "Poisonous—I mean odious expression!"

"She's going to have me!" said Todhunter.

"You bet she's going to," Bob agreed. "and take it from me, Tod, she knew that before you did!"

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The Secret Letter Box

[Continued from page 71]

find the handwriting of his oldest and closest friend. Nothing, however, had prepared him for the shock of discovering within the box eight letters, each of their addresses in a different handwriting.

"Eight lovers!" he gasped. "Heavens, what a woman!"

He had no scruples left now about the dignity or indignity of spying. He could scarcely wait till he left the post office to tear open those guilty envelopes. Oh, but he knew what he would find!

"My darling," the first letter began, "your photograph arrived last night. It has made me so happy, so more than happy! It is as exquisite as I knew it would be. It is propped up on my desk before me as I write. And if only fate had been charitable, I tell myself, if only it had allowed us a real union instead of this distant loving—if only, my dear, if only—"

There were four pages of it, all in the same key, and Ralph Whitehouse did not bother to read through it to the end. Why should he weary himself with such stuff? He knew where he was now! He knew what his wife was like. The other letters were scarcely worth the fatigue of opening. He knew what manner of things they were. The second, in French, was an outpouring of protestations and regrets. "If only—if only—" That was the burden and motif of the thing. He crumpled it impatiently into a ball. The third bore an Italian postmark.

"The days are long and I am lonely. Your letters mean much to me, so much more than I can ever say. But is there never to be anything but letters between us? We could be such friends. I am certain of that, certain. Am I never to see your face, never to hear your voice? Is such a monstrous injustice possible?"

It was casually that Whitehouse had set himself to read the letter, so casually that at first he did not appreciate the odd significance of those self-pitying sentences. It was not till he reached the words, "never to hear your voice," that a curious ring in the phrasing of that plaint made him pause, made him look back, made him reread the letter. "Never to see your face, never to hear your voice." That was not the way one wrote to a lover one was divided from. It might be of course that the word "again" had been omitted, but as it stood the letter certainly gave the impression of having been written to some one that the writer had never met.

"It's odd," he thought, "extremely odd. From the handwriting you wouldn't imagine him to be careless. And if he hasn't left out the word 'again'—I wonder," he thought. "I wonder."

AS HE read on, carefully now, and with every nerve alert, the certainty grew upon him that the writer of that letter had never set eyes upon Mary in his life. How else could one explain such an outburst as—"I wonder, my dear, what you are like. Every night when I go to bed, every morning when I wake, I try to picture you. Your letters are so lovely. Are you lovelier than they?"

There could be no other explanation. Somehow or other Mary had contrived to launch herself upon this sea of words with a man whom she had never met. How she had managed it Ralph Whitehouse scarcely set himself to wonder. For all he knew she might have rung up telephone numbers on the off chance of hearing a voice that pleased her. At the moment nothing seemed

so impossible that it might not have happened. By the time he had read the letter through he was prepared for anything. He had passed the stage at which speculation could be held to be of profit.

He had not long to wait, however, for the explanation. The next letter started:

"Dearest, your sweet, sad letter has just arrived. I know exactly how you feel, how the tedium and monotony and hopelessness of life weigh on you. I wish I could do something to make that burden lighter for you. If only circumstances and the miles were not between us. But it is something, isn't it, this friendship that began when I put that advertisement in 'L'Allure'? To think of it, just a line, 'Am lonely and in search of a congenial spirit,' put casually in a paper like 'L'Allure.'"

AN ADVERTISEMENT in "L'Allure"! That cheap, illustrated rag bought at every kiosk on the Paris boulevards for the sake of its dubious jokes, the equivocal advertisements of lonely widowers seeking comfort and distressed damsels asking for material sympathy. He had often wondered who replied to that sort of thing. Now he knew. Women like Mary did. Women who found life tedious used those columns as a magic carpet which transported them to a dream world of romance where they could imagine themselves to be an Emma Bovary.

He read the letters through carefully, one by one. There was much that surprised him, a little, particularly in a letter that appeared to be from a woman, that embarrassed him. But this, at least, was clear—Mary had never allowed, had never considered the possibility of allowing this dream world to overlap the world of actual experience. She had never met, she had never tried to meet, any of her correspondents. She had lived with them as Emma Bovary in her dream world of intrigue and exultation. Side by side she had ridden the horses of her double lives, and without him or a single one of her friends suspecting it. All these years, he felt, he had been living with a strange woman.

Pensively Ralph Whitehouse took the letters, went back home and looked up at the photograph that stood above the desk. There are some faces that are like mirrors, that seem to reveal and express completely their owners' personalities. But the regular friendly features, the broad forehead, the firm full mouth, the clear, steady eyes that looked out at him from the oval frame were like a mask, inscrutable and enigmatic; concealing heaven knew what mysteries beneath their bland exterior.

Through the open window from the road outside there came the grunt of a taxi drawing up outside the house; a pause, then the bang of a closing door, the soft sound of footsteps on the stairs.

As his wife opened the door Ralph Whitehouse gasped. She was wearing a tailor-made costume in which he must have seen her innumerable times, and every detail of her pose as she came forward into the room, slowly and a little flushed with the exercise of climbing the stairs, must have been long ago familiar to him. He did not know it though! As those clear, steady, searching eyes met his he was overwhelmed by a new and shattering experience. He felt himself to be meeting for the first time a new and strange and infinitely seductive woman; he felt himself, at an age when he had thought himself to have said good-by to romance forever, breathlessly and exhilaratingly on the brink of falling desperately in love.

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

[Continued from page 21]

if he did give me a diamond bracelet because I have my Career to think of. I wonder what it would feel like to fall in love with Mr. Archer, he says. Call me Everett, but I told him I could not be so familiar because I have not really known him long enough, only since 9 a.m. this morning.

SATURDAY. I have married Everett Archer and my name is no longer Miss Margaret Upton it is Mrs. Everett Archer, wife of the Borax King's son.

Just as we were getting off the train at Denver Everett said, Peggy darling I love you I fell in love with you at first sight. I want you to marry me. Of course I replied, Why Mr. Archer don't be silly I have only known you since this morning. So he said, What difference does it make how long you have known me when we love each other? Which of course was perfectly true, but I said, I will have to ask Mr. Huertin. But Everett said, why do you have to ask him, he isn't your father is he, and besides he might say No? So I did not ask Mr. Huertin but we went to the Court House or the City Hall and we were married.

It is exciting being married but I am scared at this big house and Everett's parents who shook hands and pretended to smile. And they said, you will want to dine in your room because you must be Tired, because I suppose they wanted to talk over the Marriage and decide what must be done. So I am sitting in this big room which is Everett's and even has its own bath. I feel very frightened and scared and excited. I hope Everett will be Kind to me, I could not bear it if he was not Kind. He is going to buy me my engagement and wedding rings tomorrow at the best jewelers in Denver.

TUESDAY: My heart is broken. It is all over. Oh God why wasn't I told marriage was like this? I hate men.

Everett came to the Theater where I have gone back to Mr. Huertin and he has pleaded with me to forgive him because he says he loves me and he says, I can't understand you, you are my wife and I love you, won't you come back? But I said, I hate you and I never want to see you again.

Mr. Huertin is very scared. I have confessed and said I have my mother and grandmother at home and he has cancelled all his dates and is taking me tomorrow back to Norfolk. He says if he doesn't he may be arrested and that makes me even more miserable because Mr. Huertin has been wonderful to me, just like a father.

WEDNESDAY. I have said Good-by to Everett, he was quite nice and kind but I was crying and shaking so I could hardly speak. He said, Dear that is an experience every wife has gone through, you are just young that is all and when you think it over you will know I love you and come back to me.

We are going back to Norfolk. Mr. Huertin is very kind but he does not say much and makes me lie down all the time. he has bought a Pullman which I think was wonderful for him to do and he has bought me some chocolates, but I cannot eat them I am too sick I wish I could die.

Mother will kill me.

I am through with men for ever.

When next Miss Peggy writes in her diary two weeks later she is convalescing from a nervous breakdown at home in Norfolk.

MONDAY. It is a long time since I have written in this diary, quite two weeks, but I have been too tired and sick to write. The Doctor has given me a book of poetry by Longfellow and says if I will read them they will be better than a tonic, but what did Longfellow know of the way a girl feels when her life is ruined?

Trust no future, how'er pleasant.
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

It is all right for a poet to write that but when a girl has a Present like mine she must put faith in her future because it is the only thing she has. But I like it where he says,

Thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

because I know that I am stronger now that I have suffered, Experience has taught me what Life really is and what Men are, and has strengthened me to resist them.

Well Mr. Huertin brought me back and came straight home with me and would not let me say a word but told everything to Mother and Granny, and Granny was furious but I told her how wonderful Mr. Huertin had been to me & how he had bought me the chocolates and a Pullman and never been disrespectful in the slightest, so finally she shook hands with him and thanked him and Mr. Huertin went away after shaking my hands and wishing me Luck. Mother cried and put me to bed and really Mother and Granny have been wonderful, they have not said anything to me about Mr. Archer except Mother asked me if I loved him and I said No.

SUNDAY. Mr Archer came but they would not let me see him because I was to ill and the marriage is to be annulled. I am to go to a girl's school in Washington where Nobody will know me. Which I think is wonderful of Mother and Grannie because they are not rich and it must cost them a lot.

Mother says I am not to tell any living soul about my experience, they would not let me stay at the School if I did.

I feel like an old woman of thirty, full of disillusion and despair.

Every time I see a man on the street I shudder. For I know now What Men are.

I shall never even speak to one again. Oh, why is life like this?

Peggy Grows Up

At this point there ensues a gap in Miss Joyce's diary which extends over a period of two months, during which she left her parents' home in Norfolk to board and be tutored at one of the most exclusive girls' finishing schools in Washington. It is to be noted that the school was then, as now, one of the most important and select girls' schools in the United States, so that although they were in comparatively humble circumstances, the Uptons seemingly were possessed of influential friends.

TUESDAY. I have not written much in this book lately because I have been trying to Understand myself. When a girl is Alone she finds out more about Herself than when she is with People, because when a girl

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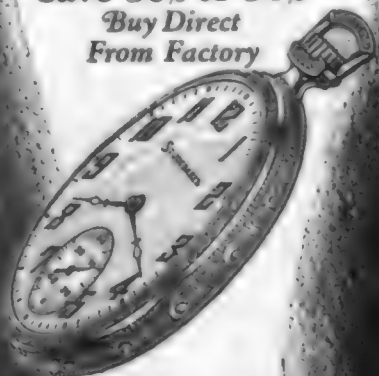
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is with People or even her Parents she is not really Herself anyhow. She is trying to Make an impression or otherwise.

Of course I am not really Alone here because there are hundreds of Girls, but I do not like any of them and they do not like me, so most of the time I have nothing to do except think.

I think of Mother and Grannie a good deal of course, and also Mr. Huertin. I wonder where Mr. Huertin is now, I guess he has another Girl with him. I wonder if she is as pretty as me? But I do not think much of Everett Archer because I am trying to Forget him. Of course I cannot really Forget him but I can Pretend to which is nearly as good.

But mostly I think of Myself and it makes me very Worried and Scared sometimes because I am a woman now and my Future seems dark, like a fog.

Nobody knows a girl except herself but her Parents always think they do and a girl believes them sometimes until she goes away and thinks about Things for herself and finds out the Truth.

Mother thinks I am Wild but I am not really, I only like to enjoy myself. And I cannot enjoy myself here so I am the quietest girl in the School.

The other girls are hateful to me because I have not nice things to wear like them. Betty Hyte who comes from Charleston called me Miss Yokel the other day and they laughed and I was mad and unhappy but I did not let them see.

And then I can laugh at them because they have no Great Experience in their lives like me. If they Knew wouldn't they just open their eyes. Sometimes I feel like telling All but I know I can not do that because of my Parents.

Poor Mother she is so scared about me, I wonder what she is thinking about me now? I never felt so close to her, she has been an Angel. I wish she would not worry.

I wish I had a little money and some nice clothes. Mother will not buy me dresses because they cost so much, she makes all I wear and they are not really like store clothes, I mean you can see they are home made. The girls laugh at me among themselves and sometimes I care terribly, but other times I do not care because I have my Secret. Poor kids they have no Secret in their lives.

Nancy Morrow has at least a dozen silk chemises, it is wonderful to be rich. I would do anything for a real silk chemise. That sounds terrible but really a silk chemise means a lot. I have never had a really nice frock in my Life.

I wonder if Everett thinks about me? Of course he doesn't know where I am. Sometimes I am so lonely and sad I feel like writing to him. I hate him but I would rather be his Wife than be in this School.

What can they teach me here when I know all about Life already?

SATURDAY. Mother says she is sending me some new clothes. I bet they are Middy blouses. I hate Middy blouses.

Enter Mr. Hopkins

Several minor entries in her Diary show that Peggy continued to be lonely and friendless at the finishing school. She made no intimates, was not remarkable in her studies ("What can they teach me when I know All about Life Already?"), and seems to have been rather consistently unhappy. Six months after her enrollment in the school, however, an event occurred which was to change her entire life. At a Junior

From she met Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins, distinguished son of one of America's most famous international lawyers.

FRIDAY. There is a big dance tonight and I am supposed to go because all the girls are going, but Mother has only sent me what she calls a "party dress" and all the other girls will be in Evening Gowns. I wish I had an evening gown. I am a woman now and really too old for party dresses. This one is pretty but it is all flounces and a high waist and of course all the girls are wearing the latest styles. Judy—she is the only nice girl in my room—offered me a lovely black satin gown but I only thanked her and said, I am afraid it would not suit me. But I loved it and wish I could wear it, it was rather sweet of Judy, but how could I accept? I am not really proud but I hate to feel like a Poor Relation. Judy has a brother in the French Army, she has his picture in an awfully smart uniform on her table and I think she likes me because I said he was so good-looking. Gee I wish I had a brother in the War. I wouldn't care if he was with the Germans even if he was good-looking and had a smart uniform. But I have not got a brother and anyway if I had I don't suppose he would be in the war. Only rich boys can go to the War, the steamer fare is so Expensive.

All the girls are wearing Black & White because that is the color they are wearing in Paris. My party dress is blue. It is really a very pretty frock but it is only a party dress and anyway I wish it was Black & White.

LATER. It is nearly midnight and I have had the most wonderful Experience. I have met a Millionaire and I am going to Lunch with him tomorrow!!

He is tall and blond and has blue eyes like mine but he is not a bit like Everett.

I was very lonely and miserable at first at the dance because none of the boys I liked asked me to dance, and I was going to go home when up walked the handsomest man I had ever seen in my life and said, Will you dance with me? My name is Hopkins. You are Miss Upton, aren't you?

I said that was my name and asked him how he knew and he said, Trust me to find out the name of the prettiest girl in the hall. So I said, You are only kidding. But he said, No, I saw you as soon as I came in and I asked everyone your name until I found it. What is your first name?

I said my first name was Margaret and he said his name was Sherburne only everyone called him Sherby.

Well we danced loads and loads of times and I was divinely happy and he hardly even looked at another girl and then all of a sudden he said, I am going to call you Babs. You are the most wonderful little girl I ever met, I want you to lunch with me tomorrow, will you?

So I said I would and I am to meet him in the Willard lobby at 11 a.m. because he says he wants to talk to me before we lunch. I am so happy I could cry.

Sherby hardly ever looked at my party dress he was looking in my Eyes all the time. He is wonderful. I have a funny feeling every time I think of him, which is Constantly.

Must go to bed now. Will ask permission to go out tomorrow morning to buy some things, they will let me go I think and anyhow if they don't I will go anyway.

I am crazy about Sherby but I do not think I love him yet—only feel as if I was going to love him very soon.

PEGGY'S record of her search for that elusive thing called happiness will continue in February Smart Set

Husbands

[Continued from page 34]

makes him feel his stupendous importance. The moment another woman, who can cling a little better, flatter a little more, and make him feel even more important, comes along, she may as well count her husband as lost.

The wives of the give-all husbands have no easy time, as fortunate and luxurious as their lives may appear to be on the surface. Competition is keen, for the lazy, acquisitive women of the world, with their white, jewelled hands and calculating eyes, are many and they are all eagerly looking for give-all men. And, being the selfish, greedy women they are, they have few scruples.

I KNOW such a woman. She has had three husbands and is now seeking her fourth. In her first marriage she made a poor selection. She fell in love with a take-all man, the last kind of husband in the world for her, for she was a take-all wife. The marriage lasted just six months. The second time she made no such mistake. She saw to it that her choice was a give-all husband. She took his gifts and was happy until he had no more to give. Then, another give-all man appeared in her life. He was married as well as she, but she played her game of "you big strong man—how can I get along without you" and succeeded in taking him away from his wife. Two divorces followed and they were married. Within two years, another woman took her husband away from her in the same way she had got him, for such husbands, through their very weakness which makes them so desirable to the selfish, acquisitive women, are as easy to lose as they are to win.

How entirely different is the take-all husband. There are quite a few of them, but they have no appeal except for the slave type of woman. They know nothing at all about women and they care less. Woman as an individual doesn't exist for them. All they want from marriage is a good servant. As husbands they are totally unsatisfactory to any woman who is at all alive. No woman of any vitality, of any pride and mentality, can endure them for a moment. Any intelligent woman who marries such a man usually gets rid of him in short order.

I met such a man not so long ago and I prayed that no intelligent girl, who regarded herself as an individual instead of a slave, would ever be foolish enough to marry him. He is a perfect illustration of the take-all husband. He lives with an unmarried sister, who, in his eyes, is only his housekeeper. She doesn't exist for him as a person. He talks

to her of food, of the temperature, of the house and of his bath and of the condition of his clothing. When everything goes according to his liking, his humor is splendid. He puffs contentedly away on his cigar, reads his newspaper and ignores her. But let something go wrong! The roast may be a trifle burnt, his paper may not have been delivered, or the cake may have fallen. Then, he finds a great deal to say to her and none of it pleasant. Many slaves received better treatment than he accords her.

I hope he never marries, for the patient, enduring, slave type of woman is not as plentiful as it used to be. There are few women who would put up with him.

The bachelor husband is usually married, often against his will, by the woman who secretly knows herself to be a failure where men are concerned. She knows she is getting a bad bargain in the matrimonial market, but she is desperate and reasons that a bad bargain is better than no bargain at all.

Such a woman, if she has sense, will cover her bad bargain by giving her husband all the rope he will take, and he needs a great deal, otherwise she will find herself in the divorce court in a very short time. For she ought to know that the bachelor husband will take rope, whether he is given it or not.

If she is successful in managing him, her reward will come at the end of her married life, when, after her husband has tired of gallivanting and has settled down, gouty and dyspeptic, with one foot in the grave, she can pose as a triumphant wife who has been able to hold her husband, whereas much more beautiful women have lost theirs. She knows her full triumph when he is too old to roam any longer and must cling close to the domestic hearth from necessity rather than from choice.

SO IF you must take a bachelor husband, give him rope; if you want a take-all husband—although, why you should, I don't know—give him good meals and all the material comforts, but don't look for love, understanding, sympathy or companionship; if you want a give-all husband, cajole him, be clinging and helpless and never let him forget what a big, strong man he is; but if you want your marriage to be a real partnership, if you want to be an individual, as well as a wife, and if you want to give as well as to take, marry the born husband.

But, know your man! Know what kind of husband he is going to be before you take him and know what kind of wife you are.

Jobs for Married Women

[Continued from page 55]

necessary for her to support him, partially at least, as well as make her own way.

She got a job at twenty-five dollars a week and began to live on her pay, send money to her husband, and save something.

Her plan was to get her dinner at mid-day at a restaurant, and her evening meal was a plain little supper that could be prepared in a few minutes when she got home. The most pleasant feature of this experience was, I think, her rather phenomenal rise in business. Within two years her salary had been raised several times and is still going up.

Nearly all the married women I know in business have children. It may seem strange, but the having of babies does not make much, if any, difference in a woman's

business career as many illustrations prove.

I have a conviction that most children see too much of their mothers anyway. They are often spoiled by too much coddling. Mrs. Z. is a playmate of her three boys and they think her the greatest chum in the world.

THIS problem of the married business woman's home, like all far-reaching questions, is not likely to be solved all at once, or by any one method. It is the sort of thing that gradually settles itself. I am sure that many women have already made arrangements that are satisfactory and workable. It would be interesting to hear from them and to learn just how they have managed.

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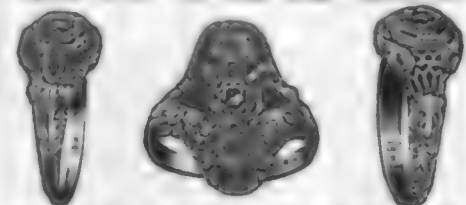
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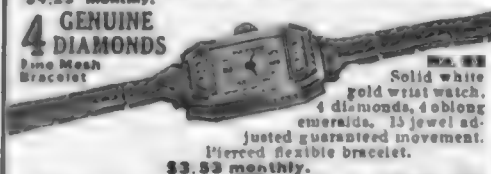
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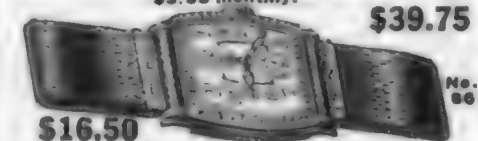
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What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 49]

this as the poles, which yet supports the theory of woman's need of man, of romance in her life no matter what else she may have. And which also illustrates to a great degree how often the fame of woman is based upon the services of men who are bound to her by stronger ties than those of mere business.

Let us consider the case of that model of all virtue and propriety, Queen Victoria. That during her marriage to Prince Albert he ruled her, taught her and made her inexpressibly happy is well known. That much of the glory of her reign is due to his careful statesmanship is a matter of history. But Albert was not the only man in her life who existed in a rose glow of romance, which guided her official acts and controlled her dynasty.

Lord Melbourne, a man of great fascination, was prime minister when she came to the throne. There can be no question that he won her innocent and girlish adoration. Perhaps it was not love as that word is used today, but it certainly was romance. In her attempt to keep Lord Melbourne in a position where she could see him every day, she brought about a difficult political situation, a pitched battle over the rights of the crown, actually defied the Duke of Wellington himself and by her actions at this time brought about a wave of unpopularity for herself which lasted until after she had married.

Nor can youth alone be blamed for this, since once more, in the twilight of her career she was to know a relationship not unlike her romantic affection for Melbourne. In 1874 Victoria welcomed Disraeli as her prime minister. She was fifty-five years old. "Then followed six years of excitement, of enchantment, of felicity, of glory, of romance," says Lytton Strachey in his incomparable "Queen Victoria."

Disraeli made her Empress of India against great opposition and it was as much a personal gift to the "Faery" as he called her, as it was a political move.

WOMEN have not changed since then. They are still women. Love is still the most important thing in their lives, still the thing that can upset all their plans and ambitions, over-rule all their intelligence about work and accomplishment. But it is still, also, their greatest means of happiness and their most powerful lever for success if rightly used.

Once she has admitted this fundamental truth of life, every woman needs to know how to make love a help and a protection, instead of a disaster and detriment.

Why did George Sand, who could inspire such great love, whose mental capacity was so great, know so much heart tragedy?

Why, in spite of her initial fascination and all it would seem to the casual observer she had to give, did she make such failures of her love affairs? Why did she allow her lovers to make her ridiculous?

Why do many women today who seemingly possess most of the so-called essential qualities for charm yet find nothing but unhappiness in love and either fail to get the man they really want or lose him later to a seemingly inferior rival?

Because—and the reason in George Sand's case and in that of thousands of modern girls is the same—because they have lost sight of the definition of the word love.

This word comes originally from the Latin, *libet, libet*. And it means simply, magnificently and illuminatingly "to please."

And as has been said before and should be said again you can give a man everything in the world but if it is not what he wants,

you still cannot please him, win him, make him happy or hold him.

That is not as it should be perhaps. But we are facing facts, no matter how annoying or difficult.

Many women today are infinitely puzzled in their hearts because they think they have everything to give a man and yet he turns from them to some other woman who seems to them greatly inferior. That is because they give him what every man should be delighted to receive, instead of studying his particular needs and tastes.

THERE is an old French proverb to the effect that "a man watched is half won."

In other words the woman who has love intelligence watches her man and determines what he wants just as carefully as a clever salesman estimates the needs of his market. He finds out what his customers want and sells it to them. In the same way, a woman must find out what her man wants and give it to him, not sit back dazzled by the multitude and superiority of her own perfections or paralyzed by her own pride.

Comments are heard frequently upon the strange cases in which a man turns from his wife or sweetheart to some woman who does not appear to the observer to compare with her in any way. A man goes with some girl who is considered beautiful and clever by all his friends and then unexpectedly marries some one else without half the apparent advantages. It is customary to blame this entirely upon some unholy sex appeal or upon the natural "lowness" of men.

That is not necessarily or even frequently true. Men are not naturally low. They are naturally idealists. Men have given to the world its most inspired works of art, its greatest humanitarian discoveries, its most unselfish progress. It will be possible to show later how such women as Florence Nightingale and Mona Lisa held and inspired great men through their idealism alone.

No, nine times out of ten it is simply that the other woman gives a man what he happens to want, caters to his tastes, makes him happy. Perhaps it is only that she bolsters up his self-confidence, laughs at his funny stories, whether they are funny or not and regardless of how many times she has heard them before, and gives him comfortable companionship, pleasant hours, flattery.

Way back in the first century the famous Greek philosopher Plutarch set it down as follows: "A Roman divorced from his wife, being highly blamed by his friends who demanded, 'Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Was she not fruitful?' held out his shoe and asked them whether it was not new and well made. 'Yet,' added he, 'none of you can tell where it pinches me!'"

Only the woman herself can tell that and she can tell it only if she takes the trouble to find out. Only if she will subject herself to a rigid self-analysis and discover what it is she lacks. It is no use running to the best girl friend and saying, "I know I dress well. I know I'm a good dancer. I know I put my make-up on just right. I know I'm popular with the other boys. Yet John doesn't seem to be as attentive as he was. And he took that funny little Susie Jones to the dance the other night and I can't understand it."

That's the time to sit down and say, "I have a lot of things that Susie Jones hasn't got. But what has she that I haven't? There must be something. I will find out: and I will acquire it."

If a man doesn't like squab there's nothing to be gained by giving him squab even if it is the most expensive thing on the market.

Roast beef medium may be a lot more to his taste and a lot better for his digestion.

Maybe a man ought to like squab, but there's nothing criminal about a preference for roast beef.

The girl's opinion in the matter of what he has to give isn't worth a last year's bird nest unless she is big enough and clever enough to study her man.

George Sand had much to give. Her mind was like a brilliant-hued rainbow. She was both a fascinating talker and, what is much more important, an inspiring audience. While she was not beautiful, she had much physical appeal: magnificent eyes, graceful hands, and a delightful smile. Her voice was low and vibrant.

By the way, it might be worth noting here that every single one of the women we have chosen to study, had beautiful speaking voices. Their biographers and friends comment again and again upon this fact. And a beautiful speaking voice is something that every girl in the world can cultivate, with a little care and attention. There is no one charm which men appear to admire more consistently.

When Alfred de Musset left George in Venice and went back to Paris to seek a new love, he found that all women bored him. Where once he had sought only physical beauty, now personality and intelligence seemed essential. He wanted, he had been accustomed to, sympathetic understanding, appreciation, exchange of ideas.

And so, although he had deserted her and told her he no longer loved her, he wrote to George Sand, "It is not my mistress whom I miss. It is my comrade, George. I do not need a woman; I need that rapt attention which I used always to find at my side ready to respond to me. Adieu, my first and last love, my friend, my only mistress. Write to me, above all, write to me."

This is a most unusual and illuminating paragraph. The poet calls her his first and last love, his friend, his only mistress and yet he voluntarily says adieu. He comments with love and longing upon her responsiveness, her comradeship, yet he leaves her.

Mrs. Howe in her "George Sand" says of Chopin, "When he was away from her, he felt like a lost child."

But he deserted her and treated her shamefully before all the world.

GEORGE SAND'S lovers nearly always appreciated her rare qualities when they were away from her, when they came in contact with other women who by contrast seemed dull and tiresome more than they did when they were with her.

The explanation of this lies in the fact that George Sand as a sweetheart was not livable. Her emotional nature was too strong for every-day fare. Her good qualities, her charms, were undeniable and she was a vastly interesting woman. But she took love too tragically, too seriously. In a crisis, she felt rather than thought.

Four things this great woman lacked when it came to finding the happiness in love which she so greatly desired. Some of them may seem trivial but they were all-important in her case and in every case.

Lightness. She was too intense, too continually emotional, to please men. She wore them out, gorged them, surfeited them, gave them emotional gout.

A French biographer has written of Gabrielle d'Estrees, whom Henry of Navarre loved so deeply that he divorced Marguerite de Valois in order to marry her and was prevented only by her untimely death from making her Queen of France in spite of her lack of royal blood, "light as a bird in its winged roundness, lovely as a lark, she exulted, distracted, consoled—and she never needed consolation."

This quality George Sand lacked entirely. There was no lightness in her. Catherine



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the Great, Cleopatra, Emma Hamilton, Ninon de Lenclos, all had it to a marked degree as we have seen. They knew how to play, how to vary the key and rhythm of a love affair. There is nothing a man needs so much from the woman he loves as joyousness. If he cannot look to her for the light and laughter of life, where can he look?

No man likes to be held at too high and too sustained an emotional pitch. No man likes to be kept at an elevated level intellectually all the time. He doesn't want every little word and act magnified to gigantic proportions through the emotional intensity of a woman.

Companionable as she was mentally with all the force of her mind at play, all the vividness of her thinking and the picturesqueness of her outlook upon life, she had no lightness. She lacked, somehow, that art of joyousness which should be part of every woman's love equipment.

Love intelligence, which some women possess naturally, which some women acquire when they really love, which some have to learn carefully and with infinite pains, is a blending of art and nature so perfect as to seem one indivisible whole.

George Sand was a woman whose creed called for complete naturalness, for doing and saying and being exactly what seemed natural. Thus she cast aside entirely the art of making love happy and glorious through the use of brain combined with heart.

THE great and happy love affairs of the world are not reached and matured in a moment. They evolve from companionship into which the woman has poured infinite resource of brain and soul. The perfect union of two souls is brought about through the art of woman in bending and forming herself and the daily life together in ways of peace and joy and mutual delight. It doesn't, it can't, just happen.

Scenes, quarrels, lack of understanding, failure to use diplomacy and tact, destroy these things. They cast a gloom upon love; they put upon love too heavy a burden. In any human relationship there's a necessity for consideration, thoughtfulness, care. In the relationship of love between a man and woman ninety per cent of this adaptability is with the woman.

George Sand ignored art and thought in love. She depended wholly upon natural emotion. In consequence, her love affairs were stormy misadventures.

The woman who attempts to keep the average man at the Romeo peak in real life makes a fatal mistake.

The girl of today has the playmate quality raised to the nth degree and it should be her greatest asset of charm if used cleverly. The danger, of course, lies in mere frivolity, undirected by a careful knowledge of the man's tastes.

The second thing George Sand lacked, as her books alone would prove, was a sense of humor which is in a way a branch of the lightness mentioned above.

OSCAR WILDE has said that nothing spoils romance so quickly as a sense of humor in the woman. A brilliant epigram, no doubt, but George Jean Nathan's line, "The love that lasts is the love that laughs," seems nearer the truth.

A sense of humor, like all other sense, must at times be concealed by a woman. It is never wise to laugh at a man you love under any circumstances. But it is always wise to laugh with him.

Aside from this, the chief use of a sense of humor to a woman in love is that it prevents the development of that horror among horrors, supersensitiveness. It gives her a sense of proportion. It prevents her from attaching undue importance to casual omissions or unintentional remarks. More love affairs have been preserved by a wo-

man's ability to laugh at herself and with her man, more quarrels have been ended by the ability of a man and woman to laugh together at their problems than by any other method. Real laughter is as healing in love as in any other phase of existence. If you will stop and think for a moment you will be amazed at how many quarrels are based upon ridiculous little things which should be laughed at.

SUPERSENSITIVENESS may be comforted and sympathized with in the beginning, may be considered by its possessor as a mark of extreme delicacy and depths of feelings, but it is actually a form of ego that becomes a death's head at the feast.

The third thing George Sand lacked was self-control. Her feelings were too violent to allow her to use her marvelous brain.

Fourth, she did not have a feminine viewpoint. She thought like a man and gloried in it. Naturally chaos resulted. For it needs a feminine viewpoint to make a love affair move smoothly.

There is no question that George Sand was as madly loved as almost any other

An Age-Old Problem

EVER since Eve found her way into the Garden of Eden women have been concerned with one thing above all others—getting and holding their man. In February SMART SET Adela Rogers St. Johns, who has been coaching you on how to win and hold your man, will present another famous enchantress of history whose knowledge of "What Every Woman Wants to Know" is as valuable today as it was years ago.

woman of history. The poet, Alfred de Musset, wrote to her, "No man has ever loved as I love you. I am lost, do you understand? I am drowned, submerged by love: I no longer know whether I live or eat or walk or breathe or speak. I only know that I love you, my life, my well-being, my well-beloved. Say to yourself that you are loved as much as God is loved by his priests and worshippers and martyrs. I love you, O my flesh and my blood. I die of love, of a love without a name—mad, desperate, lost. You are loved, adored, idolized to the point of death."

HOW did she inspire such a love; how did she get a spoiled, admired, flattered man like this young Parisian to such a point?

George attracted him because she did not try to appeal, because she had no coquetry, because she was entirely different from every woman he had ever known. He wanted to know what she was like; he wanted to find the answer to the enigma of her quiet, natural manner. None of the usual, alluring glances came from her strange, dark eyes. None of the flattery which he had come to expect from women dropped from her lips.

She was different and his curiosity was aroused.

A dangerous method, the method of being different, but almost infallible when properly used, when not overdone. A quick and sure method of getting a man, but worthless as a means of holding him. Once he is captivated, once his interest is aroused, then he must have some of his accustomed

But: his natural tastes and inclination must be studied.

George Sand caught Alfred de Musset because she was different.

Then, for a time, being madly in love with him she subserviated herself to him. Her mind remained the same, responsive, attentive, understanding mind that he had first seen. And once in love with him she tried to please him to a large extent and succeeded. She was tolerant, forgiving, adoring, tried to be gay solely to please him, for she was naturally very serious.

But it seems on analysis that George Sand lost him because of those faults of hers which have already been described. The thing wore itself out in violent quarrels, friction, jealousy, continual misery which grew too much to be supported.

Let us try here to make the fine distinction between giving a man what he wants, pleasing him, surrounding him with the things that will make him happy, flattering him after the subtle and inspiring method of Emma Hamilton and overindulging, spoiling him, losing his respect.

When in love, George Sand groveled.

Perhaps it was her life-long desire for a master. Perhaps it was a subconscious realization that the men she loved hated the thought that she was their superior. Perhaps because she herself was conscious of this, she tried to readjust the balance by lowering herself. Instead of impressing upon them the fact that her superiority to other women was a gift to them, was due to them and that they were above her, she simply made a fool of herself.

It was the brilliant and sought after George Sand he had first loved whom Alfred de Musset wanted to master. He wanted to be the superior of the great writer, the much-discussed Madame Sand. It wasn't much fun to master a woman who had given up most of the things that first attracted him.

THERE is a very delicate point in the fact that man wants in some vague, spiritual way to look up to a woman, and yet he must be her superior. He must look up to what she represents, yet she must look up to him personally.

Suppose, for example, that John and Mary are a young married couple and that John has been before his marriage considerable of a rounder. He still likes to hit the high spots. He wants Mary along. They're sitting before the fire one evening when he suggests going out to a party and getting tight.

Mary doesn't rear back her head and say, "Certainly not! I don't approve of drinking and I wouldn't go to such a place."

Her first move might be to make a counter proposition, the idea of going to a show he's wanted to see or visiting some new dancing place. If that doesn't get over, she can go to the party with him, she can have a good time, enter into the fun, take one cocktail or high-ball if she wants to and stay completely sober and mistress of herself. She can maintain her dignity and her charm unruffled by the thing which will more quickly destroy feminine charm than anything else in the world, booze.

She hasn't said anything, hasn't antagonized, hasn't nagged, but it gradually seeps into John's head that he's never seen Mary tight or rumpled or red in the face. He likes that. He's proud of it. It occurs to him that she's too sweet and dear for that sort of thing, that he doesn't like to see her there. He begins to wonder a bit about himself. Wasn't he rather messy and maybe

a little vulgar? The first thing you know Mary, because she has upheld his ideal of womanhood without belittling his own manhood, is in a position to talk to him sweetly and charmingly about booze and parties.

Perhaps she only says, "John, darling, you're too big and too fine a man to take any chances with your future by drinking." Or, "I can't bear to see my wonderful John putting himself in a position where worthless people can look down on us."

In every book upon the life of George Sand, including the famous novel, "Beatrice," by her friend Balzac in which she appears as one of the principal characters, one obtains a peculiar sense of stupidity, of uncontrolled emotion, of waste.

And the whole case against George Sand may be summed up in a way to enlighten every woman today.

In a letter written to her in 1869, Gustave Flaubert, the greatest French novelist, says, "You, who are of the third sex."

That was George Sand's trouble; it is the trouble of women today. She tried to be both man and woman and took the least important and least attractive parts of both as do most women who try this. Oddly enough, in the world of men she was eminently successful in everything: work, friendship, position, power. But as a woman, as a wife, mother, sweetheart, she was a failure.

George Sand was absolutely of our day. Her amazing brain leaping ahead a whole century advocated woman's suffrage, first upheld in France the right of a woman to marry the man of her choice or not to marry at all if she so desired, first argued for the right of a woman to hold her own property and control her own children, the equality of the sexes, a single standard of morality, uniform and protective divorce laws, companionate marriage and travel by aviation.

Therefore, although she was actually born in 1804, we may for all practical purposes consider her as a woman of the Twentieth Century. Her fight for freedom and equality was more spectacular than that of the woman of today. Women did not write so she was forced to take a man's name and thus become George Sand. In order to mingle comfortably with the Bohemian world of literary men who were her friends, she sometimes wore men's clothes. Yet there never lived a more feminine woman than George Sand.

ONE great lesson may be learned by every woman from the life and character of George Sand.

It is that the greatest danger of women today is that in grasping their new opportunities in the world of men, in admitting and desiring and practicing equality with men in everything, they do not lose their most priceless possession, their femininity.

Having made two sexes to complement each other, the laws of Nature are broken when woman forgets her duties toward love.

Let women go ahead in business, in the professions, in the arts as though they were another race, not another sex. Let her remain a woman—it's a great title and distinction—and still progress. She doesn't have to sacrifice all the glory and advantage of being a woman. Let her add these new phases, making her greater, but let her not subtract from herself the arts and understanding and love intelligence that belong solely to woman. If she does so, the price of her progress is too great.

She will have probably the same results that George Sand had: success, fame, money, and unhappiness and a broken heart.

OTHER articles concerning "What Every Woman Wants to Know" appeared in the September, October, November and December SMART SET. Copies of any or all of these issues will gladly be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents each

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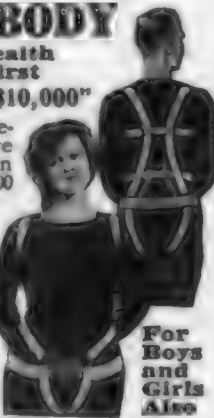
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Vamps Are Not So Wise

[Continued from page 25]

"who can it be? She's wonderful looking."

The goddess, opened the runabout door, thrust a poem in a silk stocking forward, followed it by another, and addressed herself to Sky.

"I just heard that you were here, you devil you," she said and added, "do you know that the roof leaks right over my bed?"

Sally more surprised than ever glanced at Sky. But he had apparently forgotten Sally for the moment.

"I told you that the place had hot and cold running water, mostly cold," he replied with a grin. "And if the cold water comes through the roof—why the best of roofs will leak sometimes, you know."

"But what shall I do?" beseeched the lovely lady. Her voice as anguished as if the world lay in chaos around her.

Evidently Sky knew her very well for he said, "I'll run over and take a look at it. Perhaps I can fix it."

"That is my old sweetheart!" said the surprising lady.

Apparently she was quite unaware of Sally. Anyway she swung back into the runabout and invited Sky to join her.

"I won't be gone long," said Sky to Sally.

And without another word of explanation off he went, leaving Sally open mouthed.

"She is an actress," announced an austere voice in Sally's ear.

SALLY jumped. It was almost as startling as if one of the ancient elms had addressed her. But as she glanced up at Sky's mother, who was tall like her son, she realized that Sky had known what he was talking about when he said his mother could be articulate on occasion.

"Oh," she said. "Somebody Sky knows?"

The austere lips tightened briefly. Then, "All I know is that she has been around asking for him, wanted to see him as soon as he came. She calls herself Linda Bell."

"Is she living near by?" Sally asked.

"At the Thaxter place. She's taken it for the summer."

It was high noon and for all her determined reasonableness Sally felt that it was high time Sky returned. When he did come in the runabout with Linda Bell acting as chauffeuse Sally didn't see their arrival but she heard it.

"You're a sweet," Sally heard her husband informed. "And don't forget that, having gotten me down here, I expect you to relieve my boredom."

Eavesdropping was something Sally detested at least theoretically. Nevertheless, she did not close her ears to Sky's reply.

"I have a boat to get afloat," said Sky.

"That's going to keep me busy—"

"Lovely, I adore boats," Linda Bell informed him. "I hereby ship as first mate."

At that point Sally rose abruptly; she had been sitting in the rear of the house in the warm June sun which, though doing its best this morning had seemed somehow less mellow and benign than yesterday, and went indoors.

Sky appeared presently and found her in their room powdering her nose.

"I'm not going to be a darned old silly billy and I'll not ask questions," Sally had informed herself.

"Lo," she greeted him.

"Fixed the roof," he informed her.

Sally waited expectantly, almost breathlessly, to hear him add that he had missed her. But he merely kissed the back of her neck and suggested it must be nearly dinner time, that he felt that way anyway.

Sally bit her lip. She wasn't going to force his confidence. Yet she heard herself say in a voice that would have deceived anybody save another woman, "She's really awfully charming, isn't she?"

"Peach," acquiesced Sky.

Not so good that!

"Is she married?" asked Sally and despised herself for it.

Sky, however, saw nothing wrong with the question. "I don't know whether she is or not at the moment," he grinned. "She has been at least twice though."

"I must stop this," thought Sally. And, "Oh, you've known her some time?" suggested her treacherous tongue.

"In a way. She's more Sam's friend than mine. He had an awful crush on her once, but don't mention that to Mrs. Sam."

A bit better that. "Is she very successful? I don't seem to have heard her name?"

"She's been on and off Broadway but never starred before. She's going to get her big chance now; that's why she's up here. The play has a Maine background and she asked us to find a house for her where she could soak in atmosphere. Say, didn't you powder your nose just a minute ago?"

"Isn't it nice she's here?" she said.

They had dinner and then went down to the cove where the boat lay. Sally seated herself on the sand while Sky, filled his pipe, and regarded the job to be done.

"It certainly looks like the wreck of the Hesperus," he remarked.

He bent to his task, relapsing into his usual concentrated silence. Yesterday Sally would not have minded that. She would have been content to sit there, letting sand slip through her fingers, dividing her attention between his close cropped head and the cove, with its rim of white silver and the lovely ocean shimmering beyond. But yesterday there had been a sense of mutuality in the silence. Today something had happened to that.

Silly as that sounded, and it did sound so even to Sally, it was true even before Linda Bell appeared.

"I didn't more than half believe there was a boat," announced Linda's lovely, laughing voice. "So I had to come to see. I'm glad to discover that it wasn't pure fabrication, that you weren't simply trying to escape my attentions."

This was patently addressed to Sky. "The presence of a mere wife probably means nothing to her," thought Sally. "Yet, even she can't mean to wholly ignore me."

Evidently Linda had no such intention. She turned to Sally, sweetly self-assured. "Of course you're Sally; Sky told me all about you this morning," she said. Then having recognized the exigencies of the situation she presented Sally with one of her most charming smiles and turned back to Sky.

"You don't look the least bit glad to see me," she protested.

"I'm not," Sky retorted. "I can't caulk a boat and indulge in small talk at the same time."

LINDA made a charming face at him and slipped down beside Sally.

"Don't you love these rude, ruthless cave men?" she asked. "And do you wonder your husband intrigues me? He actually wasn't going to pay the slightest attention to me this morning while he fixed the roof."

Airily she picked up a pebble and tossed it at Sky.

"I am not married to you," she informed

him. "and I refuse to be regarded as a bit of inanimate scenery."

For a second Sally felt as if her face had been slapped. It sounded like a gratuitous, outrageously crude insult. Then—since she was basically a sensible Sally—she realized that Linda might be quite as astonished should she show offense.

"Actresses must live for and on their emotions," she thought, "and I imagine in Linda's circle such directness is a common thing."

Nevertheless Sally waited tensely for Sky's comment.

"You will be sent home in disgrace the first thing you know," he announced.

In his voice there was a distinct note of warning. And yet he wasn't wholly displeased.

"Well, men are like that," philosophized Sally. "Any charming woman who angles for their attention can get away with murder as long as they aren't married to her."

There was no question but what Linda, with her tawny hair and warm gold eyes was ever so charming. And if the frock she wore was better suited to Longchamps than this stretch of Maine coast it was, at least, devastating.

The little sports frock that Sally wore was very good and a rank extravagance. It had been bought on Fifth Avenue for this occasion.

"And yet," thought Sally, "compared to her I must look like a fresh air funder down for the week-end."

It wasn't as bad as that of course. Nor was there anything the matter with Sally's nose or her hair or her mouth or her legs, so far as she knew. Sky had praised all these personal attributes extravagantly. Yet she did feel diminished as the moon must when the sun rises.

"She's got so darn much it, whatever it is," Sally mused.

THE afternoon permitted her much time for the indulgence of such thoughts. Linda talked to Sky and Sky replied, if at times only in monosyllables. Now and then Linda did address an aside to Sally, but for the most part Sally sat silent, feeling absurdly like an intruder.

Ridiculous, of course, but before the afternoon ended, Sally's highest, most hopeless hope was that Linda might choke.

"And I'd choke her myself cheerfully if I had the chance," she confessed honestly to herself.

Yet what she actually said to Linda when they parted was, "Oh, no, why should I mind? It's been lovely to have you. Do come again."

Which proved what civilization has done to men and women, particularly women, since the Stone Age.

"Oh, well," Sally reflected, "I might as well be a good sport about it. I know perfectly well she'll appear again anyway, invitation or none."

And Linda did, the next morning right after breakfast with another plea for assistance. This time it was the kitchen range that was misbehaving.

"And there's the bathtub, the kitchen sink and Lord knows what else that can go out of commission," thought Sally.

Linda was speaking to her. "I hope you don't mind my borrowing your husband's way, my dear."

"Not at all," Sally replied and even managed to smile, convincingly, she hoped. But another perfectly good morning was broken into and Sally was willing to bet ten to one that Linda would appear that afternoon.

Linda did. Which was that! If it had been anybody else's husband Sally would have been amused, if only by Linda's abysmal frankness.

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"Here I angle and angle for the man's attention and a lot of good it does me," she actually remarked to Sally. "But perhaps that's why I'm so horribly fascinated by him: I'm not used to having men treat me so."

Excrucable taste, perhaps. But Sally merely smiled or hoped she did and glanced at Sky to see if he had heard. Sky had.

"You can't use me for target practice, my dear," was his comment. "I've got my fingers crossed and intend to keep them crossed."

That grated. Yet it was. Sally realized, the sort of thing Sky must have said to other women before marriage and quite possibly since. He was darned attractive and she knew and distrusted her own sex.

"Almost any woman who isn't in love wants to be, whether she's married or not," was the way Sally, who was normally pretty much a realist, would have put it. "And it doesn't make any difference whether the man is married if she's a love pirate. It's only a question of how she goes about it."

UNLESS a man is a perfect flop his wife must expect him to be exposed to that sort of stuff. And marriage couldn't make a monk out of a man. Why shouldn't he enjoy being with and talking with other women?

Nevertheless, Sally writhed. She wanted to be a good sport, intended to be. But this was her honeymoon, darn it!

"And Linda wouldn't have the slightest compunction about lifting any man's scalp, if only to make a Maine holiday a bit more exciting," she assured herself.

Before that afternoon ended she had come to a definite decision.

"The next time she appears I'll duck," she declared. "I refuse to spend my honeymoon watching another woman making eyes at my husband."

And that is why, of a June afternoon with dandelions running riot through the grass and a sky like blue glass overhead, Sally sat with her pretty chin propped between her cupped hands, quite alone.

"Oh, damn, damn!" she murmured through her pretty teeth.

A bride on her belated honeymoon. Small and slim and dusky haired. A piquant, rather gaminesque figure. But Sally refused to be comforted by any such vision of herself.

"The sort," she would have said, "that men fall in love with, but not the sort they simply go mad over!"

Not that she had forgotten the mad, ardent Sky of the March noon when they had married in such haste. The memory of that was part of the sting of the moment. If she could only have had her honeymoon when she knew Sky wouldn't even have looked at Linda Bell.

Oh, well, she had always had strong views on the subject of love and marriage. If Sky found pleasure in the society of Linda, got a kick out of her frank pursuit of him, why should she, Sally, deny him that? Surely real love gave a person what he wanted most.

Only—and here was where practical experience disrupted impersonal philosophy—she wanted Sky to want her and nobody else.

"And that," confessed Sally, "is the perfectest horror of it."

Presently she glanced at her wrist watch. Almost five. She rose quickly. She simply wasn't going to sit around and have Sky find her waiting for him when he came home, so she went to the barn and got the car. After that she drove determinedly until six to be perfectly sure that Sky would be there before her.

At six, however, Sky had not yet returned. But he did come soon after.

"Be sweet, sweet maid, and so be clever!" Sally exhorted herself. So, greeting him with a smile that none could cavil at, she asked:

"How is the boat coming along?"

"Rotten," he retorted. "Where did you skip to, anyway?"

Sally's heart rose a bit. "He missed me," she thought. But to him she merely said airily, "Oh, I got tired of sitting around and so came home and went for a ride." She might have stopped at that but she simply could not resist adding, "I knew I'd left you in good company; Linda stayed, didn't she?"

"Until afternoon tea time," he replied with clipped and curiously sultry brevity. He paused, perceptibly, before adding, "She insisted that I go with her."

It was evident that he was irritated. Some women possibly might think that was because Linda had dragged him away from his work. But Sally was not quite so simple as that.

Men, she knew, hated to give an account of their goings and comings. Perhaps he was afraid she would misunderstand or try to punish him in feminine ways. Irritation in the male was a symptom of that; when it flashed wise wives dropped the subject.

Sally did. Abruptly. Even though she couldn't help feeling that he would never have stopped work for tea with her.

And as abruptly she felt a wave of nostalgia for her cubby-hole and the "nightie" dolls with radium eyes and the jolly green turtle that floated in baby's bathtub. "And she wasn't,"—she defended herself, vehemently,—"just being a silly, jealous, possessive wife either."

"It's not that I don't trust him absolutely," she reasoned, lying awake while he slept that night. "Or that I think he has stopped loving me. I couldn't be that foolish. But it isn't the same. We don't seem to get close together the way we used to. Even when she isn't with us, she's there somehow."

And there Linda was. Enough of her to make Sally a little stiff and aloof even when she and Sky walked together after supper through the lambent twilights—about the only time of day Linda was not apt to appear.

Sally believed, implicitly, that there wasn't the suggestion of an affair between Sky and Linda. At least not so far as Sky was concerned.

"At the most he just likes to have his masculine ego stroked without even being conscious that he likes it perhaps," she told herself. "All men are like that, even the best of them."

CERTAINLY Sky did not pursue Linda; it was Linda who pursued him. She did it openly. Everything was on the surface for any one to see. So Sally, who made a fetish of being reasonable and sensible, assured herself until she found Linda's note.

That came, on the eighth day of their honeymoon, to Sky by messenger, a gangling, grinning village youth who did chores for Linda.

Sky ran through it—they were at the supper table—started to comment on it and then changed his mind and thrust it into his pocket. To the messenger he said, briefly:

"Tell her I'll be over."

Evidently he was impatient. With Linda? Or because he felt that he must explain, ask permission to go perhaps? Sally didn't know. But she felt it was her turn to be irritated. Linda had swallowed Sky's mornings and afternoons as an anaconda swallows rabbits but this was the first time she had intruded on their evenings. And tonight the moon was to be full.

"And a June moon in Maine is a regular

moon; we'll have it for our honeymoon," Sky had promised.

Had he forgotten? Sally wasn't sure. But she felt like saying, "If you go to Linda's tonight you needn't come back."

Therefore all she said was, "Please pass the butter."

He passed it. Presently, supper finished, he rose.

"Linda wants to see me about something, the Lord knows what," he said. "I'll be back before the moon comes up anyway."

Sally's spirits simply soared. He hadn't forgotten. And he didn't want to go. She gave him a swift, lovingly impudent glance.

"You better had be, mister!" she informed him. And even had the hardihood to add, "I'm beginning to wonder whether this is my honeymoon or Linda's!"

He grinned at that and kissed her. Almost as he had in the taxi the day they were married. And so, for all that he had gone to Linda's there was a little glow in Sally's heart as she helped with the dishes.

"What do I care," she exulted cockily, "how many ladies want him as long as he wants me?"

After finishing the dishes she went upstairs to freshen up. She stood before the mirror brushing her hair.

THIS done she noted a bit of paper on the floor beside the chair. She bent to retrieve it, glancing at it automatically.

No more than a scrap from a scratch pad, it suggested nothing of any importance. Rather something that should be tossed into the waste-basket. That it might be the note Sky had received from Linda never occurred to her. Not until the first line leaped out and smote her!

"Darling: I simply must see you tonight, honeymoon or no honeymoon—"

Sally read no further. Did not need, or want to. The bit of paper fluttered back to the floor. She did not move.

"This is me," she thought. "And this has happened to me."

No heroics, no hysterics. Nothing but a feeling of numbness. Did women ever faint at such times, or press anguished hands to anguished breast? Well, Sally didn't. She could even think clearly and logically.

Sky hadn't seemed to want to go. Well, she could understand that. He was fond of her, she supposed, must be—something seemed to grip her heart almost intolerably there—and he would feel like a treacherous beast. He couldn't help feeling that way, else he wouldn't be Sky.

Nevertheless, he had gone because he couldn't help himself. She could understand that, too.

"Men just can't help being what they are," Sally, the determined realist, reminded that other Sally who sat so still and tense, a bit whiter around the lips and more piteous eyed than she realized.

Such things as this were forever happening she knew.

"But not," wailed something in Sally, "on a honeymoon."

Her pretty lips quivered. The lips Sky had kissed before he had gone.

"How—how could he?" protested the Sally who was no realist.

To that Sally it seemed the kiss of a Judas. But the other Sally could even understand that. Might it not be the kiss penitential? Sky might really want to love her, might be desperately fighting a purely physical infatuation. Or it might not be so terribly serious as the note sounded. Even on Sky's part. It might be no more than a mild affair.

There, however, Sally let sober reasoning come to an abrupt halt.

"I'd rather," she flamed, "have him in

"Don't spoil the party"

someone called when
I sat down at the Piano

—a moment later they got
the surprise of their lives!

"I'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again."

"You'd better lock the piano!" came the laughing rejoinder.

How well I knew what they were talking about. At the last party I had attended I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing.

Before long, however, I turned around and—the room was empty!

Burning with shame, I determined to turn the tables. Tonight my moment had come.

Turning to Bill I said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned . . ."

For a moment no one spoke. Then someone called: "For heaven's sake, don't spoil the party!"

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Then. "You won't have any trouble now." He straightened himself and looked down at her. And the moonlight seemed to tremble and the world to hold its breath as their eyes met. She tried to speak, couldn't. The next second he had swept her into his arms.

"Don't go," he was pleading desperately. "Don't—don't! I can't stand it. I don't know what I've done but—"

Sally knew! She had fought against telling him but she could fight no longer. He might as well know the truth.

"I said it wasn't Linda," she told him, "and in a way it wasn't. It's just that Linda spoiled something. I can't explain—"

"Oh, damn Linda," he said. "Granted that she butted in and made a confounded nuisance of herself. I don't see—"

Sally's mouth twisted piteously. "Please, Sky, don't try to lie. I found a note from her to you. I didn't mean to read it, didn't read it all. But I read enough to make it impossible for me to stay. You'll find the note on the floor beside the chair if you have forgotten what she said."

"I don't remember exactly," he confessed. "Some sort of slush."

"She called you darling. And said she must see you tonight, honeymoon or—"

"She," broke in Sky grimly, "would call the iceman darling if she wrote him a note."

"Oh, please, Sky. I'm not asking for explanations. I'm simply trying to show you how hopeless it is—"

"Because she wrote me one of those damned fool notes she writes everybody? She can't any more help that than—"

"Than she could help kissing the iceman if he came when she wanted him, I suppose."

"I wouldn't put it by her," Sky assured her. "A kiss, to Linda, is simply small change. It means less than nothing to her—"

"And I suppose you think I ought to believe that it meant less than nothing to you, too. But I can't see it that way, Sky. Because you're letting her does mean something to me. I may be just a fool woman, silly, jealous and possessive but—"

"YOU are a fool woman," said he. "And I didn't let her. You see she has had an invitation to visit Bar Harbor and wanted to get rid of the Thaxter place, simply ignore her lease, just like a woman. And—well, I'm so darned fed up with her being around that I told her I'd fix it up. And then she kissed me. I just didn't duck in time, honey. That's the truth."

He tilted her head up. "Look at me please; can't you see that I'm telling the truth," he pleaded.

Sally looked at him. "Are you really, truly fed up with her? Oh, Sky, you've spent hours with her on our honeymoon. You talked to her at times when you never paid any attention to me."

"Oh, good Lord!" he exploded. "I had to talk to her. She wouldn't let me alone for a second."

"I didn't ever butt in that way," protested Sally.

His arm tightened around her. "Never!" He assured her. "You're a perfect peach that way. You just sat there—"

"And did you like to have me sit there?" She snuggled into his arms and lifted her lips to his.

It was some time before either spoke. Then Sally murmured, "I'm sorry that I was such a darned idiot. But you see Linda is attractive and you must admit she's a vamp."

"I'll admit anything provided it's not used against me," replied Sky, holding her very, very close. "She's a vamp, right out of the movies. And absolutely real. But—"

Sally flickered an eyelid at him. "But vamps don't know everything," she supplied. "Oh, Sky, I'd have died if you'd let me go."

"Fat chance!" said Sky huskily.

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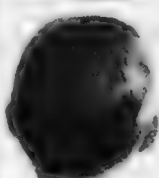
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Peter And Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 33]

take the matter under advisement. She was not outwardly disturbed by the idea. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain further."

She came into the room at last and sat on the edge of a chair as if she did not expect that the interview would last very long.

Corinne outlined the situation, or at least as much of it as Peter himself knew.

At the conclusion of Corinne's story Mrs. Carmichael reflected a moment behind her mask.

"My dear girl," she said in tones which erased the "dear" automatically, "I am afraid you are the victim of one of my nephew's bursts of absent-minded generosity. If you knew him well—" cat that she was to imply that Corinne didn't—"you would realize as I do that he is constantly conceiving some benevolent project such as this and invariably failing to carry it out. It is quite possible that he did offer to marry you. He has no more idea than an unborn babe what the responsibilities of marriage are and he doubtless goes around casually offering himself to women who arouse his sympathetic interest. I say doubtless because I don't know. He never brought one home before. But he has forgotten it by this time and I would advise you to do the same as speedily as possible. I'm terribly sorry you have had your trip to New York for nothing and if you like I will gladly reimburse you for your traveling expenses to and from—what did you say was the name of the town in which he found you?"

FURY welled up in the heart of the cornered Corinne as her merciless adversary lashed her again and again across the face. To be so utterly defenseless against a pitiless foe, with absolutely no way to strike back, to be stripped bare of pretense before a woman who searched out all the mean spots in her soul, made Corinne speechless with rage. She longed to throw off the restraining shackles of some distant gentle forbear which forbade her clawing and scratching that emotionless, relentless face, from tearing out hands full of that studiously arranged white hair.

At length Corinne controlled her voice enough to say casually. "Thank you, no. I am not an object of charity. If you don't mind I'll be going."

"You won't wait to see if I may be wrong?" suggested the older woman in a voice which could scarcely be differentiated from a kindly one. She had risen.

"No, thank you."

Corinne passed her and went out into the hall by herself. The outer door was locked but she managed to solve the catch and almost staggered out.

With eyes blinded by scalding tears she walked away from that neighborhood on swift hateful feet. Anything to shake off the scorn which that woman had draped about her like a hideous, clinging shawl.

Peter arrived at the little squeezed-in house on West Seventy-something Street about three o'clock, perhaps a little later.

He sought his aunt immediately in her upstairs sitting room. Peter was the only person in the world who dared to open the door of that chamber without knocking.

"Hello, Mike," he said and kissed her dutifully upon her cheek. If any one else had ever called her by a nickname he would have perished of cold lightning on the spot. She even pretended to be furious at Peter's irreverent contraction of her last name but secretly she was pleased.

She was sitting with her prim tiny feet upon a stool. A book was in her hands one of Thackeray's, which she was rereading, "because one never could tell what indecency one would run across in the writings of these modern scribblers." She let the volume relax to her lap but with a finger marking the place.

"Aren't you home rather unexpectedly today, Peter?"

"Why, no. Weren't you expecting me? Didn't you get my wire?"

"No, Peter."

"I'm sure I sent one. I wonder if I could have forgotten. I know I intended to. Well, anyway I'm here. Has Corinne, Miss Renshaw, arrived yet?"

His aunt looked at him blandly. "Miss Renshaw? I don't believe we know any one by that name. Of whom are you speaking, Peter?"

"Then she hasn't been here?" Peter jumped hastily to the conclusion he had been most hoping for. "I'm glad because it would have been rather difficult for the poor girl to make the explanations herself. She'll be along presently I dare say. You'll adore her, Mike. Excepting Corinne and yourself there are no really clever women in the world."

"But I do not comprehend, Peter, why I should ever expect to meet this other paragon out of an otherwise uninteresting universe."

"Because I'm about to marry her, Mike. That's why. She has consented to share the serio-comic name of Hughey. Hadn't I told you that before? I'm so full of the idea I thought people could guess it."

"Do I understand rightly, Peter," his aunt interrogated, "that you are contemplating marriage?"

"You've guessed my secret. I see it is no use further to dissemble before this towering what-do-you-call-it of feminine intuition. This is my wedding day. You are my best man and—"

"Peter, be serious. I can't believe what you are saying but the fact that you are back in New York while your company of players is on tour is indication in itself that something has gone wrong. Surely it can't be as disastrous as marriage."

"It is; the grand-daddy of all disasters has befallen your own little wayfarer."

"But, dear, haven't I told you that wedding is the last thing to be considered by a man of genius like yourself?"

"Yes, Mike, and thank you for the flattery but I've run across somebody who is a more powerful arguer than you are."

"That woman?"

"**WELL**, no, not unless you are referring to Old Mother Nature by that title. Frankly, Aunt Mike, I did not intend to get married for years; no man ever does no matter how old he is. Wait till I write that down in my little book for the new play." He produced a memorandum from his pocket and wrote the line in it even while he kept on talking. "But necessity is the mother of matrimony. Darn it, more provender for the little book and I just couldn't help it."

"Woman's necessity only," Mrs. Carmichael suggested. "No man needs to get married."

"Mike, it's too late to try to corrupt my morals, I—"

"What I am trying to tell you is that you have no need of a wife and that you are only laying up trouble for yourself if you should get one. Women need husbands."

not for happiness, but for support and protection but why a moderately far-seeing man should step into a trap just because it is standing open I cannot understand."

"Aunt Mike, aren't you rather crabbing the woman game, betraying your own sex?"

"I hate women," the woman declared. And men," she added as an afterthought.

"Comprehensive and definite at least," Peter admitted.

"A woman will argue with you."

"Evidently."

"Will spend your money, distract your attention from your work, keep you from your pleasures, and—"

"Aunt Mike, I know all that you are going to say. Until very recently I agreed with you. But you'll change your mind just as I did when you see Corinne."

"I'm sorry but you are wrong."

"Wait till you see her."

"I have."

"Have what?"

"Seen her."

"She's here, then?" Peter demanded.

"Where?"

"The lady you refer to has been here, Peter, but she went away."

"You sent her away?"

"No, she insisted upon going even when I suggested that although I knew nothing of your plans you might be coming home."

"Where did she go?" demanded Peter.

"Where did she leave word for me to meet her?"

"She did not leave any word. Peter, boy, I didn't intend even to tell you that she had been here. You can forget her so easily."

"Forget the girl who is to be my wife?"

"She mustn't be your wife, Peter. She's not suitable in any way, shape or manner."

"Aunt!" Peter's exclamation was an entreaty more than a command.

"I can't let you say anything further about my future wife."

"Not your future wife while you live under this roof."

"Naturally we would not expect you to shelter us always."

"Never so long as I live. Nor need you look forward to any financial aid from me either before or after my death. As you know you are my sole heir under my present will and—"

"That is not a consideration," Peter pointed out. "I make a very comfortable living."

"In a business that is all a gamble. You've said so yourself. Suppose your next play is a failure."

"I've already supposed that and I'm afraid we're both right. I'm sorry you've put this thing on a financial basis but it doesn't make any difference. I'd like to do everything in life to please you because you have been wonderfully kind to me but I've given my word to a girl who has placed her life in my hands and I am not going to turn back. Before I go to find her I'd like to ask you once more if I may bring her here?"

"Never, so long as you live, let that crude and—"

"Good-by, Aunt Mike," Peter interrupted.

"Peter!" she called as he left the room.

He stopped on the top step and turned back. She had tripped as she came to the door after him, had fallen and lay sobbing face down on the floor. It was the first time Peter had ever known her to give way to any emotion in all the time that he could remember.

He picked her up gently in his arms.

"There, there, Mike. Don't cry. I'll—"

The maid servant who had appeared noiselessly at the door coughed apologetically.

"Pardon me, sir, but there's an ambulance downstairs."

"An ambulance?" Peter echoed. Ambulances at least up to that time had had no place in his existence.

"Yes, sir. They've brought back that lady who was here before. Shall I let them carry her in?"

Peter committed his aunt to the care of the maid and went downstairs. There was a young white-coated ambulance surgeon in the hall.

He addressed Peter without preamble. "We were called to pick up a lady who was ill in front of the Museum. Her address was on this piece of paper so we brought her home." He handed over the memorandum of his aunt's address which Peter himself had given to Corinne the night before.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing serious. Just the heat I imagine. Overexertion perhaps."

Peter had accompanied the young surgeon outside. There was no crowd around the ambulance.

CORINNE was inside on a stretcher. The attendants pulled it out and put it down on the sidewalk. When Peter bent over her she opened her eyes.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Where am I?"

"There, there, dear," Peter said. "You're home, at last. I'm here and everything is all right."

The attendants picked up the stretcher and started for the house steps. Corinne recognized where she was.

"Stop!" she commanded.

"Why, what's the matter?" Peter asked.

"I'll never enter that house alive. Let me go. Let me get away where I'll never see that cruel old woman again."

She had managed to get off the stretcher and stand on her feet. Peter caught her.

This was the deuce of a predicament.

Privately, Peter doubted the wisdom of taking the cause of all the disturbance inside the house and yet he scarcely knew what else to do with Corinne. She was his responsibility now, too, just as much as his aunt was.

Fortunately life does not allow men of Peter's stamp to dawdle forever on the horns of a dilemma but steps in and does something, makes a decision for them.

Life's representative, Corinne, did the trick now.

"Dismiss the ambulance," she suggested.

"I don't like to ride in it anyway. Then if you want to get rid of me take me as far as the corner where I can get a taxi."

Peter found himself obeying. Women could, and always would, boss him around.

The ambulance, with its grinning attendants, was gone and Peter was sitting beside Corinne in a taxicab which had been given a roving commission to drive through the Park, before Peter found the reins back in his own hands.

"At what hotel are you stopping?" Peter asked innocently, thinking to direct the chauffeur.

"I have no hotel," she confessed.

"Then where—" he began.

Corinne laughed weakly. "I've had to walk around the streets. My daddy had all my money when I came to lunch with you yesterday and I forgot to ask him to return it before they took him away to jail. I didn't have any baggage when I got here so I couldn't register at a hotel."

"You poor dear," Peter sympathized and then a sudden thought struck him. "But how did you eat?"

"Well, I haven't since yesterday noon."

"No wonder you fainted, with all this heat and everything. Driver," this through the window, "take us to Delmonico's." Again to Corinne. "I don't see how I could have forgotten to give you money for expenses last night. I'm not assuming my responsibilities as your husband very well."



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"Well, enough considering the fact that you are not my husband and never will be." "Never will be?" He tried to take her hands which were unwilling. "Yesterday you promised. It was all arranged."

"Yesterday, yes, but today I have seen and been seen by the woman whom I was desperately hoping would be to me the loving mother I have never had and now my rainbow bubble is smashed. We don't like each other. She decided that right away and in a very few minutes I agreed with her. I was running away from her, actually running, when I fainted."

"I SHOULD certainly never, never have come back, never have seen you again, if the ambulance hadn't brought me. You can never understand how deeply that woman humiliated me. The worst of it is that she was largely right. She told me a lot of unpleasant truths which I mustn't admit unless I am ready to die. So you see, Peter, our arrangements were just plans drawn up by a fairy architect. You can't make a house according to those specifications from real building materials."

From that speech Peter got a glimpse through to her shining mind. He wanted it again even if for a moment the spell had been waveringly broken by the contact with rough reality. His solar plexus, which had been giving him some uneasy feelings since his arrival at his aunt's house, now became a stabilizer.

Even if it was a hot day, even if a taxi-cab in the afternoon sun is the least romantic spot in the world, propinquity was still pinch-hitting for Cupid and duty, in the background picturing a sobbing elderly woman, became a less potent force. A man had to relieve the distress which was nearest at hand.

Peter didn't argue with himself even that much. He took Corinne's hand, still resisting but not so much so, and held it in his own while he talked to her.

"Of course we are going to carry out our plans. We don't want to do anything else even if there were anything else to do. I'm sorry you and Aunt Mike did not hit it off right away but that was mostly my fault for springing you on her without any warning. That will all clear up, dear." He pulled her a little closer, marveling at himself as he did so. Peter had never attempted to embrace a young woman before in broad daylight and on Fifth Avenue.

She resisted. "What if it doesn't all clear up? Suppose your aunt and I always hate each other?"

"Even that doesn't make any difference, dear. Nothing can separate us. I think God intended you for me."

IN HEAVEN an austere bearded gentleman started to laugh and then, when he looked down and saw how happy they were and how clean their hearts were in that moment, he changed to a musing smile.

Peter and Corinne came back to earth. The doorman at Delmonico's was approaching their cab. Corinne came down more quickly and more surely than Peter.

"Would you mind taking me somewhere else for tea?" She requested. "I haven't the right kind of clothes for a place like this. I'd rather come here for the first time with you when I am appropriately dressed."

"Just as you wish," Peter acquiesced. "I know an English tea room near Broadway."

Their tea was all rose colored by planning for the future.

Corinne made him understand by inference, certainly not by direct request, that she would need a few clean articles of apparel and a chance to freshen up a bit before they were married.

Peter, under her management, grew fairly practical. When they left the restaurant

he bought a couple of grips and then acted as courier for a swift tour of a near-by department store where Corinne made a few modest purchases.

With their baggage and even a few overflowing parcels they repaired to the Ritz. Peter, anticipating events a trifle, registered as Mr. and Mrs. Hughey and was assigned to two rooms and a connecting bath.

"I'll wait here in the lobby," he told Corinne, "until you are dressed. Come down when you're ready."

Corinne knew a great deal about New York hotels from having read about them but she had never been in one before, and was frankly excited and pleased by the luxury of the suite to which they had been assigned.

Like a cat in a strange garret she had to explore the rooms, test the thickness of the rugs and examine the stationery. Then here were her purchases to unwrap.

MARRIAGE was a nice thing if it brought her all this, she reflected. She had made a very good bargain she told herself. It was strange that in her thoughts she referred to the experience she had entered upon as "marriage," a concrete thing, and not as an all compelling mating with Peter. Maybe not so strange either. Marriage was an idea that had occupied her mind more or less constantly for a number of years while Peter she had only met a day before yesterday.

She dressed in some of the new things. Modest in price though they had been, they were nevertheless of a class of material and cut that she had always yearned for in vain. Crepe-de-Chine and chiffon, were magic words. She decided to erase cotton and lisle from her vocabulary forever and as a symbol of her emancipation she threw in the waste-basket all of the underclothing which she had taken off.

It seemed a shame to put her old suit on over the butterfly nymph which she saw in the glass but it had to be done. She promised the suit an eternal vacation beginning tomorrow.

At last Corinne went down to her Peter. He had improved the time that she had been away by running out to a not distant jeweler's and purchasing a moderately large platinum mounted solitaire and a link platinum wedding ring. The engagement token he wished on her finger right away and gave her the other ring to keep.

"I'll forget where it is or lose it altogether if I put it in any of my pockets," he apologized.

Corinne didn't hear him. Her soul was listening to the clashing harmonies made by the criss-crossing facet lights of her first diamond. Her breath was coming in little awed gasps. She scarcely realized that diamonds came that large.

Peter had attended to all the details except the essential ones. They soon found out that they couldn't get a license until morning.

Corinne laughed. "You've escaped once more, Peter. The gods are certainly giving you plenty of chances to remain a free man."

"The gods perhaps," Peter retorted, "but not you. I haven't been a free man since you bewitched me into sitting on my hat."

When Peter, from the depths of his masculine inexperience proposed dinner and the theater Corinne demurred.

"There'll be so much time for theaters afterward," she declared. "I ate so greedily over at that tea house that I know I shall never be hungry again. But I am fearfully and wonderfully tired and if you know how good that bed up in my room looked—"

"You mean you want me to say good night so early?"

"Yes, dear. I'll be so much fresher to-

morrow. I didn't sleep any at all last night."

At the hotel she asked, "May I send a telegram to my mother? I expect that she has had two hysterics and a conniption fit by this time and has the police of Fairway turning the city upside down for me."

Peter didn't object but he reminded her. "She knows you are with me. Your father must have told her that he last saw you in Atlantic City."

Corinne hesitated a moment. No, this was not the time for the truth. Later, perhaps, but not now. "Anyway I'd better telegraph mother."

Peter guided her to the hotel desk and she composed the message.

"Mrs. John Renshaw, Hill Street, Fairway, N. J. Married. Happy. Letter follows. Address The Ritz, New York City. Love. Corinne Hughey."

She showed the telegram to Peter, pointing out silently the word "married" and the signature. "I had to write it that way because it's pretty hard to explain being away from home for two days otherwise."

Her statement was put like a question submitted for approval. Peter hesitated.

"A little lie isn't really wicked, is it?" Corinne asked. "Especially if it makes some one happier who would otherwise be terribly upset?"

Peter did not know. Neither does any one else.

At any rate Peter could think of no way of solving the situation any better than the swift fib which had occurred to his future bride.

So he nodded an O. K. and handed the message to the telegraph clerk. "Now what?" he asked. The guiding reins of the family were already in Corinne's hands and his question acknowledged it.

"Get my key, please. Peter. I've chosen the corner room—I've forgotten the number—and you can take the other."

Peter was walking away from her toward the hotel desk before he quite realized that the two rooms which he had engaged were connecting ones and that they were registered as man and wife. True, he had expected to be married by this time. They would be in another twenty-four hours. Still, Peter's notions of propriety had come over in the Mayflower even if his ancestors had waited for steam transportation and his mind shied at the idea of anything that might ever reflect upon the honor of his bride to be.

He told this to Corinne when he had given her the key.

"Then I shan't see you until tomorrow?" she questioned, torn between admiration for his chivalrous attitude toward her and slight pique at finding the control of the situation out of her hands.

"I think not. Probably I can get a room over at the Lambs or at the University Club and that will be better. If I can't I'll come back but the chances are against it. If I do I can get in without waking you. Just close the door between the two rooms."

HE DID not even go up in the elevator with her to kiss her good night.

"Poor fish!" Corinne said to herself but she was really tremendously elated at the implied homage to her power and the totally unexpected tender consideration for her reputation. Corinne's experience had been that men must be fought off. This strange specimen who constantly kept her at arm's length baffled her.

But at two in the morning Corinne awakened from the first deep sleep of utter exhaustion into which she had fallen.

Her first thought, as soon as she realized where she was, was to wonder if he were in the next room.

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Curiosity tormented her until finally she got up, stealthily unlocked the connecting door and opened it a cautious crack.

It was dark in there but she could not hear any one breathing. She went in and turned on the night-light by the bed. It had not been occupied.

She laughed and made a face at his pillow.

Then she turned out the light and crawled into his bed where she spent the rest of the night.

Peter went to the Lambs first as soon as he left his fiancée.

The doorman greeted Peter. "A lady has been trying to get you on the telephone all afternoon. I've heard the boys paging you every half hour."

"All right. Thanks."

Peter proceeded to the steward's desk. Charley O'Brien whose gray hairs have been earned in the service of the club was on duty.

Peter asked him for a number.

"Sorry, Mr. Hughey, there isn't a thing tonight. Actors are all broke during the summer, you know, and this is one of the places where they can get credit."

PETER turned away. George Milburn, dean of producers and one of the most intelligent actors on the American stage besides, was standing behind him.

"What's the matter, boy?" demanded Mr. Milburn. "Why aren't you with your play? It's in Atlantic City isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Didn't I educate you never to leave your brain child until it was safely set for a New York run?"

"But it isn't my fault, George. I had to come to town. I'm going to be married tomorrow."

George did not make any comment for a moment.

Peter sensed his disapproval. "Why shouldn't I marry, George?"

"Because it will probably mean the end of your chances to become a great playwright."

Peter laughed. "You contradict yourself, George. You were the very first man to tell me that the principal thing my plays lacked was knowledge of women."

"It will still be true after you've married one," George said. "You're the kind of a man they'll always fool or rather you'll always fool yourself about them. I'm that kind of a man myself."

"But you've been married."

"I said I was that kind of a man. A chap with a lot of imagination, an idealist, has no business asking a woman to live with him for more than two or three days. No human being can stand the strain of being on a pedestal any longer than that. A girl is a lot safer marrying a plumber or a barber." He switched suddenly from philosophy to a direct question. "What will you do when you quit writing plays?"

"I don't intend to quit."

"Probably not. That will doubtless be attended to by the public, assisted somewhat by your wife. The stage is an exacting mistress and few women are willing to admit to rivalry so fascinating an adversary."

Peter laughed. "You're a misanthrope this evening, George, and even if I believed you, which I don't, why, your warning has come too late. I'm already on the skids."

"I wish you luck."

"Meaning you don't think I'll have any. Thanks, melancholy Jacques. I'll be around to laugh at you in a year or so."

"That's too soon. Wait and see if you can laugh at me in five years."

Peter turned to the rack which contained the current telephone calls. The "H" pigeon-hole was stuffed full of memoranda for himself to ring a number which he recognized

as his aunt's on Seventy-something Street.

He debated a moment as to whether he should call or not. He was a little afraid of his aunt for the first time.

Still his conscience would not let him ignore the summons altogether. Suppose something were wrong.

He called up. His aunt answered.

"Is that you, Peter?" she inquired, and then swiftly banished all concern from her voice. "It's awfully good of you to telephone. I didn't know how to reach you and so I've kept ringing your clubs."

Peter chuckled. "You don't need to be quite so formal unless you want to. I'm inclined to forgive you for being a bad child this afternoon if you'll promise not to do it again."

Mrs. Carmichael ignored his pleasantry. "I'd like very much to talk to your wife if I may."

"Sorry," Peter returned. "Awfully sorry."

"You mean that you will not permit me?"

"No, but I have no wife—yet."

Peter thought she suppressed a "Thank God" but decided he must be mistaken.

The preceding installment of "Peter and Mrs. Pan" appeared in the December issue of SMART SET. A copy of this number will gladly be sent postpaid for twenty-five cents

What she finally said was, "I've been sorry ever since you left that I let you go away thinking I was your enemy. I want to make it up to you even if I have to reach you through that—" she gulped, "through your intended wife."

"That's very sweet of you, Aunt Mike, and I'm sorry you choke on the hard words."

"If you must marry I want it to occur right here. This is your home, dear, and if necessary I'll even apologize to the woman who has taken my place. Will you promise?"

I DON'T see how I can, Aunt Mike. Corinne felt very much hurt and I don't see how we could expect her to forget what happened quite so soon."

"Please let me talk to her. Give me her telephone number."

"She has gone to bed. Poor kid, she's exhausted from the experiences she has gone through and she wants to get all rested up."

"What are you doing yourself?"

"Nothing just at present. I'm going over to the University Club very soon to see if I can get a room for the night."

"Don't do that. Come out here. Your own room is ready and I'd feel dreadfully offended if you did not spend this last night under my roof."

Peter deliberated. He knew that he ought not to put himself within arguing distance of his aunt but still it would be heartless to stay away.

"All right," he conceded. "I'll be right out as soon as I get a bite to eat."

"Come right away and we'll have dinner together. I didn't have the heart to eat alone. Please hurry."

Peter didn't know, yet, to what lengths a woman will go in order to accomplish her purpose.

A taxicab dumped him on his aunt's doorstep. The maid who let him in said, "Your aunt says your clothes are all laid out for you in your room and that dinner will not

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he served until you are ready, Mr. Hughey." So he hurried upstairs. On his bed was fresh linen and a dinner coat. He knew his aunt was punctilious about dressing for dinner herself but she did not always require it of Peter when he was particularly tired, especially when there were no guests. This seemed like an occasion when the semi-formal costume might just as well be omitted but, apparently, his aunt wanted him to doll up so he dressed hastily. Thank heaven he had had a shave since noon.

Peter went downstairs slightly nervous about the forthcoming interview. After the emotional upset of the afternoon he scarcely knew what to expect. He hoped his aunt wouldn't start anything until after dinner. He was downright hungry.

He entered the long narrow drawing-room, which was austere lit by real candles. Like a bathor who has stepped into ice water that he expected to be tepid, Peter instinctively started to withdraw.

There were guests, strangers. His aunt was introducing him. "Miss Lavery this is my nephew, Mr. Hughey. Dr. Nichols, my nephew, Peter."

PETER shook hands perfunctorily. Well, there was one good feature about the presence of outsiders. It would prevent a searching discussion of his own affairs.

"I don't see where you writers get the ideas for your plays and stories. If I had to think up a plot I'd probably die of the effort. How do you do it?"

Peter, startled, glanced at the source of this banal remark, the one that writing talk hear most often from casual acquaintances.

He wondered, cynically where his aunt who loved clever people, too, could have picked up a person capable of such a speech.

He ceased wondering about that and about everything else when he finally realized that he was looking at the most flawlessly beautiful creature that the world, so far as he knew, had ever produced.

Peter did not particularly care about talking to her. All he wanted was to gaze on the noble job which God, after much practice, had at last turned out.

So he was surprised to hear himself answering her question seriously and as if it were not the one on which he usually expended his most biting sarcasm.

The other guest, Dr. Nichols, was a soul surgeon and not a physical physician; his degree was in divinity and not dentistry or medicine. Peter's mind, in spite of the fact that it was a single track affair which sometimes caused him and his friends considerable inconvenience, was nevertheless a rather serviceable nut-cracker. Working out plots of his own made it possible for him sometimes to see through the other fellow's.

The presence of the clergyman finally gave him the clue to this unusual situation.

His aunt after discovering that there was no way to prevent it, had wanted him to be married from her house. As usual she had gone ahead on the assumption that whatever she planned would go through and had made arrangements accordingly.

That accounted satisfactorily for Dr. Nichols. He was there to marry them.

But why Maude Lavery?

As a witness, perhaps, but Peter failed to see the necessity for such a beautiful one. Then, instinctively, he guessed. Miss Lavery had been asked because she was exactly everything that Corinne was not;

she had poise instead of Corinne's nervous emotionalism; she was restful while Corinne was upsetting; she had, from long training and gentle breeding, all the social graces which Corinne as yet was still learning by absorptive observation.

Peter mentally took off his hat to his aunt. Her plan, if it had gone through, would have been as complete and subtle a revenge upon Corinne for taking himself away as any woman could ask for.

As it was he had to laugh. Mrs. Plotter had stepped on herself; her scheme had "gang agley" with a vengeance.

The dinner had been delayed so long that the evening was pretty well gone before it was over. Peter, for the first time in his life, was being drawn out to talk about himself and had just discovered what a fascinating subject it was when the party was brought to a close by Dr. Nichols's announcement of his intention to depart.

Mrs. Carmichael had her own car at the door and it was her suggestion that Peter take Miss Lavery home, dropping the sleepy Dr. Nichols on the way. Peter made no objection, was rather anxious to prolong what was doubtless an initial and also a final experience in his life.

The minister lived near by and he got out after making a professionally bland adieu.

When he was gone Peter, at her request, entertained Maude Lavery further with the account of what he had done and how he did it.

The end came all too soon. Peter had a lot of suddenly released confidences to pour into that ravishing ear when the car drew up before a house which the girl regretfully recognized.

"Is this your earthly home?" Peter asked. "I live here, if that is what you mean."

He had wasted the flattering adjective. No matter. Sawdust was good enough filling for so beautiful a head.

They were in the vestibule and she extended her hand. If she wanted to be kissed which perhaps she did, she did not convey it to Peter.

"Will you come to see me sometime soon," she invited, "and then we can finish our talk."

Peter had forgotten, but her invitation shocked him into remembrance. Probably he would never see this beautiful woman again, never complete the history of himself which he had begun.

"I'm afraid I can't call," he said.

"Oh!" She was hurt.

"Didn't Aunt Mike tell you? I'm to be married tomorrow."

"Oh!" again and then slowly as if the words were said against her volition, "I'm sorry."

Peter didn't say anything. It wouldn't be quite cricket to agree with her and yet he could think of absolutely nothing else.

PETER rode back to his aunt's trying to refute by cynical sneers the impression which obsessed him that the most resplendently lovely girl he had ever seen cared a great deal because he belonged to some one else.

Fortunately, and perhaps as the result of canny wisdom on her part, his aunt had retired before Peter let himself in and there was no necessity for a discussion of his plans. He didn't have any anyway. Peter was a piece of flotsam, or maybe jetsam, he wasn't sure which, in an ocean of circumstances with the tide running out.

WAS Peter's glowing love for Corinne already dimming before the sudden flickering flame of Maude Lavery's interest in him? Would he marry Corinne in the morning or had Mrs. Carmichael's carefully laid plans already succeeded? You will see the outcome of this silent battle of women's wits in February SMART SET

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AGE 18 TO 55

Crossed Wires

[Continued from page 66]

Grandma's veil; she's been saving it for me to get married in! He told her he'd be an awfully proud man. What? The wedding, silly! They're planning the wedding! Tommy's and mine! No, I haven't told him the truth. Well, mother's sending the order to the engraver for the invitations, tomorrow! I don't know! I said I don't know! If I knew what to do, I wouldn't have called you up, would I?

Sally: Come down to the drug store, will you?

Terry: I'm there now.

Sally said, "Be right down, darling," hung up and dashed for the drug store. They retired to a booth and ordered two sodas.

"IT WOULDN'T be so bad," Terry wailed, "if I hadn't fallen in love with him!"

"Already?"

"Don't be silly. It happened the first minute I saw him! Something just went click inside me and there I was."

"Where?"

"In love."

"Oh, dear," Sally said, "why did you have to go and do that?"

"It's one of the things you can't help doing," Terry murmured.

"Is your mother really sending out invitations?"

"You'll get one!"

"Well," Sally said, "the answer to that is that we'll have to get him out of there right away. Let's wire him tomorrow morning that his manager is on his death bed."

"What'll we wire?"

"Well, he must have a manager. We'll just ask him to come right back to New York and say that something terrible has happened."

"We don't know his manager's name."

"We'll sign it, 'Your Manager.'"

"That's out. He'd smell a rat. We'll sign it Mary."

"Who's Mary?"

"His wife."

They went to the telegraph office and wired Gladys Devlan in New York as follows:

Please wire Thomas Verdun at my address have heard strange rumors insist you return to New York at once urgent do not fail will be expecting you immediately Thomas Jr. has symptoms scarlet fever need you here sign it Mary love and kisses from Sally. Terry.

Gladys's rewired message was:

Have heard strange rumors insist you return New York at once urgent do not fail will be expecting you immediately Thomas Jr. has symptoms scarlet fever need you here love and kisses from Sally. Mary.

It was waiting for Tommy when he returned from the recital. He read it, reread it and looked across the room at Terry. She was staring at him. He crumpled the wire and jammed it into his pocket.

"Wire from Mary," he said, "awful things seem to be happening."

"You'll have to go right home, then, won't you?"

"I'll stay until after the party tomorrow night," Tommy murmured. "It'd be terrible to have a party without a fiancé."

He disappeared shortly after breakfast the following morning. The preparations for the party were in full swing. Palms were brought in; caterer's cakes arrived. Mrs. Haskins wore a harassed expression. Terry

sat on top of a ladder with a smudged spot on her nose, poking half-heartedly at a strip of paper which was part of the decorations and would not hang straight. She put her chin in her hand and stared down at Sally. "He's going away," she said. "Isn't it awful?"

"Awful! I think it's a direct act of Providence!"

"But I love him!"

"Well, for a woman in love, you've certainly been making violent efforts to get rid of him!"

"I'll have a memory, anyway," Terry murmured, "and that's more than I'd have if he knew the truth. Gosh, Sally, how he'd hate me!"

"Am I going to get a memory over every soda for the next two years? If I am, I'll hike right down and tell him the truth now!"

"There are some things which are too sacred to be shared, Sally."

"Good. Get on with the ruffles, will you? My arms are getting tired."

Tommy appeared at four o'clock in the afternoon. He bore a small yellow envelope. "Wire," he said. "It's for you. I took it from the kid outside."

He stood and read it over her shoulder:

Need you in Hollywood at once urgent take first train do not fail me love. Richard.

Tommy grinned. "Seems to want you in Hollywood," he said.

Terry's one thought was to get to Sally. She cast one wild look at him and started for the door. He followed her. "Going?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said, "in a day or so."

"He says it's urgent. You can never tell what a man means when he says it's urgent. Maybe his laundry hasn't come back, or he's ripped the cuff on the trousers of his best suit. You'd better go tonight."

"I can't. There's the party."

"Your place is with your husband when he says urgent. I'll fix it up with your mother and get your reservation now to save time." He was gone before she could stop him. She called, "Tommy!" but apparently he didn't hear her. She rushed for Sally's and handed her the wire.

"GREAT snakes!" Sally gasped. "Where did this come from?"

"There are only three people who know about Richard and two of 'em's us," she said.

"You think he suspects?"

"Of course he does. I'll have to pretend that I'm going or get razed to death!"

"When, tonight?"

"He's very kindly getting my reservation now," Terry said.

At nine that evening, Terry was a heavenly vision in pale blue taffeta. The guests were assembling. Tommy was looking very debonair and gay in his tuxedo. At ten thirty he came over to her and whispered, "The train's leaving at midnight. Are you all packed?"

Terry thought of her bag upstairs packed with three telephone books and nodded. She saw Sally on the other side of the room and started after her. Tommy followed, saying, "It'll be the last time I see you. After all, I'm your fiancé for this evening. I think we should go outdoors. It's very warm, too. It'll do you good to get some air."

Sally passed them and thrust a note in Terry's hand. Terry said, "Tommy, will

"You get me a cocktail? Over there on the table by the window."

He went away and she ripped the note open. It was unsigned and said:

Sneak up the back stairs. I left the door unlocked. Jimmie and I are going for a drive afterward, so go to bed. I'll be in later. Don't worry.

Tommy came back with the cocktail. She thrust the note down the neck of her frock. All right, come on," she said. There was a pungent odor of roses in the summer house. Terry drew her scarf around her shoulders and stared into space. Tommy was standing very close to her, not touching her. Not putting one hand out to touch the amazing whiteness of her throat, not moving an inch to kiss the scarlet lips that were twin devils of temptation. She could hear his deep breathing and was conscious all at once of the desire to be kissed. By Tommy. By a married man who had two unmatched boys and twins.

"I'm awfully in love with you," he said, still not touching her.

"You're forgetting—"

"That we're both married? No. That doesn't stop me from loving you."

Why didn't he kiss her? He'd said he loved her. Does a man love a woman and never kiss her? Was it possible that she would be left with a memory and no kiss to go with it? What is a memory if there isn't a kiss in the background, a kiss to relive in idle, dark moments? Nothing. He reached down and touched her, gently. Suddenly he was kissing her.

She quivered a little and then struggled feebly in his arms. He held her tightly. "Don't be a little hypocrite," he said against her ear, "you wanted to kiss me as badly as I wanted to kiss you." She stopped struggling. "Didn't you?" he persisted.

"Yes," she said and leaned against him.

Then he released her. "That," he said, "was about all I wanted to know."

She heard him fumbling for his watch. "Eleven-fifteen," he said, "you'd better beat it upstairs and dress." He produced a small white envelope from his pocket and thrust it at her. It was her reservation. She clasped it tightly in her left hand. He was staring down at her. She gasped a little. "Tommy," she said, "would you kiss me just once more?"

STRANGE that she was blinded by tears all the while she was dressing! She jammed her hat on the back of her head, picked up the bag which contained three telephone books and hurried downstairs. She looked around for Tommy to say good-by, but he was nowhere in sight. Some one came toward her and fearing that there would be questions about the tears, she scuttled out.

She started toward Sally's. A massive shadow materialized into Tommy. He drawled, "Ready?"

"You weren't planning on taking me to the station!" she faltered.

"Certainly," he said. "I borrowed a roadster for that express purpose. Come on."

"I'd rather go alone."

"Nonsense!"

"I'm going alone!" she said.

He scooped her off her feet bodily and dumped her in the seat of the roadster. He put the bag in back and climbed in beside her. There was no doubt that she was on her way to Hollywood. As they slid off down the drive, Terry considered tainting, and decided against it. She considered jumping and decided against that.

Then she gave herself up to despair, simply staring at the determined line of his jaw which was brought into sharp relief by the moonlight. A vagrant tear escaped, chased down to the corner of her mouth and lodged

there. She wiped it away. Nothing mattered. All the worst things in the world had happened to her already. They reached the station just as her train pulled in. He crushed her in his arms, held her away a moment and then whispered, "Love me, baby?"

She nodded. He kissed her. Then he shoved her on the train and it rumbled off. She leaned way out to watch the solitary figure on the platform. The figure was making a mad dash for its roadster. Her lips trembled. He didn't love her much if he couldn't watch the train out of sight! She went in the coach and sat down. She would get off at the next station, of course, and take the one o'clock back. She felt little and alone and deserted. "Oh, dear," she said, "if only I hadn't lied in the first place."

SHE kept her head turned so the other passengers wouldn't see her tears, but there were only three of them, and two of them being men, they were asleep. The third was a woman, and she was reading a popular novel and shedding tears of her own.

The half hour to Elmvale was the unhappiest Terry had ever spent in all her eighteen years. There was a loud screeching of brakes and the train quivered to a stop. There was nothing to do but get off. Shreveport was the last place in the world that she wanted to see, but she sighed, picked up her bag and clambered down. The station platform was deserted. A half hour to wait before the one o'clock went back! She tipped her bag up and sat on it, watched the red light of the disappearing train.

Suddenly, there was some one at her side and Tommy's voice said:

"Fast train that, darling! I had to hurry to get here."

"Tommy!" she gasped.

"In the flesh," he said. "You're an adorable little liar, baby!"

"Tommy!" she said again.

"I'll go back," he said, "if you'd rather I did."

"No, oh, no!"

"What did you tell me all that rot about a husband for?"

"You mean Richard?"

"Was there more than one?"

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Oh, Tommy!"

"One and the same I hope," he said.

"Well—"

"Don't be coy," Tommy said, "you've lied enough for one week. If there had been a husband, I made every effort to get you to him, didn't I? But I knew you'd get off here. I knew there wasn't anybody."

"Mary?" she said then. "What about Mary?"

"I haven't a living relative by the name of Mary, and I couldn't work up an active interest in Thomas Jr.'s measles because there isn't any Thomas Jr."

"Scarlet fever," Terry said.

"You ought to know."

"You're not married?"

"Not yet," he said, "but soon, I hope."

"Tommy, I'm sorry I lied."

"Well, if you hadn't, I wouldn't have known you. It's an ill wind, darling."

"You don't hate me, then?"

"I don't break my neck following trains to catch up with a girl I hate. The roadster's on the other side of the station, darling. Shall we go back and go on with the arrangements for that wedding? You're going to look sweet in your grandmother's veil, that is if you want to wear it?"

"I do."

He reached out for her and she crept into the curve of his arm.

"Let's send Sally a wire," she said.

He grinned.

"Honey," he said, "from now on, we swear off sending wires. You've sent enough wires."

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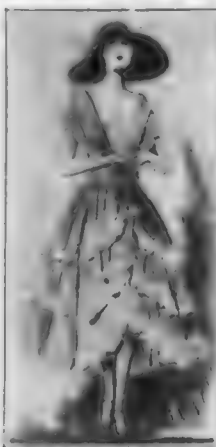
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Must Women Inspire Men?

[Continued from page 67]

All their waking hours saving only those of men of genius engaged in production, were given to exchanging thoughts with other men in the Agora, the Academy, the Lyceum, the Gymnasium where they discussed the problems of the universe the while they looked on at the graceful feats of youths exercising in the arena. Girls were taught no accomplishments other than to spin and weave and keep house, but boys were trained to bodily perfection in the gymnasia, and their minds were as assiduously developed. Those boys were given every advantage that they in turn might become thinkers and creators.

In certain periods of the world's history women dominated. Rebelling against the tyranny of men they gradually threw off the yoke, entered upon a period of sex equality, and finally got the reins in their own hands. One of these periods of sex equality is portrayed in Evers' "Egyptian Princess," whose scene is the sixth century B. C. In the following century, the fifth, women were dominant in Egypt, and had reduced the men to a contemptible position, an analogous position to that of the contemporary women of Athens. They too were tyrannical and the men rebelled in their turn.

In several parts of the world during this century rebellion of women against the male has been in progress; in some cases triumphant, in others still subterranean. In the United States women were successful in gaining a large measure of liberty long before they got the vote merely because eccentric conditions favored them. Men were too busy developing the enormous resources of the country and piling up big and little fortunes, or merely making both ends meet in that terrific competition, to bother about women save as necessary adjuncts. But all the restlessness and dissatisfaction engendered by this lack of male companionship and understand-

ing, and, in many cases too much money to spend and too much leisure, was merely the superficial expression of a deep subconscious knowledge of their inherent power to dominate. What has been may—is almost sure to be again. All things in nature are periodic. In certain stretches of history the wheel takes longer to revolve, that is all.

It is quite true that the vast majority of these women know as little of history as their critics, but they have ancestral memories. And when circumstances favored, or the memories were tired of their long sleep, they awoke and began to mutter. The American women, heirs of all the ages, as of all the civilized countries of the world, are merely fulfilling their destinies. They have forced another era of sex equality, and fifty years hence it will be in full tide.

CRITICS of the sex in general make much of their limitations. Their only limitations are those imposed by centuries of submission. If Helen Wills cannot outrun a man on the tennis court it is merely because she is handicapped by centuries of foremothers whose only running was up and down stairs. Had the rebellion of women begun a generation earlier she would be as fleet of foot as any man.

There is no question that complete human happiness is to be found only between two members of opposite sexes. That is to say, in modern civilization, and no doubt it will be greatly enhanced when sex equality has reached its full development. Perhaps then greater things will be accomplished than anything we now know of; the union of Pericles and Aspasia may be a fair example, a prognostication. But history, when read with an unjaundiced eye, has sufficiently demonstrated that each sex, when greatly endowed, can develop its own genius with no aid from the other.

Typical American Girl

[Continued from page 79]

a thorough investigation of each candidate's qualifications.

The mechanics of our quest will operate in this fashion.

Twenty important newspapers in prominent cities have agreed to help SMART SET. During a thirty day period each newspaper will search the region that it serves for girls who are thought to approach our Golden mean. At the end of the thirty day period one girl from each of these local groups will be chosen winner in that territory.

WHEN each newspaper has made its selection these twenty girls, under proper chaperonage, will be brought to New York for a week's visit. Five of these twenty will be selected as models for SMART SET covers. From these five the judges will select the fortunate girl to win \$5,000.

The cities which have been chosen as key centers for our quest are: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Atlanta, Miami, New Orleans, San Antonio, St. Louis, Louisville, Omaha, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Kansas City, Cleveland, Detroit and Denver.

Do understand that our quest will be thorough and in no sense of the word will it be conducted merely within the limits of the cities above mentioned. On the contrary, the newspapers in these cities will

spend every effort to search the whole region of which they are the strategic center in their crusade to find the girl who most faithfully represents the typical American girl of their territory.

SMART SET is foresworn and pledged to do something that magically suggests romance. We are looking for a girl who may be just around the corner, and yet who may be just as mysteriously far from us as the heroine of an olden love legend.

The truth is that we are seeking the reality of a girl we all talk about but rarely define or describe, one whose qualities of body, mind and spirit combine to make that splendid whole of the typical American girl.

Next month we will publish the names of the twenty newspapers which have agreed to help us and our main committee in the tremendous task of discovering a Girl who so far is only a phrase in our language.

In the February issue we will also announce the qualifications our readers, in the prize-letter contest, believe she should possess.

Don't forget that if you have any suggestions to offer on this subject we will warmly welcome them.

Help SMART SET find the Typical American Girl.



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practical need to look as well dressed as the others.

"There were, when we first began discussing the shopping problem, no shops in this district other than very expensive ones.

"Now there are dozens of shops scattered all around here, seemingly cheap but actually expensive as they must be in this section, or any similar section of any large city where the ground rent of a shop is so exorbitant that a maximum profit must be made on a minimum stock of goods.

"We have an organization, the Federal Reserve Club, to which employees may belong for a very small yearly membership fee. Its purpose is primarily social, to organize parties and athletics, but when we began to work on the shopping idea, the club decided to open a bank store. The store idea grew from the demand there was among our workers for the services of shopping agents. We had been letting them order stockings, lingerie and such things from authorized shoppers and we watched these orders grow to tremendous proportions.

"The bank store seeks out sources of supply and offers opportunity for salesmen to show lines of reasonably priced goods. We have it on the same floor with the cafeteria so that workers can shop before and after luncheon and we stock it not only with necessities like dresses, shoes, hats, and underwear but with frivolities like necklaces, handbags and scarfs together with men's things and such items as automobile and radio accessories.

"It has proved itself a remarkable success like our cafeteria, where the employees do not have to eat but where they usually choose to go because the food is excellent and cheap.

"Besides this we give a half day of merit each month to those whose attendance has been perfect and who have not been late more than once during the calendar month preceding. This merit day may be taken in conjunction with the usual Saturday half holiday or any morning or afternoon of the week. Then, too, we give all employees one half day for shopping at Christmas time. Our attitude is simply this: we want to work for our people as much as we want them to work for us. We did find that shopping was a problem to them and we have done our best to eliminate it. And personally, I've had no experience of cases in which generosity on the part of the employer wasn't repaid with corresponding generosity on the part of the employee."

This fundamental psychology of the reward-of-merit system I discovered had been put into practice by many women executives. I talked to two of them, representing two different types of workers. The first was Miss Emma C. Maycrink, an examiner of the Insurance Department of the State of New York; the second, Miss Nanine Joseph, president of The Woman Pays Club, progressive organization of professional women.

MISS MAYCRINK has had years of "bossing" young clerical workers and she feels very seriously about their problems. We sat together in the club rooms of the American Woman's Association, of which organization Miss Maycrink is a member of the board of directors, and wondered whether business offices were not becoming a type of glorified home to many of the men and women who work in them.

"The life insurance companies have started closing their offices," she told me, "at four every day except at the first of the month when the pressure is heaviest and when the extra hours are made up. I would like to see the 'stagger system' put into effect on office hours—eight to four; ten to six; such business days. That would relieve traffic congestion and it would be easier for all but particularly for women since it would give them time in which to accomplish their

many personal tasks. Speaking both as a working woman and a club woman I would endorse any system that gave business girls this leisure. In my own departments I have always used the merit system of time off for good work done, but that idea still needs to be sold to the average male employer."

"I'm sure there isn't a woman executive in The Woman Pays Club," said Nanine Joseph, "who wouldn't greet SMART SET's idea with loud cheers and a vote of thanks. A few years ago when I was put in charge of a department of thirty girls in a music publishing house, I noticed that most of the girls were always returning late from lunch and in a cross, exasperated mood I questioned them. I found, without exception, that they were spending their lunch hours in hurried shopping and that when they came in late and nerve-racked it meant they hadn't been able to complete their search and were annoyed accordingly. I proposed that I give them each a day off a month, this day to be granted them for perfect attendance, no tardiness, no temperament and all work completed daily. It worked. My girls were always there, bright and shining, and I got a record for accomplishment that belonged to them much more than to me."

NOW in case that any business executive reading this series should think these merit plans too childish I talked to David Seabury, the highest priced consulting psychologist in the country, author of "Growing Into Life." And this is what he said:

"Clothes are absolutely necessary to a girl for her personal expansion, or the expression of her ego. Business is not her life ambition. It cannot be as business is now organized. Women are not paid equal wages for equal work with men and few of the better executive jobs are open to them. Basically the business girl wants love and she regards ego expansion as a means of attaining love.

"Now when this need for personal expansion is thwarted it depresses the individual and produces inertia. This, in turn, produces inefficiency. The young working girl, kept from shopping by an employer's mistaken idea of discipline will not become efficient. She is consciously or unconsciously seeking to escape from a medium that offers her little future happiness.

"Clothes are her most harmless and in some ways most satisfactory method of expressing her ego urge. The business girl dresses almost in ratio to her success in industry. The very successful business women no longer require clothes to express them. But the smaller workers do not get this economic or egotistic satisfaction and thus their spending a whole week's wages on a permanent wave is the most natural thing they could do.

"Thus I consider that your magazine's idea of time off for shopping is a wise and beneficent idea that would increase both the capability and the happiness of the working woman. It is becoming increasingly important for business to realize that it must adapt itself to the worker and not expect the worker to adapt himself to it.

Stagger plan. Merit plan. The application of good common sense and ordinary generosity. Will big business give its women employees any or all of these plans in practice or continue blindly to force girl workers into lunchless days and restless Saturdays in their valiant attempt to maintain their high standard of chic?

Here is the evidence of women executive who have tried to handle the situation intelligently. Here is the evidence of a psychologist who observes wisely.

Think it over, business men, and give the little girls a helping hand.

Fads and Fashions

[Continued from page 59]

fully expensive are caracul, pony, racoon, leopard, kid skin, nutria and the staple and always fashionable Hudson seal. You can make no mistake in selecting a coat of this kind.

For the Gray Flours

Surely there was never before a season with such a world of styles for evening wear and such diversity of fabrics. One could almost say the law of opposites prevailed. At the opera, the theater or smart restaurants one may see princess and bouffant frocks, bloused and drooping ones developed in stiff taffetas and velvets, or dainty chiffons or laces, side by side. The bouffant frock with its animated silhouette has its devotees but the drooping slinky type is in the ascendancy as the vogue for chiffons and laces grows. It is swathed and girded to very slender lines over the hips trailing with languorous grace through much subtle manipulation of flares and frills below. As the season advances bright colors assume greater importance; there has been an unprecedented vogue for red, varying from dull tones to those which are frankly red.

The Waning Winter Wardrobe

Has everything in your winter wardrobe suddenly begun to pall? Are you tired of this suit? Bored with that frock and simply can't appear at another party in the same old dress, with replenishing quite out of the question? Don't worry. You can surely find a panacea for that feeling this season with all the shops simply filled with pretty things just designed to make old wardrobes into new. Accessories is the word.

I told you last month about the lace vogue but it seems that it had only made a timid beginning. It is now coming out boldly to spread over everything. I saw in one of the smart little shops a velvet dress with a wide frill of cream lace cascading the full length of the front. An upstanding fold of lace outlined the round neck, and the sleeves, not to be outdone, had deep lace cuffs with another frill at their joining.

Another note is the cloth frock with a bit of ecru lace crushed into a little chou and attached at neck and low side waist line with rhinestone pins. The collar and cuff sets of net or lace afford endless variety.

To transform an evening frock the little cocktail jacket I told you of last month still holds the spotlight, but now comes the paillette scarf which is a triangular affair worn with the deep point over one shoulder, the ends tied at the other or clasped with one of the large new brilliant pendants; this latter quite the last word on any frock. These are much less expensive than the jackets.

Another smart item in the evening mode is the large chiffon handkerchief. If your frock is black accent it with a bright colored one but with pastel shades or gay colors it must either match or be of cream color chiffon with deep lace border.

The ribbon counters have many suggestions for animating tiresome frocks. You will find sets of collar and cuffs and girdle that team well with tailored styles; ribbon

pompons and sashes for dressy frocks and bows of every variety for the in-between frock.

It is surprising what fresh spice and span gloves will do to a costume as well as one's spirits. The elegant mode is very definite here; one must have correct gloves for all occasions. For general wear I should choose two pairs of the washable slip-on type and a pair of the lovely new glacé kid in white or pastel shades for formal dress.

A new mid-season hat often seems to almost transform an entire costume but if you can't stretch your purse strings to that point, fortunately the season's mode gives us a little leeway in the trimming and a tiny feather pompon may nestle at the side with flattering effect or the new marcasite and rhinestone ornaments in modernistic design are very refreshing. But discretion is necessary as the subtle line of smartness is finely drawn in millinery.

I know we all felt that flowers were done to death last season and you can certainly omit them on your coat lapel, but if you have some simple little frock that you want to convert into a dressy one, try a cluster of flowers at the shoulder and again at the low waist line. A long flower spray depending from this line is very fetching also. Flowers are likewise being newly featured on the unfurled evening wraps seen on the smartest women at the opera and other centers.

The Ensemble Nightgown

The ensemble mode has clicked again and this time it invades the intimate realm to flaunt itself in such exquisitely fashioned and lace-trimmed nightgowns as might well grace a party. There are two variations of this mode: one a sleeveless knee-length gown with matching jacket, the other a skirt with slip-on blouse. Georgette or crêpe are the materials employed and they are trimmed with the new tobacco lace. On the other hand I recently saw some nightgowns that were being shown in fairly sturdy materials with long sleeves and roll collars. So you may sleep warmly and still be smart.

Palm Beach Fashions

The winter resort styles are important because they indicate the way the spring fashion winds will blow. For sports wear I saw many jersey and plain and printed silk frocks, many of them sleeveless with cardigan jackets. The styles in dainty fabrics, such as linen, batiste and voiles, indicated that the mode of the eighties will still carry on. They were quaint and naive in their trimming details of tucking, lace and embroidery. A billowy white evening frock of chiffon and tulle for a Palm Beach wardrobe was dotted all over with crystal beads that glistened like dew in the morning sun. The girl who wears that to a dance in the Coconut Grove will have a wonderful time.

Encouragement for the business girl is that no less a designer than Lucien Lelong has announced himself as now designing exclusively for she who works. I will have reports on M. Lelong's progress soon.

NEXT month Georgia Mason is going to try to help you analyze your personal assets and tell you how to make the best of them in your attire. She will tell you what the right color and its combinations will do for you from an artistic viewpoint. Spring Fashion forecast will be coming along too in the February number

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How to Possess a Perfect Skin

[Continued from page 53]

veins as good, healthy blood should? Do you exercise enough in the open air to keep your blood racing and your system in workmanlike condition? If you can answer them all satisfactorily, then there must be something wrong with the external functioning of your skin to mar it.

Your own common sense will determine what your skin needs. Soap and water, the simplest, oldest, and most universal beauty treatment has proved its worth in keeping uncounted skins lovely. But the dirt that gets ground into our skins in the cities, the oily, dusty grime, often makes the skin oversensitive and stubborn. So creams were invented to soften and to take up the accumulated dirt. Lovely and soothing to work with, they have appeared in many forms and in jars of varying shape and price. If your skin requires it, supplement soap-and-water cleansing with the use of cream. But not just any cream!

FOR the girl whose skin tends to dryness, the following régime may be followed with success. This is a night cleansing, which is a more elaborate and important cleansing than a morning one. Gently remove all make-up with soft cleansing cream and cleansing tissues. Then wash the face with warm water and a pure soap, rinsing all soap off carefully with cold water. After this apply a little tissue or nourishing cream, particularly around the eyes, smoothing it round and round in two circles, following the eyebrow line with your fingertip.

Some girls whose skins tend to dryness like the feel of a freshening lotion after

using cleansing cream. Pat it in with a wad of cotton; to dilute it wring the cotton out in cold water before wetting it with the lotion. It's a good thing to do when you're feeling depressed. Pat up and up at the corners of the mouth; this will make you want to smile. Do a quick pit-a-pat on the forehead, chasing the little frown lines away.

FOR skins oversupplied with natural oil there are creams that do not aggravate the oily condition. Washing in soap and water is an excellent corrective, but the water should not be so hot as to cause too much relaxation of the pores. Then sponge the face with cotton dipped in an astringent lotion.

If your general health is under par, your skin will probably proclaim that fact to the world. And, alas, external remedies will have very little effect on it. Only by toning up your whole system can you hope to restore your skin to its natural glow of health.

In a sense I have written this article for Letitia, whose marvelous eyes are eclipsed by her neglected skin. But I have also written it for all girls everywhere who share my belief that a lovely skin is the first principle of good looks. Sit down and study your skin in a good light with an honest mirror. Take off every vestige of make-up and decide what it needs. When you have decided, go ahead with a will. You'll be rewarded, I know. For the skin, mysterious and complex as it is, nevertheless is the most responsive of beauty possessions.

The Mystery of the Silver Slipper

[Continued from page 82]

city this morning, I must see them."

"They are in the city," said Mr. Ellery. "Good," I said. "And may I have a photograph of your daughter and a sample of her handwriting?"

I noticed then that Mrs. Ellery was beckoning to me. I went to her. The tears streamed down her face.

"Living or dead—find her," she said. I nodded, unable to speak, and Wattles and I hurried out.

We said nothing until we were in a taxi which took us to Royce's place in Greenwich Village.

"Well, Wattles," I asked, "did you find anything?"

"Oh, a little," he said. "A rubber with its mate missing, and a slipper with its mate missing."

"What kind of a slipper?"

"A silver slipper."

Wattles poked around Royce's apartment hoping to find the mate to the missing slipper while I spoke to Royce.

"I SHALL have to question you," I said. He nodded. "Let's get it over with."

"Very well," I said. "This is a quiet house, isn't it, Mr. Royce? If a girl visited you at night here it is possible she could come and go unnoticed?"

"It's possible," he answered.

"What's your alibi?"

"At the hour she was supposed to have disappeared I was out taking my usual walk up Fifth Avenue."

"Did any one see you?"

"I don't know."

"Were you and Miss Ellery just friends?"

"Just friends," he said.

"You didn't love her?"

"I do love her," he said pointblank.

"You didn't say that before," I said.

He looked at me stubbornly. "You make me talk, don't you?" he said.

"It remains a secret between us," I answered, "unless the facts implicate you. When did you see her last?"

"About a week ago. We went to the theater; then I saw her home."

"Was she normal then?"

"Utterly."

"Was she ever down here in this place?"

"Once with her friend, Miss Mercier."

Every question made him more nervous.

But Wattles caused a diversion by stepping into the room and beginning to examine the books on the long shelves.

Wattles stepped over and handed me a stiff-covered notebook.

"This was in the bookcase," said Wattles.

I opened it, while Royce gazed. On the first page, in feminine handwriting, was inscribed, "Diary, January 10." I turned a page. It began:

"It's wonderful after all to be a woman and young. Explosive stuff counts heavily."

Then I took out a note in Janice Ellery's handwriting which we had borrowed from her father and compared it with the writing in the book. They were identical.

I held out the book. "How is it, Mr. Royce," I asked, "that this book is here?"

"What is it?" he asked.

"Miss Ellery's diary."

"Oh, that," he said. "What of it? She

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had it with her when she called with Miss Mercier. Probably forgot it. The maid who cleans evidently stuck it in the book-case."

"How did you know she had it with her?"

HE SPOKE hotly. "Because she brought it to show me an item."

"What item?"

"I've forgotten," he shot back.

I sat down at the desk and carefully perused that book. Much of it was rather cryptic like the opening sentences.

"June 10: Cold as ice, temperamentally an iceberg as against burning fire."

Ice as against fire. Indifference versus love; a case of unrequited love. But how did this apply to Royce? He had confessed under the barrage of my questions that he was in love with her. How then could he be the ice? Could she? Hardly. For she had written, "If a woman loves enough she can trample or be trampled on indifferently." That didn't sound icy to me.

I was puzzled, yet throbbing with hope. I raced through. And then came a surprise, the very last item undated, was written in a slightly different hand, a back-hand, somewhat childish, and all it said was, "Pumpkin eater," and broke off.

But I put this aside to go back to another item hardly a week old. It ran:

"Dreamt last night that the mother of Tristan went to the father of Tristan, only, unlike the story, she carried a silver slipper with a strange message concealed in it. That book's in cold storage or I'd look it up."

What book? A book about Tristan? And here was "Cold" again. Icy, cold, Galahad. I gazed up at Royce and noticed his pure profile—that of an upright man, a clean man—perhaps a Puritan. Perhaps he lied when he said he loved her. Perhaps she had loved him. A book of hers was in cold storage; it was with him. He was the cold storage, the ice against her flame.

"Have you any book about Tristan?"

"Miss Ellery gave me one," said Royce.

"Where is it?" I said.

At the point of the shelves he had indicated the walls made a recess and there was the book, "Tristan and Isolde." I drew it out, opened it and read an inscription in Miss Ellery's hand, "To Mr. Royce from Janice." The Mr. was underlined. He was stiff Mr. Joyce; she was plain Janice.

And what did this story say? It said that a woman went to the man she loved at night. Only, in Miss Ellery's dream, the woman carried a silver slipper with a strange message in it.

I GLANCED over at the bookcase again, at the place where the Tristan had been. Again I noticed the recess in the wall. I walked over to it and pulled out three books. A package fell to the shelf.

I took off the cord and opened it.

"Well, I'm hanged," said Wattles, "rhinestone buckle and all."

Yes, in my hand I held a silver slipper. I put in my hand and drew out a folded sheet of paper. I opened it. The words on it in Miss Ellery's handwriting almost danced before my eyes:

"If you say no, if you reject me, my answer is, death and nothing less."

Then Royce said in a lifeless voice:

"She may not be dead. She was in love with me. But I—I am a Puritan. I have always hated anything to do with emotion. I felt that Miss Ellery had gone further in her wildness than any one I would care to marry. I was like that. She called me cold, icy, a Sir Galahad. Her parents didn't understand her. She fascinated me more than I cared to admit. She asked me to marry her. I repulsed her. And then on Wednesday she came here.

"I ordered her to go. Then suddenly she

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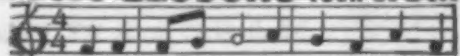
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felt faint and asked for a glass of water. When I got back I found her changed, as if in the interval she had had a drink.

"Hello," she said, "I'm the original pumpkin eater; you're the pumpkin. Good-by. I'm going down the shadow-path."

"And with that she left."

"And you said nothing," I went on as soothingly as I could, "because if it were known she had been here to see you, her reputation would have been ruined and her father and mother crushed by scandal. Is that it?"

"Yes, that was it."

Wattles spoke then, "What do you suppose she meant by pumpkin eater and going down the shadow-path?"

I began thinking, "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater." Every clue had to be turned over.

"Mr. Royce," I asked, "did you know any one whose first name was Peter?"

He thought a moment then he said, "No."

"Well," I said, "she needn't have been tipsy, Mr. Royce, when she left here. Such a blow as you dealt her may have put her temporarily out of her mind or even caused her to lose her memory."

"You must come with me at once to her father."

He rose at once, got his hat and we went out. I had the diary with me.

And then came the hardest moment of the day. I phoned upstairs to Mr. Ellery from the lobby of the Commodore.

He was evidently surprised to see Royce when he came down. They shook hands, and then Ellery and I went to the mezzanine where we found a quiet corner.

"My daughter," he cried in a low voice, "my daughter! If I can only get her back."

"Tell me," I said, "did she know any man named Peter?"

"No, none," he said.

"Well, tell me this then," I went on, "does the shadow-path mean anything to you?"

He smiled. "Of course, that's the path Janice used to take when she went over to the Worths to see Peter—" He stopped, staring wide-eyed at me.

"Gone back to her childhood love by forgetting everything since," I muttered.

"You haven't visited your place in years?"

"Sold it a decade ago."

"We must get information. How far is it from New York?"

"Three hours by automobile," he said.

After driving furiously through the country we reached our destination.

A gnarled old-time New England specimen allowed that he reckoned Peter Worth had abandoned his farm about eight years ago and he had his mail readdressed to Boston.

"Let's have a look at that shadow-path. Let's take a walk on it," said Wattles.

So we walked up the road until we came to a field. This we crossed to the woods and here was the trail.

"Where did they play together?"

Mr. Ellery tried to meet my eyes but could not. His lips twisted, and he sobbed.

"A path behind the house leads to the brook."

And I set out through the woods. Then I heard a voice singing and there through the branches I saw Janice! She was sitting on a stump, pleating a crown of leaves and singing.

I cleared my throat and spoke. "Can you tell me the way to Peter Worth's house?"

"That's his house back there," she said.

"Is he in?"

"No," she shook her head, "and the house is funny. It's changed a lot since Peter went away."

"Are you stopping here?" I asked.

"I'm waiting," she said, "for Peter to come back."

"And you live here alone?"

"Yes, I'm not afraid. Peter made me promise I'd never be afraid."

"Janice," I said "there's some one here who wants to meet you. It's not Peter but maybe it's the Fairy Prince himself."

She followed me doubtfully. Back at the house I called in a loud voice to Royce and he stepped out.

"Oh, Janice," he said, "I came to tell you—I love you and I think you are beautiful and wonderful and brave—and forgive me, my darling, if you can."

She stared and stared, and suddenly looked frightened.

"Where am I?" she cried.

"You were lost for a while," I said. "But it is all right. We were looking for you and found you. Your father is here."

He came stumbling out and took her in his arms. In another moment she turned to Royce.

"Did you say anything before?" she cried.

"Darling," he sobbed, "yes. I love you. I want you to be my wife."

And thus they were united.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Smart Set Published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1928

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of SMART SET and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Publishing Company, Inc., 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; President, James R. Quirk, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, William C. Lengel, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and the addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Publishing Company, Inc., address 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Stockholder owning entire capital stock of Magus Publishing Company, Inc.—Magus Magazine Corporation, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Stockholder owning entire capital stock of Magus Magazine Corporation—United Magazines, Inc., 7 West 10th Street, Wilmington, Delaware. Stockholder owning entire capital stock of United Magazines, Inc.—James R. Quirk, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1928.

Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 511, Reg. No. 9105A (My Commission expires March 30, 1929.) (Seal).

HENRIETTE KISH,

(My Commission expires

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